

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

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SEVEN STROLLERS.

WE were seven, but none of us in the church-yard lay. On the contrary, we were all climbing into a vettura, bound for remote and cloud-set Tivoli, itself a fleck of cloud among the dreamy Alban Hills.

No coach was ever more rickety than ours, or groaned more dismally. We were almost afraid—and quite ashamed—to commit ourselves to its uninviting embrace, and for once at least our party of diverse opinions agreed with each other and with Laurence Sterne: "They manage these things better in France."

It was four o'clock on a delicious April afternoon. The tritons of the fountain were casting long shadows across the Piazza to the very wheels of our disconsolate vehicle, and the tinkle of water in stone shells was like the echo of vesper chimes. The distant hills seemed even more dreamy and ideal—more like a poetic vision outside our base, hard world—than they had seemed in their golden slumber of noon, and we hustled our artistic *impedimenta* (we had very little of any other) into that ragged and straw-sprouting interior, willing, nay, thankful, to serve ourselves even with bats' wings, if only we could thus cleave our way to that enchanted region.

A short distance beyond the Porta San Lorenzo, Boy, whose head was out-

side the window, uttered a cry like a lookout at sea: "Americans!"

Straightway the child was reduced to gasping by the pressure of other heads at the same window, and as suddenly he was left there blushing alone, while older faces gazed foolishly at each other.

"We were invited to Minister Marsh's last night to meet General and Mrs. Grant, and now we've met them!" said somebody crushedly, as a dashing open carriage flashed by and we saw its occupants looking with amusement at our tattered and shrieking vehicle, evidently so near its final hour.

"When Boy is ex-President, I will ride in a barouche too," sighed the Matron of our party, as if that far-away prospect were the only consoling one in view.

But even that was snatched from her.

"No, I won't have barouches," said Boy: "I'll have bicycles."

It was a strange, unreal sort of journey across the haunted Campagna, and ghosts kept us company much of the way. But it was a goodly company of spectres, and cast no spell of dumbness upon our conversation,—spectres of Poussin, Claude Lorrain, Richard Wilson, as well as an unknown host whose only language we could understand was in the artistic and historic ruins with which that wondrous expanse is strewn.

Tivoli was not a dream when we drew near it. Its climbing ways were narrow, dark, and grim, and filled with human and asinine clamor as little dream-like as locomotive-whistles. But it was even better, for it was a picture, or, rather, a series of them; so that equally we whose forte was *genre*, we whose forte was heads, whose forte was interiors, street vistas, landscape, still life, or only universal criticism, deplored that night had come, in which no man or woman could work.

Our vetturina drove under a Roman

archway, and then hushed its piteous wails. Then from the window we looked broadly away from the group of officers, *octroi* officials, touters for hotels, and ragged village loafers who had gathered to greet arrivals from the lower world, to gaze upon a marvel. For indeed it did seem a marvel that Tivoli—dream-like to us as we had seen it all winter from Rome—was only a dirty Italian town after all, while it was really Rome itself which was an exquisite dream, far away and far down on the



"WE WERE SEVEN, BUT NONE OF US IN THE CHURCH-YARD LAY."

sleeping Campagna. Ah! distance, what a poet and necromancer thou art!

"Il signore will not forget the little *buonamano* for the poor little coachman who has driven so well," said a voice in our ears,—a voice proceeding from an immense buffalo-skin coat and *sombrero*, the same voice that had urged our tinkling mules up from Rome with many a classic oath and Jovian imprecation. It is interesting to notice how an echo of paganism lingers yet in the speech of the lower orders of the Roman people, and how often *Bacco* and all his brother deities are called on to help move the wheels of modern Italian life. It is amusing also to notice, not only in old Europe, but in young America, that it is

usually the smallest men who use the biggest oaths, and *vice versa*; and while Goliath never explodes into more mighty utterances than "Goodness gracious!" it is little Tommy Titmouse who seldom opens his mouth with less than "Ye gods!" or "Jupiter Tonans!"

Bidding us remain where we were five minutes while he secured rooms for us, our spokesman left us,—five speechless women and a child, alone under a classic arch in a classic but, alas! foreign land.

"The signore must descend, because the vetturina goes to put herself in the stable-yard," said the Jovian voice, which, having pocketed its *buonamano*, evidently looked for no more. Mutely we

descended, amid an idle throng which apparently regarded us, laden as we were with color-boxes, portable easels, guide-books, sketching-umbrellas, and satchels, as one of the most interesting itinerant shows that had climbed to Tivoli that year. We were not very happy, lone and lorn in the deepening dusk, and quite paralyzed undemonstrative Holtz with the rapture of our greetings when, three-quarters of an hour later, he loomed up against a background of night. As usual, he had proved himself a trump. He had done better than to take rooms in any of the hotels whose praises had been chanted in our ears during our whole weary waiting in the Piazza. We had started forth from Rome with an intention to pass three weeks or more in a happy-go-lucky, half-pedestrian and wholly bohemian excursion, during which we would not spend very much more money than we usually did in expensive Rome. Under such circumstances, Holtz explained, it would be a pitiable blunder to allow ourselves at the very outset to be shorn by Tivoli landlords and put into immediate need of the tempering winds of our usual haunts of the Piazza di Spagna and Via Nazionale. So he had gone into an even narrower and more deeply bitumen-shadowed street than the average Tivolian one,—an ancient *vicolo* whose foundations were laid before the child Jesus slept in his mother's arms, and whose ghosts were contemporaries of Horace,—where he had engaged an *appartamento mobiliato* at a lira a head a day, the heads being our own. Up and down, through many a dark and devious way, lighted only by now-and-then oil-lamps burning before seedy-looking and smoky Virgins, Holtz led us to our door.

We found six bedrooms, up five flights of stairs black as Tartarus save for the flickering tallow dip with which an asthmatic landlady headed our upward procession, a tiny dining-room, and a microscopic kitchen, all carpetless, curtainless, and with the most barren starkness of furnishing possible to human habitation. But cleanliness reigned,—that is, *Italian* cleanliness,—and before

we breathed freely after our climb from the black *vicolo* below, we had covered the bare tables with our shawls and scattered our guide-books over them, posed our easels in various corners with bare canvases invitingly upon them, and stuck the profusion of wild-flowers we had gathered at various stopping-places on the way, in every available utensil. A ladder led from the kitchen to a flat roof, charming for *dolce-far-niente* half-hours, as we discovered next morning, with an exquisite view over the Campagna to the far-away Eternal City dis-



"STRAIGHTWAY THE CHILD WAS REDUCED TO GASPING."

solving like a pearl in golden wine. Since we had come forth to rough it, why not commence?

We commenced at the *trattoria* where we sought to dine. The macaroni was dingy, but not more so than the walls, smoked by feeble candles set in sconces. Boy was detected and heavily "sat upon" for giving dancing-lessons to a bloated slug evidently dislodged from the salad, while the wine acted as a good strong gathering-thread upon every one of our mouths. But it was Miss Pollock who found the roughness roughest, being either of daintier or less adaptive habit than the rest. She called for tea, in pigeon-Italian, and *à l'Americaine*, no other human creature than an American

taking milked tea with hot meat, from Podunk to Cathay. The waiter gaped without understanding. Then Holtz repeated the order in Italian somewhat less pigeon-toed, and still the waiter goggled dumbly. Suddenly a thought seemed to strike him, and he crossed the room to where a gentleman was dining at a distant table. That gentleman evidently understood foreign habits, —or thought he did, which is sometimes even better,—for we saw him bow politely to us, beam with consciousness of superior wisdom upon all the world, then, with true Italian fervor of gesticulation, go through the mimic operation of making the cheering beverage, pouring the water from a great imaginary height and clapping the teapot-cover on with an emphatic bang of one clinched fist upon the other. Then he bowed and beamed upon us again with the air of a benefactor of the whole American continent, and the waiter disappeared, some time after to reappear with a steaming earthen jug, from which he filled our cups.

Miss Pollock put hers to her lips,—and burned her tongue, as we thought. Then Miss Dyer dittoed,—and we thought ditto. Next Holtz tasted his, then the Matron hers; but by this time the hissing and sputtering had become general.

"What do you mean by giving us this abominable decoction of chemist's herbs?" gasped Holtz to the astonished *cameriere*. "Did you suppose we all had *male allo stomaco*?"

"Si, signore," answered the waiter, awed by the effect of his catnip: "the signor at the other table said so."

During the week that we dwelt in Tivoli we sketched almost every day in the dusky valley where the Arno dashes itself down in foaming cascades under the white temple of Vesta. Sometimes some of us climbed up from the beautiful valley in the early afternoon, when the green depths below were set in broad mosaic of golden sunshine and olive-green shadow, and the sketching-umbrellas of those of us left below looked like wee-est white daisies set

amid the grass. Then we lunched in the sunshine upon tables set upon the very verge of the precipice, where a grasping innkeeper takes in and does for unwary travellers at the very foot of a calm, marble temple which seems an eternal reproach to the petty meannesses of this swift fever that we call life. Oftener, however, we all lunched together in the valley, and, in the spaces of high artistic converse upon the Fleeting, the Absolute, and the True, consumed our sandwiches and wine with at least the satisfaction that they did not cost us forty times the proper price, as they would have done at the foot of yon pagan temple.

It was in this beautiful valley, with its perpetual chrism of iridescent spray, its mystery-haunted grottos, flowered sward, and foliage ever dripping gems, that our Matron took it into her head to sketch from nature. Now, this Matron is somewhat learned in the archæology of art, and will tell any painter whose mantle has fallen upon him. She writes art criticisms, knows all about "impasto" and "tone," and rebukes her artist-companions for being inattentive to their "values" and neglecting the artistic fusion of their "masses." She had never worked practically at art before, the duties of criticism absorbing so much of her time. Now, however, there were no exhibitions to write up or down, and she would show the world what she could do. And she *did*!—to the utter wonder and amazement of all that artistic company!

Our Matron is a trifle short-sighted, and is given to absent-minded reflections in voice not at all absent. One day, in the valley, as she was leaning against a tree-trunk, watching white argosies drift across a blue celestial sea, a pedestrian party from Rome—youths in knickerbocker and white flannel—passed athwart her gaze. Our Matron looked upon them dreamily, as if her thoughts were still sailing with that white fleet toward its jewelled and golden haven, at the same time remarking, in the sharpest of American voices, "I wonder where I have seen that stupid-

looking blond with the blue necktie before?"

"At the sketching-class at Gigi's, madame," answered the stupid-looking blond in as good American as her own.

"Girls! girls! Come quickly!" cried our Matron another day. "Come here and see this exquisite Madonna and Child! Do Raphael's canvases show anything so lovely as this?" Every easel was deserted in the twinkling of an eye, for everybody has faith in our Matron's taste, however infidel as to her draughtsmanship. Everybody saw a picturesque peasant-woman in the Tivoli costume, with golden-brown skin, and large, liquid, pathetic eyes, sitting upon a stone, with a child's head upon her breast. The burst of hilarity which followed was incomprehensible to the Matron.

"Didn't they have fine-tooth combs in Raphael's time?" asked Boy; which naïve question was as good as a *pince-nez* to his mother.

How delightful was that week in Tivoli,—Tivoli fair as a poet's dream from a distance, full of delicious pictures on closer view, but noisy, foul, ill-smelling, and with cries of "*buonamano*" rising forever to the skies! Only one dark day shadows our memories, and even that shadow is necessary to the artistic chiaroscuro without which the radiant high lights would be duller than they are. That day was the one in which we rode on donkeys to Hadrian's Villa, and lost our way in trying to return at evening in the teeth of a sudden, blinding storm. We seemed to wander in circles, and our poor beasts to be ever climbing never-attainable summits or rolling down bottomless abysses. Drenched and shivering, we finally took refuge in a cave, at whose mouth grotesque olives, with twisted gnarled branches and writhing black trunks, groaned like tormented souls. It was a weird scene, with the wind roaring like beasts of prey about us, the rain falling with curious moaning sound, and jagged lightning zigzagging across the black sky. Even poor Boy was so impressed by it that he never once spoke of Tom

Sawyer or alluded to himself as the terrible outlaw-chief in one of whose caves we were his captives. Rather seemed he inclined to accept the very different rôle designated by his mother when she clasped him in her wet arms and half sobbed, "Oh, my flower, my lamb! Into what a precious muddle mumsie has brought her pretsie, sweetsie dove!"



THE POOR LITTLE COACHMAN.

It was midnight when, sick, sore, and sorry, we dragged ourselves up our dark stairs. Our carpetless, curtainless *sala*, with its stiff wooden chairs, so bright and bohemian-looking when the sun shone and our anatomies were unstrained, was dismal enough by a tallow dip: so a sort of *miserere* in nuns' voices wailed for a fire.

"A fire!" exclaimed Signora Bartoldi, aghast. "*Dio mio!* Sixty years next San Giovanni have I lived in this house, and I never saw a fire in it save to cook with. If you are cold, go to bed, and thank Madonna that you've beds to get warm in, as Italians would do."

Boy here added his protest to ours, with such effect that calm Holtz came in fresh, dry raiment from his chamber, to ask, "What's the row?"

Dame Bartoldi speedily capitulated before such a reinforcement to the

enemy, and soon around a bright but evanescent blaze of fagots we sat in a circle upon the floor and warmed our chilled blood and eased our stiffened limbs. Then an *eau-de-cologne* bottle appeared upon the scene with contents strangely dark and of peculiar perfume, followed by the squat, fat, brown teapot without which our Matron never packs her satchels. Then, upon long, slender wands, like magic witch-hazel, every one of the group toasted bread at

to that of Cleopatra, her valor greater than the half-fabulous prowess of Semiramis. History says that the brave, the glorious, the regal Zenobia was the only woman whose superior genius ever broke through the servile indolence imposed upon her sex by the voluptuous climate and manners of Asia. She was considered the most lovely of women, as well as the most heroic,—her large black eyes full of fire and sweetness, her dusky Oriental skin and flashing teeth, her bearing so imperial that down to these our own far-off days the name of Zenobia is almost a synonyme for peerless majesty of presence. The Queen of Palmyra was as gifted in intellect as in person. Her mind was disciplined by study, and she possessed in equal perfection the Greek, Latin, Syriac, and Egyptian tongues.

That burning, passionate heart turned to dust sixteen centuries ago, yet its flame and passion warm the pages of history yet, and, firing the imagination of an American artist,* gave the world a marble Zenobia in which the dead one lived again.

After the destruction of her palm-shaded capital, the conquest of her kingdom, and her bitter humiliation as a publicly-exhibited trophy in the triumph of Aurelian, Queen Zenobia retired to Tivoli, where she kept all the state of an Eastern empress. History does not tell us when she died, nor has even tradition preserved the place of her sepulchre. We only know that her daughters married noble Romans, and that her blood was recognized in veins of high lineage down to the fifth century. And one member of a party of strolling artists from a far-away Occidental land, of which that dazzling queen never heard, knows that her beautiful shadow sweeps regally about that old hill-set city yet.

MARGARET BERTHA WRIGHT.

* Harriet Hosmer.



THE MATRON'S MADONNA.

the blaze. Signora Bartoldi brought a huge bowl of eggs, and at two in the morning we dined merrily.

No ghostly population can be of better quality than that of Tivoli. We met them all about,—poets, sages, heroes, kings, and emperors,—all the glorious host which here sought rest or refuge, lived in tranquil retirement, or in restless plotting and waiting to fight their warfare over again. But to one of us there was a certain majestic presence of a thousandfold surpassing interest to that of poet Horace, of fighting Belisarius, Pope Adrian IV., Cola di Rienzi, and all the militant chieftains of the Middle Ages whose feet have echoed through these narrow ways. In her time this presence was a queen, her beauty equal

THE JEWEL IN THE LOTOS.

CHAPTER XIII.

MARIÙ'S LOVER.

EVERY day Mariù went down the rocks to the villa, bearing a little note from Aurora to her mother,—a note so full of delight that it was a wonder it should need a bearer and did not put out two small wings and fly down by itself. There needed but little to make the girl happy. If her mother were well and near, and her own surroundings peaceful, up rose the fountain of her nature and covered all the world with rainbows. The two principal facts which she had to communicate were that she had got hold of the family laces and ruffles that needed mending, and that Aurelia said she mended most beautifully; the other, that she had learned to make tea so perfectly that the task was definitely handed over to her. And—grand climax of all!—when the family from the villa should come up to the castle, she would make the tea, and, with her own hand, give a certain chosen cup to the duke, for whom she had a great admiration.

In short, the young lady was as triumphant over her little domestic successes as though she had never dreamed of flying, or of melting a chilly world with the warmth of her own heart.

Some do all things meanly, both great and small. Aurora was one of those who do all things nobly.

The visit from the villa was made with a flattering promptness, all except the Signora Emilia driving up one afternoon through the town in their covered wagonette.

When the general salutations were over, Miss Melville turned to Aurelia with an air which she must have been at some pains to assume, and which might be called imposing. Her head a little bent, she seemed to look down at the English girl from a height; there was a faint smile on her lips, and a thin veil of sweetness worn over an expres-

sion of perfect superiority. She had called Don Leopoldo to her with a careless, graceful gesture, and rested her hand on his arm while saying a few words to introduce a subject; and, having engaged them in talk, she floated away with a cool dexterity which it was impossible to baffle, and went to seat herself beside Glenlyon. She seemed to have given, or thrown, her lover away, and forgotten him.

Aurelia stood a little apart with the marquis. "I will show them that I am not to blame," she thought, understanding the manoeuvre, and set herself to treat him with the most formal courtesy. But her prudence was uncalled for. Her companion was as formal as herself, and it might be suspected that he was a little bored. He scarcely looked at her. She had, indeed, perceived that he was habitually sparing of his glances, but made them telling when he did give them. His broad and deeply-fringed lids, fit for an odalisk, would tremble, half rise, and let a shy, bright arrow dart between, then droop and knit their silken shade again.

She hastened to terminate their forced conversation and join the duchess and her daughter, who were looking at the view from the balcony. Miss Melville was left a moment with Glenlyon.

"I am inspired to tell you my plans," she said, laying a delicately-gloved hand on the arm of his chair, and leaning smilingly near him. "I am almost resolved to give up Italy and go back to live in America. I should take a house in Washington and interest myself in politics. And I shall marry a self-made man."

"I am sure that you have only to choose," Glenlyon said gallantly, and wondering what had happened at the villa.

She opened her eyes wide: "Only to choose! And you think that so easy? Why, it is about the most diffi-

cult thing one can do. People say that I am hard to please. The truth is, I am pleased only too easily. But I have had two hundred proposals in Europe, and might have had two thousand. You have no idea, sir, how a rich and pretty girl is chased after. I have sometimes wished that we could use now some of those old methods of thinning out lovers,—throwing a glove to the lions, or setting them fighting one against another."

"But what will the marquis do?" Glenlyon asked.

She took the question with cool serenity: "That is for him to decide. Once I give him up, I shall not interest myself further in his affairs."

"So now he will know that the coast is clear for his ward," she thought, as they were interrupted.

The duke admired a small and exquisite bust of Napoleon I., on the pedestal of which were inscribed two lines from Manzoni's "Cinque Maggio:"

Due volte nella polvere,
Due volte sugli altari.

"The inscription was Aurora's thought," Glenlyon said.

"And you did it at her request!" the duchess exclaimed. "I am afraid that you spoil her."

"She is not one of those whom appreciation spoils," he replied. "She is the most superior young lady I have ever known."

The duchess stared, not without displeasure. She did not approve of people in subordinate positions being allowed to conceive a high opinion of themselves.

Aurora meantime had made the tea, her fragrant flowery Pekoe, with an air of painstaking daintiness and smiling pride very pretty to behold. But the duke and his son disconcerted her plans somewhat by coming to assist her.

"I know that I am not a fit companion for Hebe," said the duke, seating himself beside her when the others were served; "but when there is no Gany-mede—"

"Should Jove then take his place?" she asked.

"Brava, mia cara!" he said, smiling and surprised. "Did you learn that in the convent?"

"No; from mamma. But this cup is yours," she said. "I kept it for you because it is the prettiest. See! it is all pinks."

"Dear child!" He took the cup and admired it, to please her. "And now tell me, are you happy here?"

"Oh! so happy!"

"The young lady is kind?"

"She is an angel!"

"And the gentleman?"

"He is a saint!"

"Your chamber is comfortable?"

"As if I had chosen it from the whole house. They have given me one next the villa, so that I can exchange signals with mamma and see her window. I cannot see her plainly, but I see her handkerchief when she waves it."

"Have you an opera-glass?" the duke asked, amused at this love-making of two ladies.

"No. I never thought of that," she said.

"Then I shall send you up one this evening by your mamma."

"How good you are!" she exclaimed, delighted. "But everybody is good to me now, and everything is as charming as possible. All my stars are in the east this autumn."

"How do you like teaching?" was the next question.

"I am so proud to teach her!" said Aurora, with a fond, admiring glance at Aurelia, who was talking with the duchess and the Donna Clotilda and showing them her music. "But I do not know enough. I have to ask mamma something every day. I lie awake at night thinking how I shall answer her questions. Sometimes I say such silly things!" and she blushed vividly.

"As what?" the gentleman asked, with a smile.

"When she asked why the *ev* was prefixed in the *evviva*, and the *eb* in *ebbene*, I didn't know, and I said that they were like little handles to take the words up the more easily."

"And so they are!" the duke de-

clared, laughing. "But you mustn't give yourself any uneasiness. You talk beautifully, and I am sure that you teach beautifully." And he thought, "The idea of an exquisite girl of nineteen years of age lying awake at night to think of prefixes and irregular verbs!"

The duchess thought that her husband had been talking long enough with the most superior young lady whom Glenlyon had ever known, and interrupted them, not to talk with Aurora, whom she treated rather carelessly, but with a pretence of examining the tea, which she had been praising.

How infinite are the shades of that liking which is not, and never can be, love, though it is often mistaken for love! The sweet attraction which charms, but which a touch may destroy, the friendship which caresses, the friendship which keeps its distance and would be changed to disgust by a caress,—they are legion. Between Aurora and Glenlyon a spiritual sympathy existed, yet their manner was that of the most distant respect, while she turned to the duke with a sense of sweet attraction. His beauty, his fineness, the delicacy alike of his reserve and of his kindness, all suited her. It was one of those airy fascinations which are possible only where love has never been.

There are women who may be gradually induced to pass these bounds which their nature has first set; but their purity is of the snow, which may be melted or soiled. There is another purity, of fire, which is unapproachable and unchangeable. Aurora had the purity of fire.

When their visitors went away, the family accompanied them down to their carriage, and for an instant Don Leopoldo found himself beside Aurelia.

"I hope," he murmured, "that my behavior of to-day has expiated my lack of self-control of the other evening."

She blushed slightly with surprise and embarrassment, and hastily removed herself from him without replying.

Miss Melville had caught the gesture, if not the words, and her lip curled as she turned to Glenlyon and began to

talk gayly, seeming to be quite occupied with him, and making a very striking picture indeed, as her rich attire floated about his plain dress, her fresh pallor of a magnolia-leaf shone beside the gray pallor of his age, and her sunny hair contrasted with the sculptured snow of his.

The duchess invited them to dine at the villa the next week, and they drove away, all but Don Leopoldo, who chose to return to the villa by way of the rocks. As he made a last salutation, he cast a keen, flashing glance at Aurelia; and she, pleased that the visit had passed off well, and thinking, perhaps, that she had not treated him very courteously, gave him involuntarily one of her sweetest smiles.

He went away full of triumph, never doubting that he had established an understanding with her, the more so that both Aurora and Glenlyon had turned away when the smile was given. He foresaw a fascinating and exciting flirtation; and, smiling at his own thoughts, with a little mocking at his easy victory, he went on, laying plans for future meetings.

As he went down toward the villa he saw a servant-girl coming across the garden toward him. Mariù had been down with Aurora's daily note to her mother, and was coming back. She came plodding steadily along, smiling to herself, her head down; for she had a lover at the villa, and she had seen him for a minute. Her blue petticoat hung in thickly-crowded pleats swinging just about her ankles and revealing snow-white stockings and thick, high shoes. Tight gray corsets were laced over her white polacca, with a bow of gay ribbon set behind each shoulder. A long silver *spadone*, the head being a clinched hand with the thumb shut inside, was thrust through her shining braids.

Mariù glanced up on hearing steps, and, seeing whom she was about to meet, assumed a serious and business-like aspect. The marquis barred her way. It had occurred to him that she might be a useful friend at the castle; and, besides, he never neglected an opportunity to

have a *tête-à-tête* with a pretty girl. So, when she had said a serious "Addio," and was passing on, he stepped between her and the stone stair. He asked where she had been, how she liked her place, and a dozen questions to detain her. She replied promptly, but with reserve, meeting his bold gaze with bright, steady, and repelling eyes.

"Don't be in such haste!" he said, when she made a movement to pass him. "You are too pretty to run away. Your cheeks are like roses."

"Do me the favor to let me pass, Don Leopoldo," she said, with austere dignity. "They will be waiting for me at home."

"First give me a kiss," he said, holding out his hands, and taking a step nearer.

"No, signore!" replied Mariù, with emphasis, pushing her under lip out scornfully. "I'm not that sort."

"Nonsense! You're 'all that sort!'" he said. "Now, Mariù."

She turned her back upon him, and had taken a step as if to return to the villa, when he called her:

"There! don't be silly! I was only jesting. Come along, and I will let you pass."

She returned, walked warily toward him, and made a rush to pass him, when he caught her. "I didn't promise that I wouldn't kiss you," he said, laughing as she struggled in his arms.

"A-a-a-h!" growled Mariù, with a low-voiced, bitter circumflex; and, catching the *spadone* from her hair, she plunged it fiercely into his neck and shoulder. Then, drawing it out as he quickly released her, she thrust the weapon back, without wiping the blood from it, into her braids, and went on up the stair, pale with anger, and not deigning to look behind her.

"He had better let me alone!" she muttered, and went clumping on in her thick shoes, her lips so closely pressed together that they protruded, and her eyes, as bright as a hawk's, fixed straight before her.

Don Leopoldo was terrified for a moment, but soon found that his hurt

was not a very serious one. She had known just how not to kill him, as, if it had been necessary, she would have known just how to kill him. That gouging stroke from the neck to the shoulder could not have been more cleverly given by a surgeon.

He went home rather crestfallen, to put himself into the hands of his valet, Alfonso.

"I mustn't let Renzo know," Mariù said to herself, as she went through the Gola.

Renzo, or Lorenzo, was Mariù's lover, — a native of Monte Fortino. He was an exceedingly handsome and rather wild fellow, who, left an orphan in childhood, had never been restrained in any way. But his heart was not bad, and he was faithful to Mariù. It was she who had persuaded him to leave Monte Fortino, and had procured a place for him at the villa to take care of the duke's horses. She watched over him with a motherly care, always afraid that he might fall into bad company again, or that the love of adventure which had been his bane would make him weary of a life of monotonous labor. He seemed contented enough, did his work faithfully, and put all the money he could save into Mariù's hands. She felt a fond and trembling pride in his steadiness, and looked forward impatiently to the time of their marriage, when he would be more closely under her care. The marriage would take place in the spring. She had already finished her own *corredo*, and had for some time been knitting stockings for him and making up his linen. In her matter-of-fact way she showed him each article as it was finished, and consulted him on the subject. These were her gift to him. On his part, he would be expected to give his bride a set of gold—chain, ear-rings, brooch, and finger-ring—and a gray silk dress. She would be married in the best woollen dress she had as a maiden, and only put on her silk dress afterward when they would make a bridal tour to Rome. That was their etiquette.

The young man was by no means indifferent to these preparations. He had

a good deal of pleasure in being finely dressed, and it was his private opinion that, when they went to Rome, even Mariù, in her gray silk, gold ornaments, blue neckerchief, and shining braids transfixed with a new *spadone*, would not be more noticed than he, with the black curls around his transparent golden face, the profile that more than one painter had praised, the embroidered collar, and a pair of those beautiful red-and-white stockings showing above his shoes. They would go to the theatre, visit the great churches, eat in a *trattoria*, and wander through the streets to their hearts' content for a week. Then Mariù would come back to her place, which was too good to lose; "and," thought Renzo, "if only Gian would die, I could have his place at the castle." And, without the slightest feeling of malice, he concluded that it would be a very good thing for him if Gian should go to heaven before spring.

Of course Renzo had not a grain of principle except what little Mariù had tried to implant in him, and that was only a higher sort of self-interest.

The party in the carriage had not gone home without a slight cloud above their horizon.

"Duca," said his wife, "what do you think the Signor Mosè wants me to do?"

The duke languidly expressed a consuming curiosity to know.

"He wishes me to help change the world," she said, laughing.

"What is the matter with the world?" the duke asked, after a rather long pause, seeming to be in as much ill-humor as politeness would allow. All his conversation since leaving the castle had been pointedly addressed to Miss Melville.

He was, indeed, displeased with his wife for having interrupted his *tête-à-tête* with Aurora. He seldom saw the girl, still more rarely had a word alone with her, and to talk with her when his wife was by was impossible. The duchess invariably swept all other women out of the conversation, unless they were her equals in rank. Aurora was

in some slight degree under his care; and, as he had announced before going to the castle that he wished to speak with her, and had sought her apart, he considered his wife's intrusion ill-mannered.

"The chief trouble I see in the world comes from meddling people," he said, with quiet distinctness. "So many people are perpetually putting their noses in what does not concern them. If there were a law against such trespasses, I would willingly see it enforced."

Having been occasionally admonished by her husband to keep within her limits, the lady perceived that she was being lectured, and became silent. He was so habitually amiable that his rare displeasure was impressive.

"You were angry because I interrupted your conversation with Aurora," she said, as soon as they were alone.

"Yes," he replied, fixing his eyes steadily upon her.

"What could you have to say to that girl which your wife must not hear?" she flashed forth.

An angry red shot across the duke's face, but he controlled his voice. "I counsel you to go no further on that track," he said slowly. "Beware how you use my name and that of an innocent girl whom I am bound in a certain measure to protect."

The duchess cowered and began to wipe her eyes. "What have I said?" she exclaimed. "I can't imagine why you should be so angry."

Her husband went on, quite unmoved by her tears: "What respect would you have for me if every time I saw you speaking alone with a gentleman—and I see it often—I should instantly place myself beside you? How would you like it?"

The duchess looked up with a bright and charming smile through her tears. "I should be delighted," she declared.

"Then you would be delighted to see me make myself ridiculous and annoying," her husband retorted, not in the least mollified by her coquetry. He was quite accustomed to the pretty little ways with which she was in the habit of

luring him from any track she did not wish him to follow. "You know quite well that I would not stoop to such a course; and, if I did, you would be far from delighted. I am in earnest; and I want an assurance that there will be no more of this worse than folly."

She looked at him and silently measured their mutual strength. She saw that she must submit, and it made her nerves quiver with a quick instant of rage. Her hand rested on a table, the fingers touching a glass from which she had drunk. A swift impulse seized her to fling the glass into her husband's face. Then she said tremulously, "There is only one way to cure jealousy in me, and that is to love me better than all others."

"Madame," the duke exclaimed, for the first time speaking passionately, "do not let the walls even hear you connecting the word 'jealousy' with the name of that girl. It is absurd! It is monstrous! It is vile! If ever I hear a breath on such a subject, I shall know whom to punish."

She burst into tears. "You love me no longer!" she sobbed. "It is a long time since you loved me."

He laughed lightly. "I declare to you," he said, "that if we were unmarried now, and even if I knew how provoking you are, I believe that I should still propose for you."

The April face again. And so their quarrel ended, leaving her in a salutary fear.

The Countess Emilia, while the family were out, had passed a few happy solitary hours in the winter-garden, listening to her own footfalls between the green walls, and setting her thoughts to music. Aurora's note had been brought to her there, and had been a note of music in harmony with her fancies:

"Be sure you come up before avemaria, if only for a moment, mamma mia. I have put on my purple dress with a white zephyr shawl and a good deal of white lace, so that it is becoming. Only the effect is odd,—I don't know why. It seems to set me apart.

Aurelia wears her Margherite dress, and is lovely. Happy as ever.

"AURORA."

The rather odd effect which the wearer of the purple dress observed was, in fact, that she looked an ideal royal princess,—an effect which was not lessened by the band of very yellow tortoise-shell around her head and the crescent of balls of the same at the top of her comb, showing above the low full coil of her hair.

The mother sighed with contentment, kissed the little letter, and resumed her walk. She was so absorbed in her thoughts that for some time she took no notice of a succession of rifle-shots which sounded very near her; but, becoming at length aware of them, she went, half apprehensively, to search out the meaning of a sound so unusual in that place.

The winter-garden, extending eastward, was lost in a small but beautiful wood that clung to the thin soil where the steep rocks climbed to the mountain, making a large triangle of fine cool shade in summer and shelter in winter. Going toward this wood, the countess saw Mariù's lover standing by the largest tree of all, a great pine, and examining its trunk. He had a rifle in his hand, and had evidently been firing at a mark, for she saw him loading again. She paused, uncertain whether she should reprove him or not.

His rifle loaded, Renzo began to run. He made a circle of the woods, passed the pine-tree a hundred paces or so, turned swiftly on one foot, slung his rifle up and fired, and off again, all in an instant. A second time he came round, and again the rifle flashed up and was discharged in that scarcely measurable pause.

"Lorenzo!" the countess exclaimed.

He paused instantly, looked at her, snatched his hat off, and went to meet her. "I beg your pardon," he said, with a somewhat confident smile. "I thought that all *lor signori* were out." And he explained that he came to this place occasionally to practise when the family were away, not having time to

seek a more distant one, and pointed out that his mark was directly in front of a high rock, and that therefore no person could be in danger, even if passing by the mountain-side or if he should miss the tree. "But I never miss," he said, with a superior air.

"And why should you wish to practise, when you are not a soldier?" asked the lady, glancing apprehensively at the rifle.

"Oh!" He tossed his head with an expression which seemed to say, "What fools women are!" "I like to go hunting," he said. "And, besides, who knows whether I might not be a soldier?" And he quoted one of those rhymed proverbs which are always on the lips of the Italian country-people:

Impara l'arte e mettila da parte.

(Learn an art and keep it apart.)

The countess went to examine the mark. Renzo had fixed an oak-leaf—one of those narrow and deeply-incised oak-leaves of Italy—in a crevice of the bark, and every shot was in the leaf: six shots not an inch apart. She exclaimed at his skill.

"Oh," he said, "I have done better than that;" and he took up from the ground a perforated leaf and showed her a row of holes beside the long cord. "I want to break the spine of the leaf," he said. "And, see! one shot touched it."

"Well, Lorenzo," said the lady, "I would rather have you for a friend than a foe."

"My rifle and I are always at the disposition of the Signora Contessa," said Renzo, uncovering himself again and showing his white teeth in a smile.

She went back to her musings, lacking the courage to reprove the marksman, if indeed he merited reproof, and, on the whole, concluding that she would not even mention the incident to the duchess. There was something in the black eyes of this young mountaineer which told her it would be just as well not to interfere with him.

An hour later she went up to the castle, and Aurora, who had been watch-

ing for her, ran down to meet her at the door, and led her directly up to her own chamber.

"The duke gave me something for you, child, just as I came out," she said; "and I have waited to look at it with you. Oh, an opera-glass! and such a pretty one! And, now, what is this roll?"

She unrolled the sheet of drawing-paper, and both exclaimed with pleasure when they saw what it contained. The duke, who sketched and designed beautifully, had drawn and faintly colored a façade of a "Temple of Love," taking something from the Countess Emilia's idea of a *tableau vivant* of a temple with girls supporting the roof. But his lovely caryatids did not touch the ground. They stood on the bent knees of kneeling men, who surrounded each form with a sustaining arm and looked up with adoring faces. The girls at the corners had both eyes and arms uplifted, and their faces wore the rapt expression of seraphic contemplation, while the kneeling figures regarded them with an absorbed and serious gaze; but where the open roof rose in the centre, a girl at either side stood on her lover's hands instead of his knee, and, lifted high, bent her head under the leafy cornice and laughed down into his face. From the draperies of these two figures two lovely cupids, leaning to embrace each other, made the arch of the door, of which the keystone was a kiss. Birds sat above the cornice, and light-falling vines wreathed the sustaining forms, while a flock of hovering doves outlined a plummy dome with their white wings. All round beneath, the blue rippling waters of a river made the place an island, only a strip of emerald daisy-diapered sward lying between wave and fane.

"The duke has to go to Rome to-morrow," the countess said. "He starts very early, so as to return in the evening."

"Tell him that I will wave him *buon viaggio*," Aurora said.

"And he wishes me to tell you," her mother continued, "that Renzo is training a horse for you to ride with the

Signorina Aurelia. It was intended for Clotilda, but she will not ride. She is too timid."

"Mamma," said Aurora, with an air of conviction, "that man is the quintessence of princeliness."

The next morning she was up with the dawn, and found that a thick fog covered everything. It was disappointing. But presently, with the rising sun and a rising breeze, the mists began to blow into folds, like a curtain, piled and impervious here, thin and transparent there. The Monterone frowned itself clear, and one could see an interminable line of sheep moving across its dark front, coming up from the east and going down toward the west to change their pasture. They moved in a soft and indistinguishable stream across the frowning rock, coming up out of silvery, sun-steeped mists, crossing the clear height, and rolling down into the thick western fog, a leisurely, spirit-like host.

The tiny shadow of a bird on the roof-edge fell on Aurora's white hands as she leaned from her window. The little shadow head turned from side to side, there was a chirp, two little shadow wings came up, and away it flew. Sassovivo felt the sun,—that splendid autumn sun to which the mists add the last charm.

The villa gardens began to come out, the Greek wind blew gayly, a carriage became visible before the vestibule of the casino, and the duke came out and looked about, as if at the weather, seeing all the heights sunny and the plain veiled like a bride.

Just as he was about to step into the carriage he bethought himself of the message he had received, and, looking up at the castle, saw a white figure and a white scarf against its black old walls. He smiled, waved his handkerchief, and stepped into the carriage, leaning out to wave his signal once more as the castle disappeared.

CHAPTER XIV.

A TREE OF PARADISE.

ROBERT McLELLAN conquered his family much sooner than he had hoped.

He was on his way to Rome almost as soon as Glenlyon was settled in Sassovivo. Returning to London from Paris, he had found a small legacy awaiting him, and that had decided the matter. He had let no grass grow under his feet, as he triumphantly wrote to Aurelia, and in a day or two he would follow his letter to Italy. It would not do for him to come at once to Sassovivo, as he must first systemize himself, and, moreover, he wished first to finish a picture on which he had long been at work.

Everything had prospered with him. He had met in London the young and already famous sculptor Salathiel, and this gentleman had offered him the use of his Roman studio for three or four months during which he had engagements in Paris. "I feel as if I had always known Salathiel," he wrote. "He met me at once with the noblest frankness, and was as generous and helpful as any friend could be. He has a princely heart, and is a poet from head to foot."

In short, Robert was full of enthusiasm. "I do not mean that Rome shall spoil me, or that mere fashion shall dictate my subjects or the treatment of them," he wrote, "though I would gladly find my inspiration in any noble enthusiasm or epical event of our time. I shall paint neither gods, goddesses, nor any nude figures whatever. I do not believe that I will take anything from the antique except Scripture subjects. I will see if the life of to-day does not give me something worthy of preserving on canvas. In any case, I am resolved, dear Aurelia, that I will never represent anything mean, except to show it under the foot of scorn, anything cruel, unless the punishment also is visible, nor anything sad, without suggesting consolation. Tell me that you approve my resolution."

"Poor dear Robert!" thought Aurelia, as she read this letter, so full of a glad and noble looking-forward. "I hope that he will not come here depending on me. I told him not to." And she went to read the letter to her guardian.

It seemed to him that she was not as much rejoiced as he might have ex-

pected and did hope. "It isn't possible that this young Italian is outshining Robert!" he thought.

For during the few weeks which had intervened between their first visit from the villa and the arrival of this letter, Glenlyon had become aware that Don Leopoldo was always on their traces. Aurelia and Aurora rode out every day, while Glenlyon accompanied them in a little carriage he had procured with some difficulty in the town, and latterly Don Leopoldo rode also, though his lady did not. Aurelia gathered up her Protestant skirts about her and went every Sunday to the cathedral to hear the sermon, going in just as the preacher ascended the pulpit, and leaving the church the moment he came down. She went to take a lesson in Italian, the speaker having a beautiful style and pronunciation. Jenny always accompanied her. Glenlyon had more than once seen the marquis there, not with his family, who had their chairs near the altar, but farther back, leaning in some shady corner from which he could watch Aurelia. He came up frequently by the rocks to the town, and looked up at the windows as he slowly passed the castle. He met them everywhere. One evening when they had dined at the villa he had pretended to take leave of them, then hastily joined them afterward as they went up the rocks, and walked home with them beside Aurelia. It was true that her manner toward him was all that it should be. Her guardian had never seen her show so much reserve toward a possible admirer. Still, he was not quite easy on the subject of Don Leopoldo.

The young man's triumph had indeed been short, and his disappointment bitter. The smile on which he had counted so much had brought him nothing. Instead of finding a secret ardor prudently veiled, he saw an impenetrable reserve which did not entirely hide a haughty coldness. He watched for a movement when she was listening in the church, and she sat motionless. He watched for a glance, and her eyes were lowered. He gazed his soul away with-

out a response. When he met her face to face, his eyes begged for a smile. She looked at him seriously, and spoke as to a stranger.

And meanwhile, as he gazed and waited and hoped, the fancy which had begun light as air grew and strengthened. Like a vine that begins with only one transparent curling tendril that a kiss would melt and a zephyr break, but that clings and grows till that which it grasps is held at length in a prison of strong interlacing cords, so this fancy caught his soul, and grew, and bound him inextricably. Where was its strength? There were times when, with a mingled wonder and fear, he tried to break loose from the fascination; but his will also was bound. The fair, softly-waving hair grew to be as the hair of a goddess, and, to his imagination, possessed some potent hidden power, as though, if one watched, soft phosphorescent lightnings might flash out of it and play in an aureole about that guarded vestal form. Her profile, pale, firm, and regular, seemed to be carved in marble, and it became so impressed upon his mind that he saw it everywhere. Could it be that this face had once lighted up with a smile for him,—a sweet and tender smile all for him? What had changed her? How had he offended her? He sought in vain an opportunity to put the question.

Aurelia was not unmoved by his evident devotion and distress, and sometimes her coldness cost her an effort. But she had not forgotten the smile which she had caught on his face when he turned away on that day of his first visit to the castle,—that hateful smile of an evil mind, significant and mocking. It revealed to her with a perfect clearness as much of the man's baseness as she was capable of comprehending. What, then, had he presumed to imagine in her which could merit such a smile? she asked herself, and the answer was prompt: he had found what all such men find wherever they look,—a reflection from their own minds. Yet, little by little, his earnest, entreating regards touched her. Whatever his sin had

been, it was evident that he regretted it. She began to find a fascination in this constant following. Vice was to her too entirely exterior and vague to make a very deep impression. Her curiosity was awakened to know what he really felt, and the romance and attraction of a prohibited intimacy began to surround him. She almost wished that she could have an explanation with him, if only to dismiss his attentions definitively. Uncertainty became irritating.

On one of those days the family at the castle went down to make a dinner-call at the villa, several rainy evenings having delayed their visit, and Aurelia sat the whole evening hedged in by a company of Sassovivo ladies who were sewing for the poor. She talked with them, examined their work, and begged them to make her useful if the poor were in need. In the midst of charming them with her amiability, and, still more, with the prospect she held out of a contribution to their funds, her attention was arrested by hearing the countess say, in a gentle but perfectly distinct voice, "Excuse me, Signor Sindaco, but I do not agree with you. I think that you are mistaken."

Something in the tone, or in the momentary silence which followed, made every one look up. A group of people surrounded the duke and his wife and daughter, among them the sindaco of the town,—

Animal grazioso e benigno,

as Dante might have called him,—and all were looking with some little surprise at the countess, or glancing inquiringly at the Signor Passafiori, who was smiling and blushing with surprise and embarrassment at finding himself unexpectedly contradicted, and by a lady, and that when he had only said what he thought every one would agree to,—that a literary man or a poet had no business in politics and was unfit to hold office.

The duchess was the first to speak. "But, my dear Emilia, I agree perfectly with the Signor Passafiori," she said, with smiling arrogance and an emphasis on the pronoun.

The countess was slightly pale, but smiling, and her large eyes, grown luminous and steady, looked the duchess calmly in the face. "Of course opinions will differ, Signora Duchessa," she said, with respectful firmness; "but there are always facts to learn. The saying of Christ, 'By their fruits ye shall know them,' is as applicable to politics as to religion. Modern nations have not among them a peer to those ancient ones which were governed by poets, or where poets were most honored. Moses, David, and Solomon,—has the world ever seen again such rulers? And how perfect was the rule of Joseph in Egypt! Yet when he appeared before his brethren in his father's house they mocked him. 'Behold, this dreamer cometh!' they said. Ah! it would be well for both religion and politics if poetical ideas and true poets had more power."

The duke, with a faint smile, was gazing steadily into the speaker's glowing face. She had spoken with increasing fervor and firmness. Pausing an instant, she went on more impetuously:

"Society will never be redeemed—will go on sinking lower and lower—till what are sneered at as poetical ideas shall have the power they deserve. What are these poetical ideas? They are lofty and pure ideas. What is poetical justice? It is pure justice. And what is this vaunted practical wisdom? It is material, egotistic, and short-sighted. It is frequently shamefully mean and dishonest.—Pardon my challenge, Signor Sindaco," she added, suddenly turning to that embarrassed gentleman with a brilliant and flattering smile. "I am sure that you are a great deal more poetical than you are aware." She had caught sight of the duchess's face flushed with anger.

The duke also saw that his wife was preparing to annihilate her friend, and made haste to interpose: "I am entirely with the Signora Contessa Coronari," pronouncing her name with great respect.

Aurora, sitting behind her mother, and trembling half with pride and half with fear, blessed him in her heart.

The duchess laughed scornfully. She

would have liked to retort that in her house the "Signora Contessa Coronari" was only a paid governess, but she did not dare. "I could never associate the idea of power or dignity with rhyming," she said. "Nothing is more weak than poetry. But we must not criticize poets in Emilia's presence, I find."

Miss Melville exclaimed, "Oh, duchessa mia, you think that poetry is weak. Beware how you make it your foe! Some one has been asking me to sing, and I have a good mind—" She whispered a word to the duke, who accompanied her to the piano; he smiled and nodded, and in a moment she burst out with a *stornello* which, certainly, no one else of the company would have dared to sing there. It was one of those by Dall' Ongaro which were known from end to end of the peninsula during twenty years, and more, of the great ferment which preceded the union of all Italy:

O spinte o sponte al ciel la fiamma tende;
O spinte o sponte va l'acqua alla china;
O spinte o sponte, quando il fulmin scende,
Crollan le rupi e la magion ruina;
O spinte o sponte, per la via che prende,
La terra, il sole, il popolo cammina.

(Or thrust on or held back, heavenward the flame tends;
Or thrust on or held back, valeward the water flows;
Or thrust on or held back, when drops the thunderbolt,
Down comes the smitten rock, and the house falls;
Or thrust on or held back, in their own chosen road,
On march the people, and the earth, and the sun.)

"I wouldn't sing the rest," the duke murmured in the singer's ear, and she nodded a laughing acquiescence.

Don Leopoldo, who, with rather a serious face, had been lounging about the room, brightened at sound of the song, and went to the piano.

"Brava, Teresa!" he whispered. "Give it to them! What! You won't finish? Then sing another. Sing '*Vattene, Italia mia, vattene lesta.*'" And he began to hum the tune.

"But, since Italia has got out of it, there is no fun in telling her to *vattene*,"

she returned. "If there were only something that would really hit! How splendid the countess was! She has quite stirred me up."

The duke left them to their whispering over the keys, and a moment later the singer's voice was heard again. It was a clear voice, and the words were so distinctly uttered that they gave an impression of something incised on metal:

C'era una volta un re e una regina,
Che al sol vederli passava la fame.
Viveano da storne, vestivan di trina,
Per la felicità del lor reame.
Quando la gente non avea farina,
Lo re diceva: mangiate pollame.

Lo re può fare e disfar ciò che vuole,
E noi siam nati per far ombra al sole.
Lo re può fare e la pace e la guerra,
E noi siam nati per andar sotterra,
Passa la notte e l'alba si avvicina,—
C'era una volta un re e una regina!

(Once upon a time there was a king and queen,
Only just to see them took your hunger quite away.

For to make the kingdom happy, and for nothing else, I ween,
They dressed themselves in cloth of gold and feasted every day.

When the people cried, We are starving for bread!

Why don't you live on poultry? the great king said.

The king he can open, and the king he can bar,
And we are only born to make a shadow to the sun.

The king is born to please himself with either peace or war,
And we to go underground when the work is done.

Ah! the night passes, and the dawn is seen,—
Once upon a time there was a king and queen!)

Singing with a spirit which stirred some emotion, either pleasurable or angry, in every one present, Miss Melville glanced up into Don Leopoldo's face as she sang the last lines, and he joined and repeated them with her with a ringing emphasis and effect,—

Passa la notte e l'alba si avvicina,—
C'era una volta un re e una regina!

As they ended, the duchess exclaimed, so as to be heard by all in the room, "My dear Miss Melville, you have given me an entirely new and unlooked-for experience. I never thought to hear any

one sing revolutionary songs in my drawing-room."

She was standing erect in the midst of her company, her eyes flashing, her lips wreathed with a bitter smile. "It is quite *all Americana!*" she added, unable to restrain herself further when the singer rose, sparkling with pleasure and mischief.

"I'm so glad you think so, duchessa mia!" returned Miss Melville, seeming delighted by the compliment. "I always try to act *all Americana*, but sometimes I fear that my long residence abroad has made me forget a great deal, or—learn certain habits! But is it possible that you have never heard any of these *stornelli*?" she added.

The duchess turned away without replying, and began to talk with Aurelia, showing her an unusual cordiality. Glenlyon had risen to go, thinking a diversion necessary.

"You wicked republican!" whispered the duke to Miss Melville. He was delighted at the stir she had made, and at the cool insolence which his wife's insolence had met. "Are you also revolutionary?"

She answered him seriously, "That depends on what interpretation you put on the word. To my mind revolution means, See how you like it yourself! And that is justice. I love justice better than I love love."

At the beginning of the singing, the Countess Emilia had sought an opportunity to slip out through one of the long open windows into the garden, drawing her daughter with her. "Dear mamma, how your hand trembles!" Aurora exclaimed. "What is it? Why should you care so much? Oh, mamma, I am so sorry that you are hurt!" And she stopped and took her mother in her arms, half weeping as she embraced her.

"She will be angry with me; but I will stand my ground," the mother exclaimed excitedly. "I am tired of these assumptions of my inferiors,—yes, my inferiors!" She stamped her foot on the sward where they stood beneath the trees. "My poetry, my crown and my

glory, is to them only a wreath of paper flowers. Thoughts and aspirations worthy of a demi-god,—struggles to see the light of the soul's day,—truths that are sublime and eternal,—they toss them aside with empty, cackling laughter, or listen to them with an air of imbecile patronage. I go into a great church alone and sit there looking into the sunny dome or at the frescoed walls, and wait for the thoughts which they should inspire, or I go out under the trees and listen to the pure, sweet whispers of nature, and they smile superior, and repeat their hackneyed jests about poetical abstraction. They have nothing to say to the woman who waits in the church or under the trees for her paramour. She is practical. They can understand her. They like my poetry. It amuses them. They clasp their hands, roll up their eyes, and pretend that it goes to their souls. But where do they think that I find it? Do they imagine that it is inspired by their stupid tattle, their stiff, affected, trivial manners? Do they think that their grandeur, their pinchbeck elegance, their vulgar impertinence, impose upon me? I despise them!"

"But, dearest mamma, then they are not worth your disturbing yourself for them," her daughter urged affectionately.

"True, dear, true!" the poetess sighed, and strove to calm herself. "Don't mind my agitation. See! it has passed already. It was a *sfogo* for me to express it once. True, they are not worth it. Intellectually I know myself their superior; yet my heart needs them. If they were gentle and sympathizing, if, where they were ignorant, they did not pretend, their gentleness and sympathy would make me forget their intellectual defects. If only one presumed, I still could be indifferent. But they are an army, and I am alone, and I want sympathy. I am dying for sympathy!"

"Poor mamma!" said Aurora in a trembling voice. "But the duke sympathizes with you. And if you had seen how the American looked at you! She was delighted with what you said; and—did you not hear?—she went to

the piano and sang a *stornello* for Italy. And Italy means poetry!"

The countess composed herself, put her hands to her hair to see if it were in order, and carefully dried her eyes. "If they only loved me, how I could sing!" she murmured.

"Oh, if I could only love enough for all!" the daughter exclaimed.

The countess forced a smile. "My child, your love is enough for all, and I am content," she said. "To tell the truth, it was the thought of you that made me so angry. I have heard these trivialities all my life, and they scarcely touched me. But lately I have said to myself, if Aurora should be a poetess she will have to bear the same; and that I could not bear."

A light, scornful laugh broke over the girl's lips. "Never tremble for me, mamma," she said. "I am no poet; but, if I were, none but a poet could make me weep. Though they were an army and I alone, my wings would support me. I would not weep for that which I should scorn."

"And have you no wish to sing your own songs, my child?" the mother asked wistfully. "Does not your heart tremble sometimes as if it were the nest of a bird that opened its wings as if to fly, or lifted its head as if to sing?"

"Yes, mamma," the girl replied; "and then I say over to myself one of your poems, or some other poet's, and so lull the bird to sleep again. Or the song loosens its wings, and it floats softly away, and only comes stealing silently back again when I am asleep."

"Do the songs of others express all that you feel?" the mother asked, tenderly smoothing down the dark hair of her child.

Aurora hesitated a moment, then replied softly, "Sometimes I do feel, mamma, that there is something imprisoned that wants to speak, and now and then I hear a faint little tuneless note. But nothing comes. And I am glad to forget it, for it is like suffocation. Does one learn to express one's self after a while?"

"Yes; the power will come," the

mother said. "Wait patiently." And she thought, "My child will sing when she loves." Then, seeing a stir in the house, she added hastily, "But, see, your people are going."

They hurried into the drawing-room through the window in time for Aurora to take her leave with the others. The duchess gave her a careless nod and did not look at her mother. But Miss Melville came to take the countess's hand. "I honor you so for speaking," she said, "and I sympathize with you entirely."

Don Leopoldo bowed ceremoniously to their visitors and disappeared, as if to the smoking-room. But they had hardly reached the rocks, escorted by Gian with a lantern, when he overtook them, and offered his arm to Aurelia, who was behind the other two. Glenlyon was expressing to Aurora his sympathy with her mother.

Aurelia hesitated a moment, then took the arm offered her, and made no resistance even when Gian, at a swift glance from Don Leopoldo, passed before them, and she found herself detained at the head of the stone steps. There was a little grassy amphitheatre, and a group of acacias, and a low, broad parapet protected the stair. When Don Leopoldo begged her to listen to him a moment, she even allowed herself to be seated there.

A lover who begged for a smile, was he? He was rather a soul which begged for salvation.

"What could I do but love you?" he exclaimed, throwing himself at her feet when she attempted to reprove his first word of passion.

"You have no right to speak to me of love," Aurelia said. "You are engaged."

"And if I were not?" he asked eagerly.

"And, besides that, they say that your life has been an unworthy one. I tell you this from a sense of justice, to give you an opportunity to defend yourself. As I allowed myself to listen to one story, I must listen to the reply, though unwillingly." She uttered the words austere, rising as she spoke.

"And, pray, what could my life be?" Don Leopoldo burst forth, starting up. "Can a man set himself against society, against all the influences of his birth? Ah, yes, it is true that he can, Aurelia. I have felt that since I knew you; but I did not think it possible before. What career was there for a Roman nobleman who would not be a priest? If I had been born obscure, I might have had some ambition; but he who sits under a baldacchino sees nothing above him."

"Honor is above him," Aurelia said, almost indignantly. "Courage is above him. Manliness is all above him." But she seated herself again. Apparently the explanation would not be very brief.

"Our life was marked out for us,"

Don Leopoldo resumed, standing with folded arms. "If a man had a genius for poetry, or for science, or for art, he had an object in life. I had neither. I should have liked to join Garibaldi. But my father said that as the fortunes of our house were made by a Pope, it wouldn't be gentlemanly for a member of the family, and the heir, to turn against the Papacy; and I thought that he was right. Then I wanted to travel; but, as I was the only son, my mother would not consent to my going beyond London or Paris. She hates the next heir,—a rough-spurred Piedmont colonel, who has never entered our doors, and never will, unless he enters as master. There seemed to be nothing left me but dissipation. They offered me Paris, and I took it,—yes, to the dregs. The devil amused me for a while; but I grew tired of him. Give me credit for that, Aurelia,—that even before I knew you I was disgusted with what they call a life of pleasure. If I had known you before, I should never have entered such a life. My mother wished me to marry, and chose a wife for me. I consented. How was I to know that I should find here the love of my life? Oh, Aurelia! my morning star of love and hope and redemption, put your hand in mine. This engagement is a mockery. I can see that Teresa herself is disgusted with it. She and my mother have no sympathy with each other. But who would

not love you, gentle dove that you are! Give me any penance, any command, any time, to make myself more worthy of you. You have taught me that I have a soul, and made me believe in a heaven. You have taught me to despise myself. Pity me! Speak to me!"

"I did not know that you were so noble," she murmured, as he threw himself at her feet again. "But be nobler still, and redeem yourself without the hope of my love, but for God's sake, for honor's sake. I esteem you. I wish to continue to esteem you." She rose decidedly and moved forward.

"Your esteem is precious," he said, following her; "but be generous, and give me love."

She paused an instant and looked him in the face to say, "I have no love to give you," then hastened on again.

"Are you, then, utterly indifferent to me?" he exclaimed in a tone of anguish.

They were near Glenlyon and Aurora, who were waiting for Aurelia, and it was possible for her only to say a word. "I am not indifferent to you, marquis," she said hastily. "You have taught me to esteem and to pity you. I shall remember you with kindness and wish you all prosperity. But you must not mention this subject to me again."

With that he was obliged to go.

No explanation was made or asked then; but when they entered the house, Aurelia asked her friend to leave her alone a moment with Glenlyon; and then she told him all.

"I was really tempted," she said. "I think that I was never so much tempted. But he gave me a moment to think, and in that moment duty conquered."

"It is a dangerous position, Aurelia," Glenlyon said anxiously. "His family would never forgive you if they knew. If they were not going away so soon, I should wish to take you away. They will go in a week. Try to avoid him in the mean while. And now call Aurora, and let us forget the world a little while. We have had enough of it this evening."

The shaded lamp was lighted on the large centre-table. Glenlyon sat near it, his head on his hand, his elbow on the arm of his chair. Aurora leaned into the light over a large Bible, and Aurelia sat near her. She usually worked while listening to these readings; but to-night her hands were idle and her thoughts wandering.

Before they parted for the night, Glenlyon said a word to her apart. "I have thought, Aurelia," he said, with the air of one who is yet studying over a subject, "that it would be well if you should think a good deal of Miss Melville. She is a stranger in a strange land. If you were here without me, you would find it very hard if another stranger should interfere with your happiness. She is here alone. A noble mind considers the stranger. A Christian should have a special charity for one. You recollect that Moses and Solomon were very careful that the stranger should suffer no wrong; and theirs was, we are accustomed to say, the era of law, while ours is the era of charity. What Don Leopoldo and Miss Melville may say of the uncertainty of their marriage we have nothing to do with. She came here as his promised wife, the family hold them to be engaged, and have proclaimed the match. He himself consented to it, even sought it, and I imagine that there was no trouble between them till you came. Think of her."

"You cannot think that I mean to wrong her, sir?" Aurelia exclaimed.

"No; you do not *mean* to, but you might do so involuntarily. You say that you were strongly tempted this evening. You may be tempted again. You should use every precaution. In affairs of this kind the impulse of the moment has a great deal to do."

Glenlyon was right in his conclusion that Miss Melville's doubts concerning her marriage were inspired by the wish to save her own dignity; but no one else suspected her of any change of plan. She no longer complained to the duchess or to Don Leopoldo, and the latter was too much absorbed in his new in-

fatuation to observe that, though she was always gay and talkative with him, she was never sentimental. Most certainly she showed no sign either of mortification, jealousy, or heart-break.

While Don Leopoldo had been pouring out his love to Aurelia that evening, his affairs were being discussed with great intelligence by two persons whom he was far from suspecting to be so well informed. Lorenzo had gone up to the castle to see Mariù, and they were having an interesting conversation which much concerned the marquis.

Renzo's visits to his *ragazza* were not very frequent, nor were they ever quite private, for Mariù was too prudent a girl to invite people to speak evil of her. These interviews took place, then, in the great kitchen after the dinner was over, and Giovanna considerably gave up to them the end of the room overlooking the campagna, her own special post of honor being near the door of the anteroom, where she could see every one who entered or went out and hear as much as possible of what was going on in the house. She had her own little work-table in a corner close to the door, with a basket of sewing- and knitting-articles, and there was a tiny drawer where she kept a pencil and a soiled account-book, a rosary and a prayer-book, and a small Bible given her by Aurelia and which she would throw into the fire as soon as the young lady should leave Sassovivo. Meantime, she kept it, lest the giver might ask to see it. For on receiving the book Giovanna had been profuse in thanks and promises to read it, and more than once, when wishing to compliment the young lady, had said, "Oh, what a beautiful book the signorina gave me!" Aurelia never pursued the subject, for Glenlyon had requested her not to say anything to the servants on the subject of religion.

On this occasion there were only Giovanna and Jenny in the kitchen with the lovers, Gian having gone off with a lantern to the villa.

Mariù and Lorenzo sat at the far end of the room, by the open window; for,

though late in October, the evening was warm and breathless. Beside the window, a long brass lamp hung to a nail in the frame and cast a red light on the two faces. Renzo lounged in the window; Mariù was busily engaged in knitting one of those fine red-and-white stockings which pleased him so much. She could knit one in three evenings.

A short silence had fallen between them; then Renzo, who had been somewhat abstracted, spoke out what was on his mind: "Do you know, Mariù, they have set me to watch Don Leopoldo?"

"Truly?" she exclaimed, and stopped knitting while she looked at him. "Who has done it?"

"*Chi lo sa!* It was Pippa, the duchess's maid, who talked to me, and she gave me this." He tossed a five-lire note into her lap. "She said there was more behind if I did well. I'm to keep a sharp eye on him and Alfonso and see if they have anything to do with the English girl."

"Don't you do anything of the sort!" said the girl in an emphatic whisper. "Let them find some one else. You will get yourself into trouble."

"*Ma, che!*" said Renzo contemptuously.

"I tell you you will!" the girl insisted with still more earnestness. "If you did anything, it is always better to be on the side of the lovers, for there are more of them, and they will live longer and pay better. But I don't want you to do either. Oh, Renzo mio, mind your own business, like a good boy. You have been doing so well, making money, and having a good name. Don't go and get yourself into a scrape."

"And don't you go and get yourself into a passion for nothing," retorted the youth good-naturedly. "It is nothing. I have only to open my eyes. And, besides, don't you see that if I refuse I shall lose my place? It must have been either the duchess or the American who sent Pippa to me; and either of them could send me away in a minute."

Mariù drew her brows in an anxious frown. "It is true," she sighed. "But do be careful. And don't tell them

anything that will make trouble. He'll find you out if you do; and then much they'll care what happens to you when they have got what they want!"

At this moment Glenlyon and the young ladies were heard coming in, and Renzo went away, rather glad to escape further argument. He was pleased with the commission he had received. It promised him money, and it promised a spice of adventure in the life which he was beginning to feel too monotonous. But for an occasional wild gallop on horseback, and his rifle-practice, Renzo would not have been able to hide his discontent. He had conquered it for Mariù's sake. He had a deep and true affection for her, and an absolute confidence in her. There was but little of romance or passion in his love, but a tenacious and exclusive affection. A mountaineer, brought up to labor, to live in the open air, to eat a crust of bread and drink more water than wine, he had little time or disposition for those reveries, illusions, and intoxications of the imagination which are the miasma of love at leisure.

Several days passed, and Aurelia saw no more of Don Leopoldo. They went out as usual, but never met him. He had obeyed her only too well. She was even a little mortified at seeing that the man who three days before had vowed that his life would be worse than worthless without her managed so well to exist without even seeing her. She could not be aware that he was constantly hovering near her when he could do so unseen. Every night he watched for her light; and one evening when she and Aurora sang a duet in the soft air on the great terrace, he climbed up the crags from the campagna to listen nearer.

Aurelia's voice was a soprano, clear and sweet, though not strong, and Aurora's a mezza-soprano, with silvery upper tones, and reedy, vibrating lower ones. The air thrilled about them as they sang together, and Glenlyon listened with tears rolling down his cheeks. Down in the campagna the contadino stretched his head forward and opened his mouth to assist his hearing, as that

sweet harmony swelled on the air, and the company at the villa stopped their talk to listen. Gian, Giovanna, and Jenny left their gossip, and came to lean on the parapet of the lower terrace while the song lasted. What wonder if a lover were enraptured!

But Aurelia only knew that she saw him no longer; and, though she assured herself that it was best so, she still felt that their explanation had not ended quite as she wished.

Then Robert's letter had not made her any more content. The labor, aspiration, and patience of which it was full made her half forget its fullness of delight, and grated harshly on the smooth, picturesque life she was living, with its careless quiet and hidden romance. She felt a certain irritation at the thought that Robert might soon come and insist on a promise or a refusal, and just now she felt inclined to give a refusal rather than be hurried.

"I am young," she thought, "and I cannot bear to settle down to a commonplace existence so soon. I want time to think."

It began to seem to her that she had really no time to think,—that she was always in the company of others; and one evening she excused herself from the reading, on a plea of fatigue, and went to her own room.

It was the night after the full moon, and the moon had not risen. Feeling indisposed to sleep so early, Aurelia put out her light, changed her dress for a white wrapper, opened her jealously-closed blinds and window, and seated herself in a low chair opposite, and facing the starry night. Her window opened into a balcony toward the southeast, and just above the deep ravine that ran in beside the Gola. Only a narrow terrace and low parapet separated the castle wall from the rocks and the deep darkness outside. Directly under her balcony a fig-tree had in some way taken root, and sent its large branches up to the very railing. A perfect silence and solitude reigned over the scene. Only a breath of air that was not wind came softly in now and then, bringing a sweet

odor with it. There was a branch of white lilies twined into the railing of the balcony. Mariù had put them out there when she closed the shutters, finding the perfume too heavy for the chamber.

Aurelia sat and thought, or tried to think; but her attempt soon ended in revery; and presently she became aware of a light all about her, and, looking up, saw that the moon had risen before her face, in a vast hollow between the mountains, and spread its light to her feet, with the shadow of the balcony-railing and the lily-branch finely wrought in black lines on that silver. Low and large,—so large as to seem a portent of some great stellar commotion,—it hung between the mountains, its globe rose-red with the mists of earth. She gazed at it almost with fear, and watched without moving till it silvered upward from the horizon, growing purer each moment, till it became a vision of loveliness illuminating the world. Then she went out into the balcony. All the town stood out in a dark profile against the sky, and the sidelong arch of the old ruin on the summit showed as if carved in ebony, with a star shimmering through. The broad *campagna* and the distant mountains began to take on a frosting of live silver, through which a lighted window here and there showed like a red-gold star.

It was impossible to gaze on such a scene and not feel the every-day world sink away out of sight and some ideal world take its place. The night that wears the glory of silence and moonlight on mountain and plain reveals other verities besides the stars, if it be only the confused palimpsest of our memories of other lives lived before this, or a prescience of other lives to live. Then incredible delights become credible, impulses rush fearlessly out on their ringing track, and a thousand small bonds fall off forgotten. We see our daily life dark and unreal, and only this seems true.

Aurelia, little given to dreams and revery, and ordinarily devoted to what is called order, felt as if she had been all at once changed to a fairy and sur-

rounded by fairy-influences. That light that shone in her face was the light of enchantment.

At first she did not notice the soft tinkling of a mandolin that came up from the ravine; but as it came nearer she smiled. It wanted but that! Some wayfaring lover was climbing those wild rocks in the perfumed heavy darkness, with all the world swimming in silver over his head.

"Happy the girl he seeks!" she sighed, and, leaning over the railing with the sweet lilies against her breast, she looked down.

The mandolin-player was only just beneath the parapet, near, but out of sight. He struck the chords, and murmured a song which, it seemed, could reach no ear but hers:

*Sete una dolce mela lazzeruola
Che in cima al ramo s'invermiglia sofa;
In cima al ramo, sull'estrema ranta,
Dimenticata—no, ma non raggiunta.*

(Thou art a lone and lovely peach
Left blooming on the topmost bough,—
The topmost twig of the topmost bough—
Forgotten,—no, but out of reach.)

It was Sappho's graceful fancy sung by Italian lips.

The song seemed whispered with hurried accents full of agitation and ardor close to her ear; the mandolin was thrown down with a sound of broken chords, and Leopold Cagliostro stepped out into the moonlight and looked up at her. She could not stir, but only leaned and looked down into his upturned face, her head and heart swimming in a sudden, sweet intoxication of delight.

He disappeared under the tree again; there was a sound of rustling boughs as he climbed swiftly through the heavy foliage, and in another moment he issued in sight close beneath her balcony, his head against the railing. His face white in the moonlight, his head bare, he looked up and laughed with delight, with will, and with desperation. His limbs were curled backward on the supporting branch as he thrust himself along, in momentary peril of a fall.

If it was terror or delight she could

not have told; it was surely intoxication which held her. A protest escaped her lips: "Oh! why are you here? Go down, I beg of you!" but it was habit which spoke, and she was half unconscious of the words. "Are you mad?" she said, and leaned over the railing toward him, fully conscious only of that form half submerged in a sea of green leaves at her feet, with the face shining with love and with a laughter which was joy, not mirth.

"I am here because I love you," he whispered. "I have watched for nights below, and at last you came out. It was my love compelled you to come."

"I must not listen to you! Go now, I beg!" said Aurelia, and bent above him. "You are in danger. You may fall on the rocks. The branch is not strong enough. I hear it breaking now. Oh! go!"

"Let it break!" he replied, smiling into her face, which was, indeed, as fair as a star in that light, with her white drapery and shining falling hair. "Let it break, if you will not listen to me. The stones cannot wound me if your heart remains hard. Call me Leopoldo!"

She thought to content him and make him go, and, clasping her hands, she murmured his name softly: "Leopoldo, go!" and, in speaking, it seemed to her that she loved him. Would love ever come to her in a more enchanting guise than that pale, joyous face, with the steady adoring eyes, floating in air, upborne by softly-rustling foliage, and overswept by the southern moon?

He uttered a low "Ah!" of rapture as she spoke his name. "Bend and kiss me," he said, "and I shall think I am a god. I cannot touch you; see! for only my arms support me, and the rocks are underneath. I am like one fastened to the stake, and love flames up over my head. Bend and kiss me as an angel would kiss a martyr. O my love, kiss me, or I will never go!"

How beautiful he was! Those eyes, no longer shyly glancing, were fully upraised, and all his soul shone through them. "Aurelia!"

She heard the sound with a ringing

of tiny bells in her ears. Trembling, half unconsciously drawn and fascinated, she bent over the railing; her long soft hair fell over and veiled him, and her lips touched his forehead,—the “moth’s kiss.”

“It is only a breath,” he said passionately. “Aurelia, love!”

But she had turned and fled, and he heard the hasp of her shutter close.

A breeze softly rose and waved the tree-branches, and the lover hung there and rocked as in a cradle, bliss in his heart and the touch of her hair and lips still tingling around his head like sparks. He had won her! Was there anything beyond? If heaven should all at once float downward and surround you, filling your soul full out of its blissful fountains, would not you lie entranced when it withdrew, and think that more of heaven even were too much? She was the nearest he could guess to heaven.

At last, with a sigh of contentment, he stirred, slid down the branch, and reached the earth, if it was indeed the common earth that was under his feet. Had he not rather descended to the surface of some happy star? His foot touched the mandolin, and it uttered a musical sigh. He stood there motionless.

It is the beauty of love that it brings back the childhood of the soul. Up floats the old wonder-land from underneath the veiling years; the old glamour that neither art nor science can hang over mountain, sea, and valley is there again, the sweet credulity of other times comforts the heart once more, and all things great and beautiful become possible. Standing there under the tree which had borne for him the blossom of a new and supreme delight, Don Leopoldo felt himself a hero. What brave deed waited to be done? Let it call, for he was ready.

He turned to look up again at the closed window, and a swift shadow caught his glance and arrested it, and there was a sound of a foot that struck

a stone. A spy! Fancy seeing the grinning, peeping face of Satan behind the gate of the paradise that has just enwrapped you. Lorenzo had stayed a moment too long, thinking that the window would open again, and the lover’s swift descent had imprisoned him behind the stones in an angle of the castle wall, from whence he had seen and heard all. He was a wiry, agile fellow, and brave enough sometimes; but the surprise, the uncertainty, a wish to make no noise, and also to do no harm to the young marquis, all together for a moment paralyzed him. And in that moment Don Leopoldo had caught him up like a whirlwind and flung him over the wall into the ravine. There was a sound of rolling stones and crackling twigs, but nothing else.

Then the lover walked noiselessly away, reached the Gola, and returned to the villa. The man who got up from that fall would tell no tales. And well Don Leopoldo knew that such a tale told by such lips and entering such ears as would listen to it would have tarnished forever the fair name of the girl he adored. It were well worth while to break the head of a spy and prevent that.

The duchess, well aware that her son was out and that Lorenzo was on his track, retired content, and was sleeping the sleep of innocence when Leopoldo waked her. “Don’t make any disturbance,” he whispered close to her pillow. “I’ve thrown Renzo into the ravine at the other side of the castle. If you wish to have his body picked up, you can. I am going to bed.” And he went.

With a smothered exclamation, she sprang out of bed, ran to a closet where her maid slept, and waked her. And while Don Leopoldo lay dreaming of Aurelia, Pippa and two servant-men were hurrying down the avenue to the campagna, from which the ravine was reached.

MARY AGNES TINCKER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IDAHO AND MONTANA.

THIS is the veritable land of magnificent distances. We become accustomed to them. A gallop or a wagon-drive of many miles is made as little account of as an airing in the Central Park or on the Brighton road, and neighbors twenty miles away are, as it were, only across the street.

So far as ordinary comforts are concerned, our people could have got along, with little sense of their absence, without railroads for years to come; but when they read of their penetration and extension into Colorado, Utah, Nevada, and California, the great little Territories of Idaho and Montana are regarded by their inhabitants as entitled to an equal development. They are great, for together they have a twofold larger area than New York and all the New-England States combined. They are little, for Idaho contains but forty thousand and Montana but seventy thousand inhabitants.

It is not, therefore, so much that this handful of men need railroads that they are demanded, but it is that population may increase, and that these immense wastes may be in time thronged with a busy crowd of men,—that towns and cities may spring up everywhere, until, as in China, there shall scarcely be a foot of untrodden ground. This is the fond dream of the go-ahead American, who is not content with proclaiming everywhere that he belongs to a great, a very great, country, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific and bound ere long to extend from the North Pole to Patagonia. This is his geographical boast; but he has likewise a national ambition, which causes him ever to overstep the bounds of truth in the present, and to calculate indefinitely on the future. He was used to call forty millions of fellow-citizens fifty millions, and now he is already counting that number up to sixty millions. Exultingly he anticipates one hundred millions in a few years more; then two hundred millions

are to come soon in the increased ratio of progression, till thousands of millions tread on each other's heels, and he will not be happy until in his vision he sees the Andes levelled and converted into made land projecting beyond Cape Horn.

This somewhat inconsistent optimist reasons that constant additions to the population will increase its prosperity, though he knows that the superabundant population of Europe is the main cause of poverty there. His motive for encouraging immigration is one of mistaken selfishness. The true and honorable feeling which should prompt us to desire it is that the poor man who cannot obtain work at home may find it here, where his children may have an education that will conduce to their elevation and their happiness. It is for their sakes, and not for our own, that we should bid them welcome to the same privileges that we enjoy,—one of these, and the most essential, being room, of which, for years to come, there will be an abundance. Aside from this motive, I would say of Idaho, my summer home, that her forty thousand people are enough. Let us all have ample space wherein to move about. Let the deer and the bear have room in the mountains; let the wild fowl have room on the prairies and on the river-banks; let our cattle roam over the thousand hills and boundless plains; let us all breathe God's pure air, our lungs uncontaminated by the miasma of city cesspools, and our hearts uncorrupted by city iniquities.

Mr. John Bigelow has recently contributed an article to "Harper's Monthly" upon "The Railway Invasion of Mexico," to which, in passing, I may be permitted to say that in general my own experience yields a hearty assent. But this paragraph may be freely criticised, and I am sure that the theory embraced in it will be indignantly repelled by the people of these Territories:

"The greater portion of Mexico is from five to seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, and it is invested with an abnormally rarefied atmosphere. Most of the remainder of Mexico lies along the coast; it is very hot, and never free from malignant disease. Up to the present time no people—that is, no people that deserves to be regarded as an active civilizing force—has ever flourished in so high an atmosphere as the Mexican plateau, or in so high an average temperature as her seaboard plains. People born under better conditions have frequently invaded and occupied Mexico, but all have failed to maintain themselves there,—in part, perhaps, from the difficulty of doing so, in part also, perhaps, because the possession was not worth the cost. It is true that Mexico is the only country in which Providence has made such an experiment; but it is none the less true that thus far the experiment has not proved that she can ever become the seat of a ruling race."

"Most of the remainder of Mexico lies along the coast, is very hot, and is never free from malignant disease." This truism embraced in the quotation may be allowed to pass, for it does not apply to our climate. We have no coast, no uncomfortably hot weather, and no malignant diseases resulting therefrom. I admit that nowhere is there a greater change of temperature than occurs in the place at which I am writing. Here at Soda Springs, at an altitude of five thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine feet, it is not uncommon for the mercury to range at 90° at four P.M., the hottest part of an August day, and to fall below the freezing-point before morning. Yet the heat in the shade, or even when one is moving about in the sun, is not at all oppressive, nor is the transition to cold, with proper precautions, unpleasant. On the contrary, these delicious nights are in the highest degree recuperative, and the morning finds us fully able to bear the heat and burden of the ensuing day. Upon one who comes here from the East, not unfrequently infected with malaria, always more or less debilitated by the humid

heat prevailing day and night on the Atlantic seaboard, the change to this condition of alternating heat and cold has an almost miraculous effect. Whereas we could there scarcely drag our slow lengths along for a mile, or even a block, we at once experience an irresistible desire for motion, so that we never tire of riding or walking. The little broncos who carry us, unlike the stall-fed Eastern horses who sweat in their stables all night and are easily wearied by a ten-mile trot, after resting in their cool prairie-beds are ready to gallop their forty miles with as little fatigue to themselves as to their riders. Nor is this access of vitality spasmodic. It is maintained for the summer and the autumn, so that we return refreshed and invigorated, able better to withstand the in-door life of our cities and the abominations of our hotel tables and furnaces.

Mr. Bigelow reasons from opposite premises when he attributes the slow growth and early decay of the Mexican people to the fact that some of them live on low, swampy lands, and some of them in an altitude of from five to seven thousand feet above the level of the sea,—an average elevation corresponding to that of Idaho. As well might it be assumed that the Dutch are an inferior people because they live in Holland, or that there is no hardihood among the Swiss because their homes are among the Alps.

It is merely a question of race. A Mexican would be lazy anywhere, even upon the wheel of a tread-mill. Still, it may be allowed that, so far as longevity is concerned, it is not as likely to be attained in these localities by men of the Anglo-Saxon race as if they had remained to pursue some quiet vocation in their old homes. Our rarefied air is a perpetual tonic, imparting a nervous tension that calls for continued action. On the other hand, this activity of the mind is not so wearing as if it was exercised in literary pursuits, for it is generally utilized in practical out-of-door work, or at least in study of methods to direct the work of others. After all, the problem of longevity in a new coun-

try has to be settled by vital statistics of the future; but in the mean time it is certain that these Western people do live while they live, and that they crowd into their allotted space, be it long or short, an immense amount of downright hard work. They are as far as they can possibly be from being Mexicans.

I have in another publication paid a tribute to the mineral springs which abound in this vicinity,—waters impregnated with soda and iron, sparkling with carbonic acid gas, cool and refreshing to the taste, sought from far and near because of their healing qualities. I do not doubt that, moderately used, they of themselves are beneficial; while it is certain that immoderately used they may be injurious. As the new railroad on its way to Oregon has now reached us, their value will soon become better known. A large hotel will probably be built next season, and it will surely be well filled.

Physicians will send their patients here by the new and easy mode of travelling. They will gain health and strength even with all these luxurious accompaniments. But they might have done better without them. A story is told of Sydenham, who had a dyspeptic patient. It was a chronic case, and he had exhausted all his skill in the administration of drugs, ineffectually, until he was forced to acknowledge that he could not cure the man. "But," said he, "I know a physician who can relieve you. Here is his address. He lives away up in the Scottish Highlands. You can only get there after many days on horseback. Go at once and consult him." The patient went accordingly, but his search was unsuccessful. On his return he indignantly reproached the doctor for having misled him.

"But how is your dyspepsia?" inquired Sydenham.

"Oh, that's all gone."

"Then you found him," replied the doctor. "Ten guineas, if you please."

The moral I wish to inculcate is this: if you wish to obtain the greatest benefit from drinking these waters, do as people have hitherto done. Come here on horseback, or in a wagon. The more

distant your starting-point, the better. Camp out in the open air every night; hunt and fish along your route. Then when you reach Soda Springs you may drink the water as you would drink champagne for the pleasure of its taste.

Aside from the air and the water, the place has many attractions to recommend it. Almost a desert, it is true, high mountains surround it on every side. There are no gardens or farms, only the coarse, rich prairie-grass, on which cattle and horses thrive better than on hay and oats. You will not miss the cultivation of the East. Few of the mountains are even sprinkled with trees, but their bare summits and craggy sides have colors imparted to them by the pencilled rays of the sun dipped in this pure atmosphere that no painter's brush can reproduce. You will forget the almost tiresome universal green of Eastern forests; and if you will remain till October, as your eyes rest upon every hue of the changing shrubbery spread on the choicest tapestry of nature, over the lower slopes of the mountains, while their summits are crowned with wreaths of snow, you will realize that no feeble picturing of words is adequate to convey an idea of their beauty and magnificence.

When this region is termed mountainous, as it certainly is compared with many others, let it not be supposed that mountains monopolize the landscape. Of more than fifty-five million acres in Idaho, only about eighteen million may be comprised in that term. Nor are the mountains pitched indiscriminately on the plains. They border them, and guard them from the sweeping gales and chilling frosts that would otherwise render them barren wastes. From the great spinal column of the Rocky range the lesser vertebræ spread out, running for the most part in a similar north-and-south direction, chiefly through Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Idaho, and Montana. Here nature has denied abundant rain; but the winter's snow upon the mountains becomes a liquid fertilizer in the spring, as it rushes down through the cañons to be utilized by the farmers at need. Unlike our agriculturists in the

East, they do not wish for a rainy spring, and care not to consult "Old Probabilities" in the summer. A severe winter is a godsend to them. They look up at the mountain-tops, and from the supply above them make sure calculations of their crops. Sometimes a mild winter causes a scarcity of water before the end of summer, which might be obviated if reservoirs could be constructed at the mouths of the cañons.

"The people couldn't afford to go to that expense," remarked a thoughtful old farmer with whom we travelled. "Government ought to do it."

"How so?" I asked.

"Why," he replied, "don't our government protect home industry? I should like to know who is more industrious than a farmer. Besides, when you read over that River and Harbor Bill they are making such a fuss about, where do you see a cent appropriated for Idaho? Those Eastern fellows have got lots of money out of it to have their rivers dug out. We ought to have some to get ours dammed up."

There are only about twelve or thirteen million acres of farming-land in Idaho, but that is over three hundred acres for every man, woman, and child of the present population if they all chose to become agriculturists. Their taste, however, does not run in that direction. Not more than twenty-five thousand acres are under cultivation, and the best of this land is in the hands of the Mormons, who are settled in the Bear Lake district, formerly considered to be a part of Utah. Five thousand men are engaged in mining, mostly in the rich district of the Wood and Salmon Rivers, and others are continually prospecting the mountains in all directions. But the great, ever-increasing, and most profitable of all occupations is cattle- and sheep-raising. Last year two hundred thousand cattle and five hundred thousand sheep were shipped on the various lines of railroad to the East, making no account of the herds and flocks that pass onwards on foot. It is not uncommon for bands of a thousand horses, herds of two thousand cattle, and flocks

of ten thousand sheep to pass through this settlement. As hundreds of mines now lying idle because of cost of freight and supplies are waiting for the advance of the railroads bringing capital to develop their resources, so the cattle and sheep are kept at home waiting for the same transportation. Contracts have been already made to carry cattle from this place to Chicago by the Oregon Short Line for ten dollars per head. Adding two dollars to this for care and fodder, it will be seen that, considering the time saved in performing this long journey of over fifteen hundred miles, there is a great economy in the new method. It is especially desirable in the autumn, when the cattle are in their best condition for the market. A march of months in the winter, with grass for part of the route unattainable, would bring them to their destination, if it brought them at all, weary and foot-sore skeletons.

The Utah and Northern Railroad, with its connection the Utah Central, running in an almost direct line from south to north, will, when both are completed, probably in the present year, tap all the great arteries of the continent, from the Southern to the Northern Pacific, crossing the Union and Central Pacifics and the Oregon Short Line. They extend already along a longitudinal meridian of nearly eight hundred miles.

Crossing the junction at Pocatello, forty-five miles west from here, we pursued our journey northward to Butte, Montana. I never pass over the route without admiration of the engineering skill of Mr. Washington Dunn, who superintended the construction of the Utah and Northern, and who is now employed on the Northern Pacific. Much of the track is laid over lava-beds, the most difficult formation engineers have to contend with, and the most expensive to grade. This is particularly noticeable in Beaver Cañon, where the crossing is made through the main range of the Rocky Mountains. There would seem to have been scarcely room enough for the rushing stream, most inappropriately

named Dry Creek, to find its way through the great lava boulders that are piled in irregular masses across the chasm between precipitous mountains. Yet where there is a will there is a way, and the little narrow-gauge, under the hands of its efficient director, set about finding it, climbing up through these forbidding volcanic ramparts on a grade of one hundred feet to the mile, creeping through them in sinuous paths, and blasting them with dynamite when they offered an uncompromising resistance.

At the station where the ascent commences is the starting-point for the Yellowstone Park, which stands by itself, surpassing the Yosemite in wild magnificence, if it does not equal it in beauty. At present the most practicable way to reach it is from Beaver Cañon, from whence its entrance is distant about one hundred miles of wagon-route. The excursion is easily made by stage-coach, private wagon, or saddle, and is not fatiguing to ladies or delicate persons who are willing to put up with night-lodgings in the comfortable tents provided for them. Ten dollars per day will cover all necessary expenses, and I have never known any one who has performed the journey to say that the money was not well invested. The time occupied is discretionary, but not a little can be seen in ten days. It is also proposed to build a branch from the Northern Pacific ere long, and then travellers may enter the Park from the west and emerge at the north, or *vice versa*.

The view from the head of Beaver Cañon is superb, looking down upon Idaho on the south and down upon Montana on the north. At the summit is a little pool, and a small chip was lazily floating round in its quiet waters, blown hither and thither by a breath of wind. As some accidental flaw might have pushed it on, it may have drifted down one outlet through various brooks and rivulets to the Snake and Columbia Rivers, to rush through the impetuous Dalles to the Pacific, or be floated along to the head-waters of the Mis-

souri, far down on the current of the Mississippi, to the Gulf of Mexico, away onward over the broad Atlantic.

Crossing at the summit, the boundary-line of Idaho, we look down upon Pleasant Valley, a fair prospect of a wide cattle-range in Montana, sheltered by mountains and watered by abundant streams, fringed with a luxuriant growth of tall cotton-woods, in whose shade here and there the prosperous ranchmen have built their log cabins. There is something more æsthetic in the pastoral than in the mining occupation. The herdsman from necessity seeks a location upon the banks of a running stream, and he is grateful for the shade that he finds. He spares the trees in his neighborhood, and seeks for his fuel elsewhere. They are the companions of his solitary life, his brothers and his books. As Tityrus delighted to recline under the shade of his wide-spreading beech, so his modern pastoral representative here enjoys his noonday rest under the umbrageous cotton-wood.

The miner cares for none of these things. He has but one object in life,—the finding of silver and gold. For this he sacrifices home, friends, and even self, purposely making his surroundings as uncomfortable as possible. There is nothing among the habitations of earth more forbidding than a mining-camp. It is not enough that when the precious metals are found, as they generally are, in rugged, barren mountains, the miner will be at no pains to encourage the growth of a tree or a flower; but when, as is not unfrequent, the treasure crops out in grand primeval forests, with an incredible perversity he ungratefully chops down the friendly pine that mutely begs for life and promises in return for the cheap bounty to shield its murderer from the summer's sun and in winter to delight his eyes with its unfading green and the beautiful contrast of its pendent icy diamonds. The appeal is in vain. Down goes the tree, and soon the scene of nature's loveliness is transformed to one of unsightly stumps, glaring sunblaze, narrow, filthy streets, architectural abortions, dens of intemper-

ance and licentiousness, and all that can intentionally make life miserable.

Like Idaho, Montana derives her principal resources from grazing, mining, and agriculture. This is the order of the three industries in both Territories, but in Montana agriculture is not so relatively small. Indeed, it is likely soon to be so developed that it will take a much higher rank. Lying chiefly in eight degrees higher latitude than Utah or Colorado, the mildness of its climate singularly increases the nearer it approaches the borders of British America. As an offset to its high latitude, the altitude decreases. Its highest ranges are not above the plains at Cheyenne, and its arable valleys are a thousand feet lower than the most fertile ones of the districts above mentioned. There are thousands of miles along the head-waters of the Missouri in Montana and Dakota untouched as yet by plough or spade, capable of producing wheat enough to double our already enormous export to Europe. No industry, however, can be fully developed while another within reach offers superior inducements for immediate profit. Grazing is at present by far the most desirable occupation. It is estimated that in the Territory there are thirty-eight million acres of pasture-lands, covered with nutritious bunch, buffalo, and other grasses, available to cattle at all seasons. The grass possesses this peculiar property: it is cured while growing, and is as fattening in winter as in summer. Nature gives our Eastern herdsman his grass, but he must make his hay himself, and that while the sun shines. She is more kind in Montana, for she makes the hay as well.

I take little account of the mineral wealth in Montana, although its people, who are largely engaged in obtaining it, consider it of more importance than farming or cattle-raising. The remark once made by Governor Stanford, of California, impressed me at the time of its utterance, and I am more and more confirmed in my belief of its truth: "If every mine in the State were sunk ten thousand fathoms in the earth, the people would be richer and better." He

proceeded to prove this assertion by a reference to the large assessments and small dividends mentioned in the stock-list, showing conclusively that, while four fortunate men had gained seventy millions of dollars by mining, the people at large had lost fifty millions since the discovery of gold. And yet people were still seeking for treasure and speculating in the market, each hoping that his name might be added to the quartet. This was in 1878. Happily, since that time the "bonanzas," if not sunk quite so low as the Governor wished, have dropped out of sight. The people have turned their attention to stock-raising, farming, and viticulture, occupations in which men are not only apt to make more money than in mining, but are less apt to grow crazy and to blow out their brains. They are indeed richer and better. It is seldom that a poor man can make anything in mining. He may find a "prospect," but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is valueless. If it is worth anything, it is worth nothing without development, for which he has not the means. Therefore he sells it to a speculator for what he can get. From one speculator it goes to another, until a company is formed, with a capital of ten million dollars. Then it goes on the market with a hundred thousand shares at from one to twenty dollars per share. If it should prove really meritorious, the stockholders may get some dividends; but it is generally noticed that the market-value, after having attained a certain maximum, is likely to decline gradually at about the rate of dividends paid out.

It was night when we arrived at Butte, or rather at the foot of the hill, or butte, from which the camp derives its name. Butte is a city of six or seven thousand inhabitants. Nevertheless, like all mining settlements, it still retains the name of a camp, by which it will always be designated, however much its population may increase. It now presents some evidences of civilized life,—churches, public buildings, and warehouses of no mean style of architecture; but the marks of its origin are unmistakable and not easily effaced.

We drove up the hill in pitchy darkness and pouring rain, through deep ruts that were safeguards against the placer excavations on each side of the road, until we made out the first lights,—the illuminated signs of infamous dens of vice,—and thus found our way onward to one of the hotels. We are bound to say that, although the exterior of the house was forbidding, nothing could exceed the assiduous attention of the landlord. "I haven't any beds, gentlemen, as yet," he said; "but there's a lot of fellows goin' off in the stage at three o'clock, and when they get out you can get in." Whereupon we suggested to him, as it was already one o'clock, that it might be proper to call them, in order that they might by no means lose their passage, promising that after they once got out and we got in we would stand the cost of any amount of whiskey necessary to recompense them for his unfortunate mistake of carelessly noting the hour. The scheme worked admirably, for, after hearing some particularly strong expressions from the prematurely-aroused sleepers, which were received as a matter of course by our calculating host, the jingling of glasses satisfied us that his error had been amiably condoned.

Morning broke, if it really did break, through a pitiless storm of snow and rain, making muddy gutters of the steep streets, through which, after an early breakfast, we drove to look at some of the principal mines, all in the immediate neighborhood. With the exception of the few substantial buildings already noted, the shingle shanty style predominated, invariably presenting the abominable square façade intended to convey the idea that there is no such thing as a little peaked roof behind it. Almost every alternate building was a saloon or billiard-hall, synonymous terms signifying a grog-shop. In most of them the gaslight was struggling to compete with the dim daylight of the outside.

"These shops open early," we remarked to the guide.

"Open early!" he replied; "no, that ain't it: they are just going to shut up."

We spent the day in driving up hill and down hill from one mine to another, being lowered down to subterranean depths and again hoisted into daylight, listening to stories of wonderful developments and prophecies of magnificent future results. But I have been warned by newspaper criticisms never again to mention a mine by its name in commendation or disparagement. It is sufficient to say that in general the ore is abundant, but mostly of a low grade, and that the men who derive the greatest benefit from them so long as the mines are worked, whether they pay dividends or call for assessments, are the hardy laborers who earn their three or four dollars per day. At all events, they contribute to build up the camp. In the year 1881 the mines of Butte district produced ore valued at four million seven hundred thousand dollars, principally in silver, although there was a considerable output of gold and of copper. Last year there were five hundred and eighty-seven new buildings erected, which evidence of progress, it is true, would have been more encouraging if they had been fewer and better; but still it shows that Butte is going ahead, and going ahead is of course the great American desideratum.

Helena, Virginia City, Bozeman, Deer Lodge, and Benton are some of the rivals of Butte, and all of them are rapidly increasing and striving for precedence. Immigration to these Territories, though part of it engaged in mining comes directly from Wales, is more American, on the whole, than falls to the lot of States along the banks of the Mississippi and Missouri. Out of three hundred and seventy-eight thousand three hundred and forty-two immigrants landed at New York in six months last year, only eight were destined for Idaho and one hundred and fifty-eight for Montana. The people who come here may be, as we all are more or less remotely, the descendants of foreigners, but they have become, as it were, acclimated to American institutions. We have seen every year increasing trains of emigrants passing through Soda Springs,

which lies on the main trail, to the north of Idaho, Montana, and Washington Territory. On questioning them, we find that the great majority were "raised" in Kansas, Arkansas, and Missouri; and if you ask them the reason for their exodus they will generally say, "We understand there ain't any hoppers nor shakes out yonder." A very sensible reason it is, as any one must admit who has passed through those States and seen the devastation of entire fields of corn and the woe-begone expression of the yellow faces peering over the fences upon the destruction of their property. No wonder is it that they "git up and git."

"Yes, sir," said a Missouri "pike," who was camped near my house with his wife and a dozen romping children, "I lost pretty much everything I had, excepting this team and wagon, in that darned, dog-rotten, cussed, God-forsaken country; and, what was worse, we all lost our health. I hain't made no money since we started; but it hain't cost me much of anything to travel, and we've all got first-rate health."

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"Well," he answered, "I don't know yet, and don't care much. All I'm hankering after now is to get away as far as I can from Mizourah."

Of course these people bring their religion and their politics with them; but it is noticeable that in these mountains they are apt to get rid of their petty sectarianism, while their political animosities suffer no diminution. It seems strange that residents in a Territory should care much about parties, when they have so little voice in the administration of the government. Democrats and Republicans are about equal in numbers in Montana, and that would also be the case in Idaho were it not for the Mormon voters, who comprise about one-third of the men entitled to suffrage. Mormonism has made some progress in Montana, but not enough as yet to influence the elections; whereas in Idaho it exerts a controlling power. Because of the desire of both great parties to obtain their votes, the Mor-

mons are less disturbed in their objectionable practice here than in Utah, the only Territory to which Congress deemed it expedient to send a commission, a measure of exceedingly doubtful utility, but one, if any good can come of it, as applicable to Idaho as to its neighbor on the south.

I shall conclude these notes upon Idaho and Montana with a consideration of the Indian question, which periodically agitates the community.

Scattered over these two Territories are several reservations, where the experiment has for a long time been tried of civilizing the Indians, or at least of keeping them in check. The agencies have been placed in charge of different religious denominations, none of whom have been quite successful, while some of them have rather aggravated than lessened the difficulty. With all due deference to the good intentions of gospel expounders, I must be permitted to believe that the conversion of an Indian by an appeal to his reason is of all things the most impracticable. A missionary may unfold the scheme of salvation and preach for hours to a crowd of these children of nature, upon whom the Great Spirit has bestowed the simplest ideas of himself. They will listen attentively, and when he has finished will utter a significant grunt, and reply only, "Mebbe."

But if they are approached by a set of forms and ceremonies which they can go through bodily rather than mentally, especially if the refusal to comply with them entails some terrible future punishment, they may be converted without being convinced. This is the secret of the success of the Catholics and of the Mormons. Moreover, the latter expounded to them the Book of Mormon, which purports to be a history of the original settlers of this continent, from whom they, the Samanites, as they are called in that veracious history, are supposed to be descended. It is certain that in some way the Mormons have obtained an astonishing influence over the Indians, and that, when they have had an opportunity to exercise it, no disturb-

ance has for many years existed. They have also been more successful than any other sect in the approach to the desired end of civilizing them and teaching them the arts of peace. Still, no philanthropic method yet devised has gone far to accomplish these desirable results.

We sometimes visit the Bannock and Shoshone Reservation, near which we reside. It may probably be taken for a fair sample of them all. It is seventy by thirty miles in extent, containing a million and a quarter acres, devoted to the nominal use of about eighteen hundred Indians. They have a school and a Methodist or Presbyterian preacher, but I have never discovered that they have any education or religion. Some of the children have been transplanted to Hampton and Carlisle, where it is said that after a time they acquire a certain degree of intelligence and industry. This is probably true, as credible testimony favors the conclusion. But the experiment of retransplanting them will probably result in a retrograde movement.

A portion of the reservation bordering on the Snake River contains some very good arable land. One of the agents adopted an unauthorized method of forcing the Indians to cultivate it. Every Indian is entitled to his regular ration from the government, but this official told them plainly, "You can all have your rations in winter, for we cannot allow you to starve, but in summer you cannot have them unless you work on the land."

Now, this reservation, large as it is, is mostly barren. Besides, the emigrant trail runs through it, and vast herds of cattle and flocks of sheep are continually passing to the East. The nearest approach to agriculture compatible with an Indian's disposition is the raising of horses and cattle. But from this he is cut off, as the passing emigrants and herdsmen take all the grass.

"If you will not farm," continued the agent, "you may hunt for a living."

Comparatively speaking, there is little game left on the reservation; and the most cruel part of this mandate is that

it is in the face of a law making it a penal offence for any white man to sell an Indian fire-arms or ammunition. If they get them, it is at an enormous cost, as the seller, naturally, will not take the risk without a corresponding profit. So the poor Indian, who has no taste or capacity for farming, goes his way, and comes into our settlements to beg for the rations the agent of the government denies him. I am inclined to think that all the while these rations are issued,—on paper. An Indian agent's salary is almost nominal; but an agency is a most desirable acquisition. A Scotch sailor, when asked by the captain what wages he expected, replied, "Ca' it what you like, sir. I dinna gang to sea for the wages. It's only for the wee things I pick up aboot the decks."

What, then, shall be done with the Indians? Since I have lived among them I have never had but one opinion, unpopular as it may be: Abolish the agency system; turn them over to the army. At present we maintain agencies to give business to our soldiers, which they manfully undertake, although it is not of their own preparation. They would have more stomach still for the fight were they conscious of having instigated the quarrel. It is outrageous that they should peril their lives in a service made a duty by the delinquencies of men whose only care is to enrich themselves at the cost of blood. An Indian agent comes from obscurity to make money, and when he has made it sinks into obscurity again. An army officer comes from a national school, with his capital already in hand,—his honor and his character. He cannot afford to lose them. He cannot sink into obscurity. The finger of scorn would point at him and pierce his life like a dagger. The Indians know this, and while they fight our soldiers they respect them. Were they under the control of the military they would respect them without having any occasion to fight them.

No one had more experience among the Indians or was better qualified to form an opinion on this subject than the late General Custer. In his interesting

book, entitled "My Life on the Plains," published in 1876, he said of the Indian, "Civilization may aid, should do much for him, but it can never civilize him. A few instances to the contrary may be quoted, but these are susceptible of explanation. No tribe enjoying its accustomed freedom has ever been induced to adopt a civilized mode of life, or, as they express it, 'to follow the white man's road.' At various times certain tribes have forsaken the pleasures of the chase and the excitement of the war-path for the more quiet life to be found in the reservation. Was this course adopted voluntarily and from preference? Was it because the Indian chose the ways of his white brother rather than those in which he had been born and bred? In no single instance has this been true."

After expressing a most decided opinion in favor of the transfer of the Indian supervision to the War Department, where it properly belongs, he continues thus: "Why this determined opposition to any interference in the management of the Indians? I remember making this inquiry years ago, and the answer then, which is equally applicable now, was, 'There is too much money in the Indian question to allow it to pass into other hands.' This I believe to be the true solution of our difficulties with the Indians at the present day. It seems almost incredible that a policy which is claimed and represented to be based on sympathy for the red man and a desire to secure him his rights, is shaped in reality and manipulated behind the scenes with the distinct and sole object of reaping a rich harvest by plundering both the government and the Indians. To do away with the vast army of agents, traders, and civilian employes, which is a necessary appendage to the civilian policy, would be to deprive many members of Congress of the patronage which they now enjoy. There are few, if any, more comfortable or desirable places for disposing of a friend who has rendered valuable political services or election aid than to secure him the appointment of Indian agent. The salary of an agent

is comparatively small. Men without means, however, eagerly accept the position, and in a few years at farthest they almost invariably retire in wealth."

Then follows what I know to be a truthful description of the manner in which the government and the Indians are defrauded by a combination between the agent and the post-trader, cleverly concealed by an inimitable system of book-keeping and vouchers. That our prodigal government should be cheated is a matter of small account; that the Indians should be cheated is certainly somewhat more deplorable, so far as they are concerned; but that these thieving agents, on the one hand, and white men bordering on the reservations and eager to possess whatever lands of value they may contain, on the other, should become the almost invariable cause of Indian insurrections, in one of which the gallant officer whose words I have just quoted became a sacrifice to their cupidity, is an unspeakable atrocity, emanating in part from a corrupt government, and in part from the influence of pseudo-philanthropical quacks.

Colonel Parker, himself an Indian, and a rare exception in intelligence, fully agrees with General Custer, and says, "Agents appointed from civil life have generally been provided to protect their lives and property, and to attend to the prompt and faithful observances of treaty stipulations. But as the hardy pioneer and adventurous miner advanced into the inhospitable regions occupied by the Indians, in search of the precious metals, they found no rights possessed by the Indians that they were bound to respect. The faith of treaties solemnly entered into was totally disregarded, and Indian territory wantonly violated. Retaliation generally followed, and bloody Indian wars have been the consequence, costing many lives and much treasure. In all troubles ensuing in this manner the agents have been totally powerless to avert the consequences, and when too late the military have been called in to protect the whites and punish the Indians, when, if in the beginning the military had had the supervision of the

Indians, their rights would not have been improperly molested, or, if disturbed in their quietude by any lawless whites, a prompt and summary check to any further aggression could have been given." Colonel Parker adds, "Civil officers are not generally respected by the tribes, but they fear and regard the military, and will submit to their counsels, advice, and dictation when they would not listen to a civil agent."

I have quoted largely from this unimpeachable testimony to corroborate the opinions already expressed. I scarcely dare to hope that the appeal to reason and common sense will avail with those who have the control of Indian affairs; but I may express an earnest wish that if our present system continues, its worst features may be softened. What, for instance, can be more cruel and unreasonable than to turn the Indian adrift to hunt for a living, and at the same time to deprive him of the means of hunting? It will not do, it is said, to place in his hands the means of killing men as well as killing buffalo and deer. Perhaps not. But then why not allow him muzzle-loading guns and percussion-caps, with which in modern warfare he cannot do much harm? Or give him at

least a gun with an old-fashioned flint-lock. Give him something beyond a bow and arrows to kill his game. Do not force him to be a farmer against his will. The Indian thinks that labor is degrading; white men maintain that it is ennobling, but I have observed that those who prate most in this style speak for the men they employ rather than for themselves. The Indian may be very wrong in his estimate of the question, but none the less does compulsion stir up rebellious feelings within him. Our object, after all, is to protect ourselves, not to protect him.

Do what we will, the extinction of the race is only a matter of time,—a short time at that. We have possessed ourselves of their land, and we should let them down into their graves as quietly as possible. While they live, let us feed and clothe them, and they will be too grateful to complain. The people of these Territories have millions of acres of unoccupied land, and if government will do its duty they can afford to do theirs,—to wait patiently until the Indians disappear, and they become possessors of the pitiful residue of their inheritance.

JOHN CODMAN.

SHADOWS.

YE shrink not wholly from us when the morn
 Arises red with slaughter, and the slain
 Sweet visages of tender dreams remain
 To haunt us through the wakened hours forlorn,
 Nor when the noontide cometh, and the thorn
 Of light is centred in the quivering brain,
 And Memory her pilgrimage of pain
 Renews, with fainting footsteps, overworn.
 Nay, then what time the satellite of day
 Pursues his path victorious, and the West,
 Her clouds beleaguered vanishing away,
 A desert seems of solitude oppressed,
 Around us still your hovering pinions stay,
 The pledges of returning night and rest.

JOHN B. TABB.

OUT OF MONEY.

IT was in Paris we first met Kate Allison,—Aunt Grace and I. We were in one of those little shops where they pretend to speak English,—and don't,—and were wrestling with the difficulty of making the polite clerk understand that a cap aunt had just bought must be changed to suit her taste. For plain bargains my scraps of French usually sufficed; but now they seemed of no use whatever, and I had just said that I thought we must leave it and come again when the English clerk was really in,—if he ever was,—when a voice at aunt's elbow said, "Can I help you any, madam?"

We both turned at the familiar American accent, and there stood a slender girl with the loveliest brown eyes I ever saw. She had just come in; she had seen the situation at a glance, and, like a good countrywoman, she came to the rescue. Of course then we were very glad to let her explain, and it turned out that she could chatter as fast as the clerk; and when we thanked her she smiled enchantingly, and declared that she was only too glad of the practice; and if we wanted anything more—

Aunt looked her over, a little startled at this frank offer of help; but the face under the shadow of a picturesque Rembrandt was too honest and child-like for us to suspect collusion with the shopkeeper, and it ended in her going with us to the *Magasin du Louvre* for a delightful morning of shopping. And when we parted we felt quite like friends; though after we came to think it over we rather wondered at ourselves for being so carried away. It isn't the fashion of the Spragues, you know; but the exact truth is that we were both rather unhappy in Paris for lack of a tongue. We had come over the autumn before, and spent a dreary winter in England; and we had not been much happier on the Continent since: to be quite truthful, we were a pair of innocents abroad. At

least we cared enough for our new acquaintance to go next day to see her in her quaint French home, overlooking the Luxembourg gardens, and so high up that one felt like a bird when one got there, and wished to be one in climbing the long flights. She served us tea in the pretty English fashion that had already won aunt's heart, and told us about herself and her family in the impulsive way Americans do tell each other things when they meet abroad. They feel a little reckless, seeing that they are never likely to meet afterward, and gossip doesn't seem gossip when the people are three thousand miles off. She was from the West, and she had been in Paris nearly a year, studying. She lived in a family because it was pleasanter for a young girl alone, and she practised on everybody, from the professor, who was head of the house and who gave her lessons, to five-year-old Victorienne, to whom she told fairy-stories. She meant to go to Italy if she could find company, and in September she must go home. For she had promised her grandfather not to stay beyond that time, and indeed she couldn't afford it.

And it all ended—not to go over our trip to Versailles together, and various other meetings—in our asking her to go with us to Italy. We wanted an interpreter, and she wanted a chaperone, and the more we saw of her the better we liked her. Have I said that she was pretty?—lovely dark eyes, with darker lashes, a peach-bloom complexion, and curly hair just tied at the back and slipping into little rings all about her face and neck; small, but yet not at all a baby-girl. She had more force in her little finger than some big women have in their whole body; and she was quite able to manage for herself, and yet didn't abuse her independence to do audacious things. Or, if she did, when it seemed really necessary, she carried them off so quietly that you never thought of

them as such. She told us of her once frightening away a burglar at midnight by flourishing her brother's pistol at him.

"Dear me!" aunt said. "I should have thought you would have been afraid the thing would go off and kill you. I'm sure I should."

"I didn't think of anything just then," Kate answered, "except that mamma was sick, and a fright might kill her, and there wasn't a man about the house. And, besides," coming down from her heroics, "I knew it wasn't loaded. Mark wanted me to bring that pistol abroad," she went on, laughing. "He made me learn to load and fire,—I never hit anything, of course,—and so he thought it might be useful if I had to travel alone. Fancy the absurdity! But I did wish for it once."

"When was that?" I asked, as she paused and grew thoughtful. For, though she was past twenty-one, she didn't look over eighteen, and we had wondered at the folly of her friends in letting her be here alone, and speculated as to possible adventures she might have had.

"Last fall, coming up to Paris from Calais. You know I told you I came abroad with Mrs. Gray; and we had a lovely time going about in England and Holland, and then she brought me down here and settled me. She was my chaperone, you know, though it was a little doubtful if I didn't take more care of her than she of me. Well, when it came time for her to go home, we both hated so to part that I proposed going to Calais with her. We spent a lovely day at Amiens together, and then I saw her off and went back to take the return train. Madame was to meet me at the Paris station,—I couldn't get in till evening,—and we didn't think there could be any trouble. I asked the guard to put me in with some other ladies; but I wouldn't go into the compartment where they put all the women who are alone, for I saw it was about full, and two crying babies besides. Instead, I took one where were two French ladies and a solitary man all in a heap in

one corner and so muffled up I couldn't see his face at all. We got on very nicely at first: the women talked a little to me; the man lay there like a mummy, so I didn't mind him. But presently it began to get dark, and then at a way-station my two ladies got out, and a man got in,—a little Frenchman, with a long moustache and bad eyes. I was nervous then; I wanted to change into another compartment; but the train started before I could call the guard, and there I was. I put down my veil, and effaced myself—as they say here—as much as possible. I hoped he would go to sleep like the other, but he didn't. Presently he began to talk to me. I answered in monosyllables, but that didn't discourage him. He made an excuse to put up the window by me, and so got nearer, and I felt his eyes through my veil, and they frightened me. I curled up in my corner, but he kept on staring and getting nearer and nearer, though by that time I wouldn't answer him at all. Presently he moved off, as if vexed at my coolness, took out a cigar, deliberately lit it, and then, as he put it to his lips,—as if it had just occurred to him, you know,—“Pardon, mademoiselle, smoking will not displease you?” Now, you know cigar-smoke always sickens me, but I didn't dare say so; I didn't dare say anything. I just turned and put my hand on the window to lower it, and then my mummy came to life, sat up, and said quietly, ‘Oblige me, sir, by putting out that cigar and leaving this young lady alone. Otherwise I shall be compelled to throw you out of the window.’ ‘*Mais, monsieur,*’ I cried, mustering my French for the fray, for I didn't want a fight in that little hole; and then the mummy turned round, just touched his big hat, and said, ‘Allow me, madame, the national privilege of protecting a lady alone.’

“So then I knew he was an American; but my heart was in my throat, and I couldn't speak,—and the Frenchman swore, and the other had the window open in a minute, but it was only the cigar that went out of it,—and then the train suddenly slackened, and we were

at a station. They both called the guard, but I don't think it was for him monsieur left the compartment. He was afraid, I'm sure, of my young giant, who was so tall that he seemed to touch the ceiling when he sprang up, and who was as high and mighty as an emperor with him. 'I wanted then to go in with the other women; twenty babies were better than another such scare; but my champion went off to see about it, and reported the compartment too crowded for comfort. 'If you don't mind staying here, I think you'll be all right now,' he said. 'I've spoken to the guard, and there are but two more stops before you reach Paris. I get out here myself, but I don't believe you'll be bothered any more.' And with that he left me, and I hadn't really had a fair sight of his face, and he wouldn't take any thanks; and I've always wondered who he was and where he came from. I suppose the genius who takes care of wandering American damsels sent the knight just when he was wanted, and whisked him off when he'd done his duty. And I had no more trouble, and actually went to sleep and felt so safe; and that's my one adventure travelling alone."

"And it's quite enough," cried aunty fervently. "It makes me turn cold to think what might have happened, my dear. I'm not in the way of considering myself a special providence, and I have felt as though the obligation was on our side in taking you with us. But if I can save you from things like that,—and, oh! what a mercy it is that there's two of us to do it, and we're both old and homely!" Which was really a little hard on me, who am only twenty-seven, and quite passable when I'm dressed well.

With that, aunt put an arm about Kate and kissed her, and, as she curled up to her, she said softly, "That was like my mother," and that completed the conquest of aunty's heart. For we knew by this time that Kate had never known her father, and had lost her mother at fifteen, and been brought up since by a grandfather and a bachelor uncle and her one brother. If they

spoiled her, it was no wonder; and if they hadn't loved her too much to cross her will, she would never have come abroad alone.

Well, we started south together, and before a month was over we knew what a treasure of a travelling companion Kate was. I don't mean just for the money, though her knowledge of foreign ways did help us on that. But she was the brightest creature,—never tired, never nervous and fussy, never vexed with aunt's invalid whims and crotchets. And she knew about everything, and was better than all the guides and guide-books in telling it. We loitered along by Milan and Genoa and Pisa and Florence, and by the last of April we were in Rome; and there we went to a *pension* one of Kate's friends had recommended for a fortnight. We could not stay longer, for we wanted a week at Naples, and it was already warm, though that year the season was late. And in Rome the first shadow of trouble came. For, what with Genoese filigree, and Pisan alabasters, and Florentine mosaics, and photographs, and the Marble Faun, and Dante in vellum, and trifles picked up as keepsakes, we began to be just a little short of money.

"We must really be a little more careful," aunty said. "We told Williams we shouldn't want any till July, you know,"—Williams was our agent,— "and we really ought not to ask it. Interest doesn't come till then, and I told him never to borrow."

"Oh, I shall have money before we leave Rome," Kate said. "I wrote to grandpa to send me some. And I shall be very glad to divide."

But Kate's money didn't come before we left. Instead arrived a letter from aunt's sister-in-law, begging her to get her a coral set at Naples. "I don't send the money," she wrote, "because I've not an idea as to cost, but I'll remit as soon as you tell me."

"If she were my sister instead of sister-in-law," groaned aunt, "I should just let the whole thing go, and tell her it was her own fault for not sending the money. But I can't do that with Laura.

She wouldn't understand; she would think I did it on purpose. We must just try to be as economical as possible in Naples, my dears, and if Kate's money is here when we get back—"

"Oh, it is sure to be," Kate said. "I would have the letter forwarded, but, as we're to be there only a week, it might just miss me; and, as we have planned to stop over night here on the way back, it will be all right. And if you're uneasy, Mrs. Sprague, we might save something by taking second-class to Naples."

Well, we did; but I doubt if there was any saving in it, for we had such a virtuous sense of economy that we made it all up in Naples. They do ask such prices for things, and Kate hadn't the face to beat them down as she ought,—so she said herself,—and really it did seem as though that last three hundred just melted away. Just at the last—whom the gods wish to destroy, you know—we found a perfect ivory comb, and I would buy it for Kate. It just suited the knot of curls that clustered at the nape of her neck, and I don't think we paid more than twice the right price for it; but it was a folly, of course, and we repented in dust and ashes presently.

Whether it was the stuffy second-class car, or the heat and fatigue, aunt had one of her terrible nervous headaches on the way back, and when we reached Rome she was blind and deaf with pain. We drove to the *pension*. So sorry, but just full that night. "The nearest hotel," she gasped. "It's only for a night. Get me in bed, and be off, both of you, to the bank for letters. If I can rest to-night, we can go on to-morrow."

So we drove to the Hotel Quirinal, tucked aunt up, and then took a cab to the bank. Letters,—a dozen of them; but Kate grew white when she saw that there was none from her grandfather.

"It must come in a day or two," I said, to console her.

"But I have absolutely only a ten-franc piece left; and if we go on to-morrow to Florence I must borrow of you."

"We'll share our last cent," I said as cheerfully as I could; "but I'm afraid—that we can't go on to-morrow. I don't know how much aunt has; but I have just two francs in this purse, and when the carriage is paid—"

"Oh, we must dismiss that at once," Kate said, "and walk home."

And so we did, rather surprising the grand liveried servant who had bowed us into it from the hotel entrance by returning meekly on foot.

We agreed to say nothing to aunt that night; and indeed she kept us at work over her until midnight, and only went to sleep at last under the magnetism of Kate's fingers. But she woke refreshed the next morning, and was as sweet as possible over the situation.

"Of course your letter will come in a day or two," she said to Kate; "or if it does not I can telegraph for funds. Meantime, we must be as comfortable as we can, and not worry. It's a little unfortunate that we're at a hotel: a *pension* would be pleasanter and cheaper, of course. But two or three days will not matter, and the rest will do us good. You girls can write up your journals, and I have some mending and any number of letters owing, and between-times we can amuse ourselves by going over the old sights. I'm sure we haven't done justice to half the churches and galleries."

"There are not very many within walking distance,—for you, that is," Kate said, "and I suppose we can't afford to ride. And it's getting very warm."

"Murray says the galleries are delightful in May and June," aunt answered, determinedly jolly; "and if I can't go myself, all the more reason you should do them thoroughly for my benefit. I shall expect the fullest reports. It's a pity we can't afford to take any outside trips,—all those lovely places Hare tells about; but I dare say there will be enough. And now, Mary, if you'll get my work-box out I'll put on that torn braid this morning. And there's all our stockings; and I should like my bonnet brushed up a little."

"I can do that, if you will let me,"

Kate said; and, though aunt protested, she had to give way to Kate's remorseful insistence; for Kate felt herself largely responsible for our pickle, and bewailed herself as much as aunt would let her all that day. "I should not have gone to Naples," she mourned. "If I had just quietly waited for you here—"

"And a nice time we should have had alone there," aunt said, "with all those cheating shopmen and cabmen and beggars and guides! We never needed you so much as then, my dear."

"Well, I needn't have spent so much; but the photographs were so cheap; and no one could expect me to go to Naples and not go up Vesuvius, if it did cost me forty francs. And then those Pompeian curiosities!" she went on pensively. "If we could only get up a raffle and dispose of all I bought, we should be in funds again."

And while, to pass the time, she repacked her trunk, she bewailed herself over every purchase she had made since we left Paris. "I am sure I could get them again in New York, and cheaper, too. The cheapness of Europe is a delusion and a snare."

"Oh, but the feeling of having bought them on the spot," aunt said, taking all her nonsense literally. For Aunt Grace was a devoted collector, and our track was marked by all manner of mementos, beginning with tartan lead-pencils bought in Glasgow. She insisted on something from every place we visited, and a pretty time we had getting them all in our trunks at the last.

Well, we waited four days. We went again to all the famous places, though it was certainly warm, and the walking tired me fearfully. But of course aunt wouldn't let Kate go alone, and insisted on her going to cheer her up. We dutifully read Mrs. Clement and Mr. Hare, and we pretended to be greatly interested, and made exhaustive reports to aunt every night. Nobody mentioned money, out of regard to Kate's feelings, and aunt, having finished her mending, was giving all her soul to letters. Meantime, we were sailing in and out of that hotel as if we owned it, and the servants

who bowed us about never suspected our envy of them. Rooms five francs a day, meals, service, candles, fees,—it was appalling, when one stops to think of it. A fearful looking forward to the bills took away what little appetite the warm weather left us. Half in bravado, half to keep up our own spirits, we put aside our well-worn travelling-dresses and shook out the long-folded silks from our trunks. What the people of the house thought of us going about in our high pontificals, but always on foot, I don't know. They must have wondered why we stayed; but then it was none of their affair. We had plenty of trunks: they didn't know that we had no money.

The fifth morning the obsequious servant brought up a letter on the tray and solemnly presented it to Kate. It was a thin letter, and there was a franc and a half due on it because the forgetful American had put on only a three-cent stamp. But Kate emptied her purse joyfully and tore open the letter in a second. She found six lines from her uncle, stating that he would send her money in a week or so.

"Of course they don't understand," Kate said. "They don't know what difference a week may make. I didn't write that I was on the verge of bankruptcy. I—I took it for granted,—indeed it's the first time they haven't sent at once,—and, oh, what must you think of me?"

"Why, as to that," I said, answering her tearful glance with a smile, "what must you think of us? We're all in the same state of destitution, only in our case it's aunty's own fault. She told our agent the very last thing never to anticipate our interest."

"There's just one thing to do now," aunt answered; "and it's my own fault that we didn't do it before. I ought to have known better. We must cable to Springfield at once,—at least if we have money enough left to do it. I don't know how long it will take; but certainly we can get money that way very soon. Bring me your purse, Mary, and mine from my other dress-pocket.—And, Kate, make out the shortest despatch

that will cover the case. Brevity is the soul of economy, you know. I hope we have enough to send it."

We had,—just enough. Ten precious words; and when they were sent aunt was reduced to her last dollar. We inquired at the bank as to when our funds might be expected, and they answered that when they came they would send us word. The clerk was a little impatient, and we wondered if he suspected us. We remembered travellers' tales of banking troubles abroad, and I recalled with poignant regret a twenty-franc piece I had given a month before to an American, "dead broke," as she called herself, and waiting in the Florence *pension* for funds from home. We had hardly believed her tale of lost orders and missed letters then. Alas! we were ourselves proof of how easily such a trouble might come on one.

"I feel like an impostor," Kate said, as we walked home that day from the bank, "obtaining board on false pretences; that's the phrase, isn't it?"

"We might appeal to some one for help," I answered,— "the consul, or the American pastor. Only aunt wouldn't like to explain who she was and where she came from. She's used to people's understanding without that. But of course it will come soon now,—that is, if everything isn't broken at the other end of the line. Williams might be out of town,—the despatch might have to wait. Or he may be dead," I added, determined to prepare my mind for the worst.

As we talked, we were strolling idly through the Piazza di Spagna, and now, at my suggestion, we stopped to rest on the long flight of steps that leads up to Trinità di Monte. It was a warm morning, but there was the usual collection of models lounging there,—the picturesque shepherd in his sheepskin jacket, the women in their striped aprons and white head-gear, a blinking baby rolled up in the most approved Italian fashion. How idle and indifferent and supremely comfortable they all looked! Even the boy who presently came to beg smiled back at Kate when she, smiling, refused him. "No doubt he has more in his purse now

than I," she said, taking hers out and shaking its emptiness. "He can afford to smile. Really, I'm not given to envying people of this sort, but now I envy any one who can earn an honest penny. If I thought some one would pay me well for my time, I'd turn model myself. I've enough leisure, anyway; and as for looks, I fancy I could be almost as picturesque as that woman there. I could pose as Despair very well indeed."

She pushed back her hat, as she spoke, farther from her moist forehead. Her hair clung all about it in little rings, her cheeks were like peaches, and if there was something very like tears in her eyes, that only made them brighter. Unluckily, at the instant she looked up she perceived a gentleman descending the steps above us,—a young man, with a sketching-portfolio under his arm. He was looking at Kate, and as he came on a level with us he uttered an exclamation. She turned, caught his glance, and, perhaps in the perception that he must have heard what she had said, started away, slipped, doubled her foot neatly under her, and sat down on it. If she had meant to sprain her ankle she couldn't have done it more cleverly.

Of course at the sound of her fall the stranger turned, came back, and helped me to help her up. She had grown very white, and she clung to me as she regained her feet. "Are you hurt?" he asked in unmistakable American accents.

"No;—that is,—it's nothing. I—I think I must have turned my foot a little."

"It is partly my fault, I fear," he went on apologetically. "I must have startled you."

"Perhaps,—if I sit down awhile—" Kate said, sinking down as she spoke.

"Pray let me call a carriage," he said, though there was no need of calling. Three, divining the situation from the other side of the square, were already making all speed toward us.

But at sight of them Kate jumped up and answered hastily, "No, indeed. I shall do very well without a carriage. I can walk to the hotel,—I think. It's not so very far."

"At least, then, you will let me help

you," he said, motioning the carriages away and offering his arm. "You hardly look able to walk alone."

"It isn't far," Kate repeated faintly; but she took his arm. I think she felt herself likely to faint and fall without it.

We helped her down the steps and across the square, but once there he decisively summoned a cab. "You are not fit to walk. It's a bad turn, I'm afraid, and if you use it now it may be worse for you. What hotel did you say?" And, having lifted her to the seat, he asked to accompany us, told the driver to wait for him at the hotel, and helped us up-stairs. As he took leave at the door of our rooms he asked permission to call next day and see how she was, and I hurriedly assented. I had not noticed him much, being absorbed in Kate. He was probably some poor artist; but he looked respectable,—more, thoroughly well bred. I had an impression of kind blue eyes, a picturesque blond beard, and broad shoulders to match his height; that was all.

"This is a pretty fix," aunt groaned, as we laid Kate back on the bed and got off her boot. "It's no matter now when the money comes, for of course we shall have to stay a month. I thought it as bad as possible before; but it's worse to have this happen and you to be brought home by nobody knows whom. A pretty responsibility for me!"

"I'm sure he seemed very gentlemanly," I ventured.

"And not a penny to get anything for you," she went on, unheeding me, "let alone sending for a doctor, as I dare say we ought to do. I knew of a girl once who turned her ankle just this way running down-stairs, and a year after the doctors were disputing as to cutting the foot off. Not, to be sure, that the doctors knew very much; and I always said that if they'd soaked it at once in hot vinegar and wormwood it would have put her on her feet at once. That was my grandmother's remedy; and if I could but get some for you now, my dear—"

"There's a postage-stamp in my purse," Kate said faintly.

"And I have twenty centimes," I added.

And it ended in our sending out for the wormwood and giving our last cent to cajole the chambermaid, while aunt, who would not trust it out of her hands, steeped it in vinegar over her own spirit-lamp, and the pungent odor went all through the house. But, thanks to it, Kate stood on her feet the next morning; and when Mr. Merriam called, though aunt wouldn't let her get up from the great chair where she had posed her, half in the balcony window, with the sunshine framing her like a saint, nothing but her pallor reminded one of the accident.

Mr. Merriam seemed indeed very nice. He accounted for himself satisfactorily to aunt, and proved so entertaining that she quite beamed on him. In truth, aunt felt more than we the irksomeness of our position. She could not go out, the few travellers at the hotel were English, and it had been a week since she had had a chance to speak to any one besides a servant. And Mr. Merriam, having been, as he told us, nearly four years in Rome, knew how to be interesting without talking of the galleries and churches. He did not even mention the Renaissance or Ruskin, and he listened sympathetically when aunt, who had early found out "what an affliction life is apt to become among the antiques and old masters," bewailed the neckaches the frescos gave her. "It's very stupid, of course," she finished, "but I shall be glad to see a modern picture again,—something bright and cheerful."

"Perhaps, then," Mr. Merriam ventured, "you'd do me the honor to visit my little studio. I've a few good things there; not my own, of course,—pictures I'm taking care of for some friends off in Venice. If you're homesick for new pictures,—well, perhaps they will cure you."

Aunt didn't suspect the irony, and she agreed at once.

"Though how under the sun we shall pay the carriage," I murmured, after he took his leave.

"I never thought of that. Dear me!"

she said gloomily; "I suppose I shall have to have a headache at the last minute. To think of the lies one must tell for lack of a little money!"

But an hour before the time set for the visit Mr. Merriam appeared with a carriage. The day was so perfect, he explained, that he had thought we might like a drive first. "You see, I want to put you in the best humor for my poor little things," he went on, smiling down on aunt with a certain boyish frankness. "I repented of my temerity in asking you when I went home and looked them over. And—as I understood you had not been out much—I thought, as an old Roman, I might show you something nice outside the walls. The truth is, Mrs. Sprague, you're the first Americans I've spoken to in a month. When the crowd is here, the multitude and the mixture,—well, I'm afraid I don't appreciate my countrymen as I ought. They go too fast for me. And, besides, I really feel myself half responsible for Miss Allison's accident, which I can't properly regret, since it has given me the pleasure of your acquaintance." And with that he swept a bow that was half courtier-like and wholly captivating to dear, simple aunty.

Well, we had a drive that did us all good, and then a nice hour in the studio. But it was not at all a poor little place. It seemed almost splendid to our ignorant eyes, and, as I whispered to Kate, the "poor-artist theory" would have to be abandoned. There were draperies of Abruzzi tapestry, and a carved chair that had come from a Roman palace, and bric-à-brac that turned aunt blue with envy,—all in three nice rooms on a hill-street looking down over the walls and with a lovely view out on the Campagna to a villa on the hills opposite. Kate sat down on the window-seat to look out while we went around, for she declared the wide sweep took her back to her own prairies, and if she could only see a corn-field she should be perfectly happy. She looked picturesque enough, with a big hat framing her fairness in a rim of dark-green velvet that matched her dress; and I didn't wonder that

presently Mr. Merriam left us examining a quaint cabinet and went back to her. We followed five minutes later, and found Kate very much flushed and Mr. Merriam rather disconcerted.

"I have been asking Miss Allison," he said, in answer to aunt's questioning look, "to let me make a sketch of her,—a study for a picture I have in hand now. Not to put her portrait in, of course," he added hastily. "It will be changed,—idealized. You will not know yourself in the picture; for that matter, you may not in the sketch."

"If it's only a sketch," aunt said, divided between her fear of consequences and her fear of being disagreeable, "couldn't you make it now? We have time to wait, I think."

"I'm afraid the light isn't just what I want now. I should like something like the effect yesterday,—when she sat in the sunlight, you know. It was that put the idea in my head."

Then of course aunt was conscience-stricken over her posing of Kate, and didn't know what to say for an instant.

"If you don't object," Kate said, as she turned to her, "I think I should be willing. Mr. Merriam would like me to come in the morning; and I have plenty of time. It's the only thing we have plenty of just now."

And to cover this speech aunt felt obliged to say, "Don't give Mr. Merriam too large an idea of your time.—We shall probably leave in a few days," turning to him. "We are only stopping to—rest and recruit a little before we go on to Venice. We find Rome charming now."

"I'm delighted to hear you say so," Mr. Merriam answered. "Most Americans rush away from it just as it begins to be really itself. And I hope you will let me show some things to you a little out of the usual line."

And with that it was arranged that Kate should come every day while we stayed, if needful; and as we drove home aunt graciously remarked that her accident seemed really quite a providence.

"I hope it will prove so," I said

gloomily, for I did not at all like the new scheme. But when I mentioned my fear of consequences to Kate that night, she turned from the glass, where she was brushing out her lovely hair, and swept me with a cool, satiric glance.

"Oh, Prudence!" she cried. "I dare say he's married. All the nice men are. I saw a lovely baby-head among his sketches. He has a wife and family somewhere in America, no doubt. You might ask him, to clear your conscience."

But of course I didn't. I took refuge in the hope that it would be all over in a few days. Our money would come,—we should go away,—and the world is wide,—and perhaps my instinct as to Mr. Merriam's feeling was wrong after all. Being homely myself, of course I thought Kate's beauty irresistible.

But the money didn't come, and, as they sent all our letters, we had no excuse to go to the bank and inquire. Aunt, who hardly dared call her soul her own, and who had vague knowledge of banking-matters coupled with deep respect for them, advised patience, and found fifty reasons for delay. The truth was, she was much more comfortable since she had Mr. Merriam to talk to nearly every day. He was so kind, he seemed so frank and pleasant, and he had apparently taken such a liking to aunt. We accused her of having fallen in love, of being beguiled by the fruit and flowers he sent; and she answered our jests with entire seriousness by saying, "Well, he reminds me of some one I used to know a good many years ago. And he married a friend of mine, too."

"Mr. Merriam?" I said innocently. "Then he is married, as Kate thought."

"What nonsense! I mean the other did,—the one he reminds me of. He isn't married. He told me that the other day."

"He reminds me of some one too," Kate said, dexterously avoiding that turn of the talk, "but I can't tell who it is. It's not his looks,—just a tone of his voice now and then."

So two more weeks went by, and in

that time we saw a great deal of him. It was a new Rome we learned to know under his guidance in those warm days when only in the morning in the cool studio, and in the evening when all the city took holiday in the open air, was there a breath of freshness. It was the picturesque, slovenly, modern Rome,—the quaint fruit- and flower-markets, the flooded Piazza Navona of a Saturday, the window-glimpses of lithe figures and gleaming eyes and a bit of color about the dark heads as they leaned out to chat with a neighbor across the way, the Ave-Maria bell pulsing through the golden air while we watched a Campagna sunset, the Forum by moonlight, and through it all the ripple of fountains and the laughter of the easy South. We had ceased to sigh for the mountains or the lagoons, and when, one day, aunt mentioned that Mr. Merriam thought it quite safe to remain in the city until August, we knew she was preparing her own mind to spend the summer. "By that time," I said, "it is to be hoped Mr. Merriam's picture will be done. I must say it gets on very slowly. He spends too much time talking to Kate. He talks very well, of course,—it's vastly entertaining,—but meantime the sketching doesn't get on at all. I don't think he wants it to; he means to prolong the pleasure of the sittings till we leave."

"Why, really!" aunt said, looking as anxious as I wanted her to.

"He is making a crayon-sketch for grandpa," Kate said hurriedly. "I meant to tell you. He offered to do it, and,—I thought it would please him,—and that is what takes so long. He—he wants it to be perfect."

Aunt asked no more questions, but a sense of her responsibilities had evidently come upon her. She had been going on in the idle, happy-go-lucky American way, satisfied that I always went with Kate; and now who knew what might have come of it?

We went next morning by appointment. I had a book, and whether it was that, or the heat, or the fatigue of a sleepless night, I don't know, but, snugly curled up in my arm-chair in the alcove,

I went fast asleep. I suspect Mr. Merriam of guile in making me so comfortable that day and keeping his voice down to a pitch that just put one asleep. At any rate, he found it out before Kate did, and used his opportunity. He began awkwardly enough by telling her he was afraid the picture never would be done; there were difficulties he had not expected; he felt that he had already exhausted her patience as a sitter, and no doubt they would be leaving very soon.

"We shall certainly leave as soon as—as we can," Kate said, a little nervous at his glance. "We have already stayed much longer than we meant."

"So Mrs. Sprague tells me. It is a special providence for me,—at least, I mean, it may prove so—if,—that is,—” getting hopelessly muddled, "that is,—you haven't found it so very disagreeable, I hope?"

"Oh!" cried Kate, forgetting herself at his embarrassment, "it's been perfectly horrid!—that is—I mean,—not Rome itself,—for, thanks to your kindness, we've got on very well,—but our having to stay,—being forced to, in this way."

"Forced to?" he said, amazed. "I beg pardon: I don't understand."

"Excuse me; I think you do," Kate said, getting more and more nervous. And then, forgetting everything, she burst out, "You don't suppose we stayed for the pleasure of it? You must see—you must know—that we're waiting for money; and it's all my fault," she went on, getting hysterical,—“and, oh! what they must think of me to put them to such inconvenience! If they weren't the best people in the world,—and I think every one's dead at home,—it's been a fortnight since I've had even a letter,—and—and you must have known! Why, I haven't a cent, and I don't know when I shall have any, for I couldn't even pay for a telegram to send for some. I haven't so much as a postage-stamp,—and oh! oh! what must you think of me now!” And with that Kate burst out crying.

"But if you had told me,—if Mrs.

Sprague had intimated,—now I think of it, she has taken pains to avoid everything relating to money,—and I never supposed,—it's absurd,—it's abominable that you should have had such annoyance; and if you will let me—”

"Oh, we don't want help,—that is, Mrs. Sprague never would. She's very proud, and it's worst of all that I've spoken of it. I don't know what possessed me. I—I think I'm losing my wits with the strain, and—and—”

And then Mr. Merriam seized his chance; but the moment she understood she tore her hand away, and sprang up, calling for me, and just here the portière was lifted, and there stood Aunt Grace.

"It is plain I have not come too soon," she said majestically, which was really the most like a book speech of anything the dear old lady ever said. And for a second it was just like a tableau to me looking out from my recess. And then it broke up as Kate sank back in her chair and covered her face, and Mr. Merriam took two steps toward aunt, and said, "Not a moment too soon for me, Mrs. Sprague, since I can repeat to you what I have just said to Miss Allison. I know it is very sudden: I can't ask an answer now. All I dare ask is—consideration and a little hope. And if meantime I can be of any assistance in your perplexities,—of which I have just been made aware—”

"Oh, as to that," aunt said, forgetting her dignity, "the money has come."

"Come!" we both shrieked, rushing up to her and forgetting all about him.

"In point of fact," aunt went on, "it came some days ago, but I have just found it out. I made up my mind to go myself this morning to the bank and inquire; I was sure something was wrong about it; and there it's been all the time we've been so distressed, and they just said they'd forgotten to send notice. I felt like saying a good deal to the banker, but then I was so glad to get it, and so anxious to come round here to tell you, and to give Kate this letter; and the carriage is waiting, and we must go at once to make preparations for leaving. I'm sure we've all had enough of

Rome; and, Kate," as she joyfully tore out of her letter a draft, and waved it in air,—"I was sure you'd find that. And now, my dears—" And I really believe she would have swept us out of the studio without a word to him. She was too excited to know just what she was about. But Mr. Merriam, who hadn't had the tension of money difficulties, and who had had time to recover himself while aunt breathlessly talked, just held her with a gesture—a high and mighty one it was, too—as she turned.

"I am unfortunate in my time," he said, "but it's plain I have none to lose now. I don't know what authority you have over Miss Allison, but you must see that she owes me an answer of some sort before you leave Rome. Even at the risk of a refusal for impatience, I must beg for it now."

"As to that," aunt said, gathering up her dress and evidently proposing to ignore the seriousness of the matter, "I can't say that I have any authority at all. But your—the thing seems absurd to me. After a fortnight's acquaintance—"

"I beg pardon,—three weeks. And, besides, I first met and fell in love with her nearly a year ago, only I did not choose to tell her till she had heard my question. I had the pleasure of meeting her on the Calais train last October. She did not remember me,—I saw that the first time we met here,—but an artist doesn't forget a face like hers, and I don't mind telling you I had watched and waited for it ever since, and it was the start and exclamation I gave at sight of her that day on the steps that caused her fall; and—and—as to family and position, Mrs. Sprague, I hope to satisfy you. My uncle, Mr. John Denham, of Boston—"

"Good gracious!" cried aunt, forgetting everything else, "are you Susan

Denham's son? Why didn't you say so before? We were at school together,—dear, dear friends. I remember now,—and that explains the resemblance,—and, now I think of it, she married a second time, and you—"

"I have my step-father's name," Mr. Merriam put in as she paused.

"Of course, of course. I see it all now,—and if you had told me that—"

"I didn't know it was necessary to mention one's grandmothers under such circumstances," he said, a gleam of amusement in his eye, "but if it helps my case with you—"

"It puts it in quite another light," aunt answered. "You're not a stranger to me; and though, as I said, I've nothing to do with Kate, who is of age and quite able to decide for herself, still I shall want to see more of you, and perhaps,—since you can't expect an immediate answer,—if you would wait—" She stopped and looked at Kate, whose face went into her hands again, and we could see the flush creeping over her fair throat and ear.

"I'll wait any time," Mr. Merriam cried, rapturous at this sign. "I never hoped for more than leave to try and win her."

We left for Venice next day. Mr. Merriam saw us off; and aunt, who had gone quite over to his side, suggested that after a little he might come up; and of course he came. Whether it was the gondolas and canals and color that finished it, I don't know; but by the time we had floated in them a fortnight more, it was plain what the end would be. Mr. Merriam declared that his picture could not be finished without a permanent model. And Kate answered that it would be tempting Providence to go home alone when so doughty a champion was at her service.

EMILY F. WHEELER.

GREAT MINDS AND MATRIMONY.

IT has long been a disputed question whether men of genius should, like ordinary mortals, seek for comfort and happiness in the married state, or whether the "divine spark" which has been bestowed upon them does not unfit them for the somewhat precarious bliss of matrimony. The different sides of the subject have been discussed with due gravity by various generations of authors, and many have reached the conclusion that such gifted human beings should be wedded to their vocation alone; and avoid the harassing cares of a family, or the possible misery consequent upon a union with a frivolous and unsympathetic helpmate. "Wife and children are impediments to great enterprises," writes Lord Bacon, and "certainly the best works, and of the greatest merit, proceeded from unmarried or childless men."

Socrates, indeed, is said to have espoused Xantippe *on account* of her shrewish temper, which gave occasion for the constant exercise of patience and self-control. But few will sympathize with such a morbid desire for self-sacrifice on the part of the sage: volunteer martyrdom excites little commiseration, and must generally be its own reward.

There are few authors who have not at one time or another scoffed at matrimony, or, under cover of that interesting subject, given a sly hit at the weaknesses of the other sex. Saith old Chaucer,—

Marriage is such a rabble rout

That those that are out would fain get in,
And those that are in would fain get out!

"There are few wives so perfect that they do not give their husbands cause once a day to repent of their marriage, or at least to envy a man that is unmarried," remarks the witty La Bruyère. "Marriage is not like the hill Olympus, wholly without clouds," said old Fuller; yet—mark the inconsistency—he was

twice married, and would probably have entered into that condition of precarious bliss a third time had he lived a little longer. Such a disinclination to a state of "widowerhood" we find among the sternest abusers of matrimony in general, very few among them living up to their principles on this point.

Dean Swift thus neatly throws the burden of unsuccessful unions on the gentler sex: "The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making *nets*, not in making *cages*!" Such half-truths were dear to the Dean's heart, and generally left a sting behind, which did not displease him, especially if the injury was resented and the imputation loudly denied. Jeremy Taylor, having declared that "life, or death, or felicity, or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage," thus quaintly bewails the fate of a man unhappily wedded: "Though the man run from many hours of his sadness, yet he must return to it again. . . . The boys and the pedlars and the fruiterers shall tell of this man, when he is carried to his grave, that he lived and died a poor wretched person!"

The author of the "*Religio Medici*" congratulates himself on having escaped the bonds of matrimony, and commends those who have had the "resolution" not to marry twice. He terms woman "the rib and crooked piece of man;" yet, like Fuller, the philosopher showed a lamentable want of logic by taking unto himself a wife later in life.

Milton seems to have been anything but happy in his domestic life; yet he was thrice married, his last wife being thirty years his junior. He quietly divorced himself, taking the law into his own hands, when his first wife deserted him and returned to her parents, she being "disgusted," says an old writer, "with her husband's spare diet and hard study." Considering himself

free to try his fortune again, the poet paid his court to a young lady; when his wife, hearing of it, suddenly reappeared, threw herself on her knees before him, and begged to be taken into favor again, — a request which was granted, and doubtless afterward repented of. To his second wife's memory he dedicated the beautiful sonnet which ends with the oft-quoted lines, —

But, oh! as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my
night!

It is possible that the poet expected all women to entertain the conjugal sentiments which he puts into Eve's mouth when she promises Adam to obey him without even the feminine solace of an argument on the other side. It is natural in such a case that disappointment should have followed marriage, and that the vexed husband should enlarge on the misery of a man who "shall find himself bound fast to an image of earth and phlegm, with whom he looked to be the co-partner of a sweet and glad existence!"

It is indeed a fact not to be contested that a great many men of genius and intellect have been singularly unfortunate in their selection of a helpmate. Where the fault lies it is hard to say, since nothing is more difficult to decide upon than the rights and wrongs of conjugal misunderstandings. Let us not be too severe in our condemnation of the wives of literary men who have made a failure of matrimony. In many cases their only crime was that they were commonplace, with the usual faults of womankind: they would probably have made any ordinary man happy enough. The very self-sufficiency of genius which is necessary to its existence implies a certain degree of indifference to the small interests of life, inexpressibly trying to the woman who looks to her husband for constant sympathy.

When Dryden's wife desired to be a book, that she might enjoy more of her husband's society, the poet replied, "Be an almanac, then, my dear, that I may change you once a year!" This

was severe; but he did not like her, and revenged himself for his marital disappointment by abusing matrimony in general.

One of the most curious specimens of a lover and husband may be found in that stern, uncompromising reformer Calvin, whose adventures in search of a wife deserve to be recorded, by reason of the original view he takes of the subject. It was when he was nearing middle age that those who were interested in his domestic welfare began to bestir themselves to provide him with a suitable helpmate. The mode of procedure was to select a certain lady, interview her upon the important question, and then send Calvin a brief memorandum as to her condition in life, her moral qualities, her dowry, etc. No idea of personal predilection on the bridegroom's part seems to have entered their minds. In spite of the gloomy sincerity of his indifference in the affair, some difficulty was experienced before the matter was settled. The following instructions are beautifully consistent with the character of the man and his conduct as a lover (!) and a husband:

"I beseech you to bear in mind what I seek for in a wife. I am not one of those mad kind of lovers who dote even upon faults when once they are taken by beauty of person. The only beauty that enthralls me, is that she be chaste, obedient, economical, patient, and that there are hopes that she will be solicitous of my health. If, therefore, you think it expedient that I should marry, bestir yourself, lest some one else anticipate you."

This last admonition is rather comical, showing as it does a purely disinterested desire for his friend's personal success in the matter. As we remarked before, however, it proved not so easy to suit this lover, indubitably *not* of the "mad kind." A German lady of noble birth is proposed; but Calvin objects to her want of knowledge of the French language, and fears, besides, that she may be proud on the score of descent and breeding. He makes the match conditional upon her acquisition of the French tongue, and

when she desires time for consideration he feels apparently that he is wasting precious moments, and despatches his brother and a friend in search of another and more complying fair one. He shows great equanimity when the second match is broken off, though the very day for the wedding had been fixed. Eventually he married a widow of grave and severe character, recommended to him by his friend Bucer. Doubtless Calvin was a just and faithful husband; yet we cannot help admiring the courage of a woman who would venture on the sea of matrimony with a partner who seems never to have forgotten the gloom and severity of his religion, and who was as stern and uncompromising as his own creed. On the death of his wife he displayed such immovable calmness that his friends were astonished at his imperturbability, and he himself writes, with a kind of melancholy pride, "I swallow my grief in such a manner that I cease not in my functions for a moment." In fact, in an ordinary man his composure might have been suspected to be the result of indifference, though Calvin probably believed that he was showing his followers a very sublime example of the influence of religion in subduing all evidence of carnal weaknesses.

There is something piquant in Sir Thomas More's selection of a second helpmate, whom he wooed for a friend, until she told him that "he might speed if he spoke for himself." With his friend's consent he espoused Alice the widow,—some say two or three months, others the same number of years, after his first wife's decease. She was reported "near and worldly" in character, but seems to have been fairly kind to his children and to have managed his household with prudence. Moreover, in spite of her advanced years, she acquiesced in his desire that she should take lessons on the lute, the zithern, the viol, the monochord, and the flute, on all of which she daily practised to him. A truly formidable list of instruments,—none of them probably, however, capable of becoming as severe an instrument of torture as our modern piano beneath unskilful hands

Rather an odd picture, this,—of the coarse-featured woman, "whose favor could not have bewitched or scarce moved any man to love her," piping or fingering away, as the case might be, to her more juvenile but sedate and self-complacent husband! But in spite of this careful education, and a constant association of many years with the More family, this "keen and watchful manager," as Erasmus calls her, never attained to any great refinement of conduct or sentiment. When she visited her husband in the Tower, during his imprisonment, she asked him brusquely on one occasion, "How can a man taken for wise like you, play the fool in this close, filthy prison, when you might be abroad at your liberty if you would do as the bishops have done?"

"Is not this house as nigh heaven as mine own?" said More piously.

To which the lady replied with the contemptuous exclamation, "Tilly vally! tilly vally!"—which, being interpreted, might signify, "Stuff and nonsense!"

We fear it is highly improbable that the great Shakespeare found either inspiration or happiness at the domestic hearth. Dante, it is said, made a loveless match by the advice of his friends in order that he might banish the image of Beatrice from his mind,—the experiment proving as unsuccessful as might have naturally been expected. The poet and landscape-gardener Shenstone, not considering his circumstances good enough to warrant a marriage with the lady of his affections, seems to have contemplated a union with his maid-servant, who served him for years with feminine tact and gentleness. He is said to have presented her with his own picture as a New-Year's gift, inscribed with the following words: "This picture belongs to Mary Cutter, given her by her master, W. S., Jan. 1st, 1754, in acknowledgment of her native genius, her magnanimity, her tenderness, and her fidelity." This is high praise, and certainly any individual possessing such characteristics might be deemed worthy to become the wife even of a poet, however lowly her original station in life. Worldly con-

siderations probably withheld Shenstone, as he remarks in one of his letters, "It is long since I have thought myself *undone*. The world will not perhaps consider me in that light until I have married my maid."

The novelist Fielding accomplished the fact which the poet hesitated at, and actually made his maid-servant his wife. Goldoni, the lively Italian writer of comedies, showed singular prudence in refusing to marry a charming girl with whom he had fallen in love, because after a somewhat exhausting pleasure-trip she showed serious signs of fatigue and threatened to lose her bloom and elasticity early in life. He therefore calmly relinquished his claim to her hand: it would never do to have an ugly wife.

The German poet Jean Paul Richter thus charmingly mingles the practical and the sentimental in his ideal of a spouse. "I would fain," he writes to his friend Otto, "find a gentle girl who would cook something for me, and who would sometimes smile and sometimes weep with me." One can but hope that the latter mood would not interfere with the desired accomplishment: tears are but a poor condiment, after all, even for a poet's æsthetic meal. He married a fairly sensible woman, a devoted *Hausfrau*, who, as we are told, could, when the occasion required, rip a dress apart, dye it herself, put it together again, and wear it with grace and dignity the next evening to a large party. Yet Caroline could read Plato in the Greek as well. With the exception of an occasional attack of jealousy on her part, decidedly inconvenient in the wife of a German sentimentalist, the union appears to have been an harmonious one. The fortunate husband thus expresses his felicity in a letter to his confidant Otto: "Marriage has made me love her more romantically, deeper, infinitely *more*, than before." This warmth of marital affection did not, however, prevent him from indulging in several intense Platonic flirtations, which Caroline resented deeply,—not always silently.

Another literary man who seems to have been fairly happy in the choice of a wife is Dick Steele, who, by following his friend Addison's advice and combining "love and interest" in the marriage tie, made two successful unions,—the good-natured, conscienceless spend-thrift. His first wife died soon after their marriage, and his second was wooed so diligently that a month's courtship brought about the wedding-day. His love-letters to the lady, which Coleridge greatly admired, are marvels of smooth, well-expressed Irish "blarney." He begins the series by a long apology for his "plainness" and "sincerity," and mourns over the incurable bluntness which makes him incapable of flattery. Then he goes on to declare that "the vainest woman never saw in her glass half the attractions I see in you." He likewise expresses his profound conviction that "Dear Mistress Prue" is "beautiful, prudent, witty, and good-humored." There is a great deal of similar "plain speaking," which, taken in conjunction with the preamble of sincerity and the vivacity of the correspondence, proved too convincing, and carried the lady's heart by storm. In spite of occasional contentions, which were often caused by Sir Richard's little pecuniary irregularities, the marriage was an harmonious one, and, after seven years of wedlock, Steele fervently declares, in a certain dedicatory address, "I will no more believe one of the angels more good in its inclinations than I can conceive it more charming in its form than my wife." The most exacting spouse could scarcely ask for higher praise than that; but Sir Richard loved to say pretty things to and of women, and these kindly flatteries came with delightful warmth from his impulsive Irish heart. To a certain lady he paid what Thackeray considers perhaps the finest compliment ever paid to a woman, by declaring that "to have loved her was a liberal education."

Addison, as we have said, advised the combination of "love and interest in the selection of a wife," advice which, when we acknowledge the unfitness of genius

to struggle with sordid poverty, is not without the wisdom of common sense to recommend it. The abstraction of mind naturally coincident with a high order of intellect does not well agree with great financial ability, as a general rule; and, though genius itself may starve with a certain degree of tranquillity, the burden of a family under such a trial might certainly make any brain barren. Addison was consistent—and unhappy—in his splendid union with Lady Warwick, which, as Dr. Johnson remarked, “neither found nor made the pair equal.”

The author of the “Sentimental Journey” gives us as one of his conjugal maxims that “we all live the longer, at least the happier, for having things our own way. I own ’tis not the best of maxims,” he adds pleasantly; “but I maintain ’tis not the worst.” Having married the lady he had courted for several years, and who, believing herself dying, had bequeathed him her whole fortune, he soon grew wearied with his choice. “I don’t know what is the matter with me,” he wrote to a friend, “but I am more tired and sick of my wife than ever.” Twenty-five years before, he had told her that when married “we will be as merry and innocent as our first parents in Paradise before the arch-fiend entered that indescribable scene. . . . The gloomy family of care and distrust shall be banished from our dwelling; . . . we will sing our choral songs of gratitude and rejoice to the end of our pilgrimage. Adieu, my L. Return to one who languishes for thy society. As I take up my pen, my poor pulse quickens, my pale face glows, and tears are trickling down on my paper as I trace the word L.” This last burst is truly *Sternian*. Unfortunately, the songs were sung out before the end of the pilgrimage, and all desire for his “L.’s” society vanished as well. But what else could be expected of that most insincere of flowery persons, to some extent a literary idol of his day, whose feet of clay are always disclosing themselves, in spite of the elaborate texture with which they are covered?

Everybody knows what were Dean

Swift’s opinions on the subject of matrimony,—how he loved and tortured Stella, while the other woman whose name he has made famous in a way died of his cruelty,—to have him write beautifully about her *after* that event. Upon which the victorious rival said smilingly, “That does not surprise me, for we all know the Dean could write beautifully about a broomstick!” If it was possible for that miserable, cynical soul to love anything human, Swift loved his Stella: the lock of her hair which he preserved, —“only a woman’s hair,”—the charming lines he wrote about her,—the brief but touching records he makes of her character and attainments,—all show how deeply a sense of her tenderness and fidelity was impressed on his mind. But it was not well to show too plainly an unvarying allegiance toward the Dean: it meant a degree of weakness in his eyes which he never failed to take advantage of,—a brutal advantage sometimes. It was perhaps his own incapability of returning an honest, sincere, common-sense affection which made him so fond of sneering at love and lovers, marriage and married folks. The following lines, perhaps not as old-fashioned in sentiment as in expression, contain a contemptuous allusion to the ease and brevity with which courtships were conducted in his day:

Two or three dears and two or three sweets,
Two or three balls and two or three treats,
Two or three serenades given as a lure,
Two or three oaths (how much they endure!)
Two or three messages sent in one day,
Two or three times led out from the play,
Two or three soft speeches made by the way,
Two or three tickets for two or three times,
Two or three love-letters writ all in rhymes,
Two or three months keeping strict to these
rules

Can never fail making a couple of fools!

Godwin, best known by his novel “Caleb Williams” and his union with that somewhat extraordinary woman Mary Wollstonecraft, was apparently happy enough in the companionship of an individual whose philosophy of life and eccentricities of character agreed with his own. After a courtship which is poetically described as “a friendship melting into love,” they were wedded,

though both were averse, on principle, to the *forms* of marriage prescribed by law. The lady had previously acted up to her principles on this point; but Godwin, with a want of consistency generally ascribed to the other sex, not only submitted in his own case to the popular prejudice, but insisted that his step-daughter's union with Shelley should be ratified in the most orthodox manner. When his first wife died, he paid his court to another lady in a somewhat authoritative style, rather amusingly inconsistent with the general idea as to what a lover should say under such circumstances. "You are invited to form the sole happiness of one of the most known men of the age," he writes to the fair widow. "This connection, I should think, would restore you to self-respect, would give security to your future peace, and insure for you no mean degree of respectability. What you propose to choose in opposition to this, I hardly know how to describe to you." There is certainly no dangerous self-depreciation in this preamble, which might lead the lady in the future to presume on the affection she had inspired. In spite, or perhaps as a consequence, of this commanding style of wooing, however, the lady accepted another suitor, and Godwin eventually married an energetic, rather commonplace widow, to whom he proved a good and somewhat submissive husband.

Wordsworth was as happy in his domestic circle as a poet should be,—exceptionally so, perhaps,—his serene and prosperous life reminding us of the lives of our own two poets Bryant and Longfellow.

Southey and Coleridge married sisters, the Misses Fricke,—"both milliners," as Byron scornfully termed them. Excellent in every way, it would have been strange indeed if Southey had not proved the best of husbands, and there is no reason to doubt the harmony of his married life. Naturally, when the differences in character of the two friends are considered, such was *not* the case with Coleridge. Putting aside his unfortunate indulgence in opium, it must

be granted that few women could have borne patiently the peculiarities of the poet's nature. He was at first desperately in love with the fair Sara, and, with the enthusiastic hopefulness of poetic youth, married and began house-keeping on a promise from the generous Cottle of a guinea and a half for every hundred lines of prose or poetry. It was literally "love in a cottage" for a while; but the young wife seems to have been rather commonplace in character, somewhat jealous of temper, quick to resent, and entirely out of sympathy with her husband's intellectual tendencies. And to any but an extraordinary woman the poet's habit of monologue must have been inexpressibly trying, when we consider how natural it is to the fair sex to express all feelings and emotions verbally, however trivial may be the subject. "He [Coleridge] dissipated all doubts of his genius by beginning to talk. He did not cease while he stayed,—nor has he since, that I know of," writes Hazlitt. People who admired him listened without a thought of interruption. "If you hear him speak for five minutes you think no more of them" (his plain features), remarks Miss Wordsworth. This was very well for the world in general; but a man who lives continually in the clouds of metaphysics is scarcely a sociable companion for a humdrum work-a-day world, and who shall blame Mrs. Coleridge that she did not, or could not, accompany her husband in his intellectual wanderings? Isolation must always be the penalty of genius.

Lord Byron's conjugal difficulties have interested thousands who perhaps never read five lines of his poetry. He did not inherit a tendency toward domestic affection or marital happiness. His mother, his father's second wife, was an heiress, whose fortune very conveniently paid her husband's debts but did not purchase his liking. His grand-uncle, in a fit of passion, threw his wife into the pond at Newstead on one occasion. "All the kind of the Launces had this fault,"—viz., bad temper. "I never see any one much improved by matrimony," remarks the poet contemptuously in his

journal. In another place, however, he declares that a wife would be his "salvation," but "doubts his temper,"—as well he might. "Let me be married out of hand; I care not to whom," he writes to Tom Moore. Again, "They say one shouldn't be married in a black coat. I won't have a blue one,—that's *flat*! I hate it!" While sincerely agreeing with the noble lord's taste in regard to this fashion of his day, we confess ourselves unable to find any elevation in his sentiments respecting matrimony,—youthful or mature. In fact, Byron's unfitness for the monotony of domestic life seems to have been the result of his imperfections as a sufficiently commonplace man, rather than a consequence of his genius and irritability as a poet.

The poet Shelley's first marriage was a miserable example of a hasty and ill-assorted union. That the simple, uncultivated, unintellectual girl should have quickly palled on the mind and taste of such a man, is not strange. But no admiration for Shelley's genius should blind us to the fact that his desertion of wife and child was, considering all the circumstances, singularly brutal and dastardly. In Mary Wollstonecraft's daughter he found, as he supposed, an ideal,—a spiritual and material complement of himself,—a companion who would be intellectually and morally sympathetic with him. This was probably true: at least the poet did not live long enough to act upon any alteration in his sentiments toward his second choice. The fate of the wretched Harriet is, however, a fearful blot on the record of a man whose genius might be supposed to have lifted him above the common errors and failings of less gifted humanity.

Walter Scott's family circle was a delightful one, as indeed it could scarcely help being with such a head; but his wife did not count as a very important factor in his life.

Lockhart, who married Sophia Scott, was devotedly attached to his wife, and, it is said, never recovered from the shock of her death. Much of his affected cynicism left him, but the

natural melancholy of his character deepened into an habitual gloom which nothing could dispel.

Leigh Hunt was apparently happy in his queer household, where the proverb of "living from hand to mouth" seems to have been practically the mode of existence. His wife was perhaps more distinctly an example of the "Skimpole" type than he himself, and the glimpse we get of the lady's style of housekeeping in some of Mrs. Carlyle's letters is sufficiently amusing. Mrs. Hunt borrowed continuously, and forgot to return with as much fluency,—the list of articles including teacups, glasses, spoons, a little porridge, a pinch of tea, and, strangest of all, a *brass fender*, which Mrs. Carlyle had great difficulty in getting back again. Carlyle himself in a few vivid words sketches the interior of the "family room," wherein he finds "a sickly large wife and a whole shoal of well-conditioned wild children, . . . half a dozen old rickety chairs, . . . all seemingly engaged and just pausing in a violent *hornpipe*. On these and around them and over the dusty table and ragged carpet lie all kinds of litter,—books, papers, egg-shells, scissors, and, last night when I was there, the torn heart of a half quartern loaf." This is certainly not an engaging picture of a *literary* interior; but it is possible for the domestic affections to flourish in such soil, as they seem to have done in the Hunt household.

De Quincey was much more fortunate in his selection of a wife, or better constituted for the bonds of matrimony, than that greater victim to opium whom we have already mentioned. He married a country-girl, whose patience with and affection for her husband were unbounded, and whom he seems to have repaid, in part at least, with sincere gratitude and loving appreciation. Something about the dreamy little man gained him the love of those on whose affection no man is ashamed to depend, however gifted and self-confident he may believe himself to be.

Sydney Smith's sole contribution to future housekeeping was a set of six

small silver spoons, worn thin with use. Full of confidence and hope, he did not shrink from making this matrimonial essay. His bride, however, had a modest fortune, and his mother-in-law furnished the dwelling for the loving couple: so that the witty parson was brave, but not *too* brave, in his venture.

Thackeray's domestic life, otherwise a perfectly happy one probably, was overclouded by one of the worst misfortunes that can befall a man, in the insanity of his wife. Perhaps his writings, besides yielding him fame and fortune, served as the happiest of distractions from a grief whose intensity was increased rather than diminished by time.

It is well known that toward the latter part of his married life Dickens's relations with his wife were far from happy. Prejudiced admirers of the great novelist and merely dispassionate observers will not be likely to agree as to the rights and wrongs of the subject: perhaps it is too soon to pass an unbiassed judgment, at least with the testimony so far offered.

It is difficult to conclude our consideration of the subject in hand without an allusion to the Carlyles, whose married life has been so mercilessly dissected ever since Mr. Froude expressed, with a degree of warmth somewhat ill advised perhaps under the circumstances, his extreme sympathy with the lady. Every one must admire Mrs. Carlyle's faithfulness to her husband's interests, appreciation of his genius, cheerfulness under difficulties, and exceptional talents; yet it cannot be denied that she had fair and liberal warning as to the nature of the man she was to marry. His poverty, his abstraction of mind, the harshness and brusquerie that formed part of his character, were all laid plainly before her. Besides, has a woman who confessedly marries for ambition a right to expect anything more than the satisfying of that ambition? Had Mrs. Carlyle married a man of more ordinary type of mind, as she might have done, she might have obtained all the admiration, appreciation, affection, for which, woman-like, she longed when it was too late. Carlyle honestly believed in his wife's

affection for him, and consequently thought that no solitude, no privation, which they shared together, could make her unhappy. It seems that he was mistaken, as men are liable to be where a woman's heart is concerned, and to that mistake he was cruelly awakened after her death. The time may come, perhaps, when Mrs. Carlyle will be envied rather than pitied that her name should go down to posterity linked with that of Thomas Carlyle rather than lost in oblivion as the wife of an easier-tempered but more insignificant individual.

During a period when it was much the fashion to write down axioms in regard to anything in general and matrimony in particular, a good deal of excellent advice on the subject was bestowed on the youth of both sexes,—and probably received as such advice usually is. Some of these counsellings are worth remembering, if only to prove that we are not more worldly-wise in the matter than our forefathers, or at least that we are not willing to confess as openly the interested motives which they thought it their duty to impress on the minds of their children and dependants.

These three cardinal rules are given by the celebrated physician and astrologer Jerome Cardan: "Do not marry a woman without moderate possessions. Never irritate a wife, but give her counsel. Before other people, neither flatter your wife nor slight her."

William Penn, in his advice to his children, somewhat vaguely advises "a discreet choice," amiability of disposition being desirable, and with the knowledge or consent of your mother, if living, or of those that have charge of you."

"I believe some wives have been the best friends in the world," remarks Jeremy Taylor loyally, in his delightful English. "A woman can converse as pleasantly, and retain a secret, and she can die for her friends, as well as the bravest sir knight." These were bold words; but Jeremy Taylor loved to break a spear against the popular fallacies of his day.

Lord Burleigh left his son some very minute directions on the important sub-

ject of "Chusing a Wife." He begins by declaring it "an action of thy life, like unto a stratagem of war, wherein a man can err but once. If thy estate be good," he continues, "match near at home and at leisure; if weak, far off and quickly. Let her not be poor, however well born; for a man can buy nothing in the market with gentility." And in another place, "Nor chuse a base and uncomely creature altogether for wealth,—for it will cause contempt in others and loathing in thee." But above all does he advise most strenuously against the selection of a foolish, silly woman as a helpmate. "Such an one," he says sagely, "will be thy continual disgrace, and it will irk thee to hear her talk. For thou shalt find that there is nothing more fulsome than a she-fool." It must be remembered that in those days a wife was regarded as a distinct and legitimate means of advancement to wealth and power, through either her family or her fortune; and it behooved ambitious men not to burden themselves with some pretty maiden without money or high connections, but to take unto themselves a spouse whose influence

would serve to lift them to a more elevated position in social or political life. It is not surprising, therefore, that men who considered themselves responsible for their words and who were well satisfied to be worldly-wise should always underrate the power of affection to make a marriage happy, and should look at it rather from a matter-of-fact than a sentimental point of view. Besides, as our very incomplete sketch may serve to show in a certain degree, those were not always the happiest in married life who idealized love and wrote most beautifully and refinedly about it. Perhaps it was as well for Charles Lamb that he was the father of "dream-children" only, and not the harassed parent of noisy, turbulent, hungry *real* ones; and who doubts but that Keats would have awakened some day to a miserable sense of the imperfections of his divine Fanny? Disillusion comes to all, but especially bitter must it be to the man whose imagination has lifted him to a poetic seventh heaven of bliss and who is suddenly brought face to face with the ugly commonplace annoyances of every-day life. L. D. MORGAN.

ADRIFT ON PENSACOLA BAY.

I.

OLD Mr. Eustace brought down his heavy cane with an emphatic thump upon the planks of the pier: "Railroads would do it, sir. If I had the management of things, this town would wake up some day and find that, instead of a back-country with no vegetation but pine-trees and no game but gophers, it would have the best regions of Alabama and Georgia to draw upon for its trade. And then, Mr. Falconer, there would be a rattling of the dry bones—"

"I wonder," said a *petite*, pretty, and somewhat disdainful young lady, whose eyes were fixed upon a ship that had climbed out of the sparkling blue water and was now fully defined against the skyey background over Santa Rosa Island,—"I wonder how many there are."

"Can she mean railroads?" thought a young gentleman, who was less impressed by the solid and valuable prelection of her father than by her slightest ribbon that fluttered in the gentle southern breeze. "Can she mean rail-

roads?" he asked himself, with a pre-scient pang. "Bones? Gophers?"

"They will certainly be at the Brannet party to-morrow evening," continued Miss Eustace, with enthusiasm in her face and voice.

The young civilian could no longer deceive himself. "They" meant the officers of the frigate *Congaree*. And "Hope for a season bade the world farewell."

Pensacola slumbered by the side of her beautiful bay. In those days slumber was the normal condition of the little city, for it was in February, 1848, the Mexican war was dragging slowly to its conclusion, the Gulf squadron was at Vera Cruz, and Pensacola was bereaved. It was then but little more than an appendix to the navy-yard and the Gulf squadron; it had, however, it is true, a small trade in lumber with New Orleans, and a similar traffic with Havana; occasionally, too, might be seen upon the pier a few lonesome bales of cotton, and the mind of the observer would be lost in conjecture as to where in the vast wilderness of sand and pine woods in the rear of the town could be found the soil to produce, or the energy to cultivate, the great staple.

Pensacola might then have been termed a finished city. Nowhere could be heard the sound of hammer, or saw, or plane; nowhere could be seen new or uncompleted structures of any kind, nowhere the spectacle of laboring men; there were neither gardens nor farms in the suburbs or vicinity, and, save its scanty fleet of schooners and a few fishing- and oyster-boats, there was no evidence of an effort to wrest a subsistence from the sea. There was rarely any movement in the streets; people were seldom seen ascending or descending the long flights of steps which led to the quaint Spanish-looking houses; the deep sand of the roadways muffled all sounds from the infrequent vehicles which traversed them; and the plank walks, resounding with the tread of the occasional pedestrian, were alive with lizards that scampered out of the way of the advancing footfall.

Thus it was that there was an awakening when a rumor pervaded the town that the frigate *Congaree* had arrived at the navy-yard from Vera Cruz; joyous anticipations sprang up of a partial restoration of the old times before the war had put the whole naval force of the Gulf upon active duty, and with one accord the population had gathered upon the Plaza and the pier to see the long-unfamiliar spectacle of a man-of-war.

Mr. Eustace and his daughter were the only strangers then sojourning in Pensacola whose visit had no reference to diseases of the lungs, all others being either invalids or their attendant relatives. He was a Kentuckian,—a man of large fortune, consisting in part of property in the so-called cane-brake country of Alabama,—and his business in Pensacola was to negotiate for the purchase of a body of land on the Escambia River, upon which he designed to establish a saw-mill.

Sanguine, self-sufficient, and self-satisfied, Mr. Eustace should have been the happiest of men, for if there was anything which he could not do he was in ignorance of what that difficult achievement might be; whatever he wanted he was absolutely certain he could get; and it was utterly impossible for him to conceive the idea that there was anything he did not know. He was rather more than elderly, but stalwart, hale, and tall, with an erect carriage and an imposing presence; his complexion was florid, and his head was red, and bald, and gray. Not that he was, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, three gentlemen at once,—though from his importance he might well have been,—but that his head had all those three undesirable characteristics, being intensely bald as to the crown, vividly red as to the bushy fringe of hair that encircled it, and distinctly gray as to the shaggy eyebrows and thick whiskers.

His daughter, who was his only child, had anticipated from this trip something in the way of pleasure. Perchance there would be agreeable society in Pensacola; the sojourn might be enlivened by the fracture of a few hearts. There might be naval officers, and, in common with

most of her sex, she was duly sensible of the glorifying influences of a uniform. In this point of view her little campaign had thus far been comparatively a failure. Besides Mr. Falconer, who had come South in dutiful attendance on his sick mother, she had found no foeman worthy of her steel. Not one uniform had she seen, not one officer had she met. As to Mr. Falconer,—well, he succumbed far too readily to afford her any interest whatever. He was inexperienced in woman's ways, and had not yet learned that the surest policy by which her heart can be won is that *his* should seem utterly unattainable. The fair angler, like other anglers, delights in the game fish that fights for his liberty as a thing worth fighting for and that yields only to the uttermost resources of science. Flirtation is a game of odds, one against two or more,—and the more the merrier. Miss Eustace therefore welcomed the Congaree, in the hope that she bore lieutenants and midshipmen who would prove more entertaining than her present too docile and too devoted cavalier.

These anticipations were realized. "They" were at the Brannet party. They pervaded the flower-bedecked parlors and halls; they promenaded on the broad verandas on each side of the great square frame house; they glittered in moonlit windows. They were introduced in throngs to Miss Eustace,—resplendent, fascinating officers, even to Falconer's carping civilian eye,—notably a very handsome blond midshipman about twenty-two years of age. A lieutenant of infantry, who, by evil chance, had just come to Pensacola on sick-leave, was also introduced. He was in a very peculiar state of health,—too sick to perform garrison-duty in Mexico (the fighting was all over), and just about sick enough to carry on very active operations in ball-rooms and similar places where young ladies are wont to congregate. From the moment that Miss Eustace acknowledged the introductions to these two gentlemen, it was evident to the most casual observer that the army and navy were arrayed against

each other, and that Mr. Falconer, in disastrous eclipse in his black suit among the uniforms, was to all intents and purposes *hors de combat*. He would not, however, have succumbed without a struggle, but that Mr. Eustace had seized him *in transitu*, engaged him in conversation, and he found escape impossible.

Now, the father of a young lady is at best a necessary evil. During all the stages of a love-affair he is adroit to a superhuman degree if he does not prove an intolerable bore, and he escapes annihilation only on the score of his ultimate usefulness in drawing checks for the trousseau and conferring estates in the marriage-settlement. The proverb says, "Little boys should be seen, and not heard." Like little boys, fathers should not be heard; unlike little boys, fathers should not be seen. Young ladies consider little brothers and small boys generally a very inconvenient fraction of humanity, and frequently express the opinion that they should be, in some indefinite manner, insulated until they shall attain a marriageable age and become interesting for the first time since they escaped from long clothes. It is a little remarkable that no proposition on the same principle has yet been made that when a young lady "comes out" her father should "go in,"—be put to sleep with chloroform or freezing, and kept in a state of suspended animation until the critical moment shall arrive for him to fulfil his destiny by signing checks and marriage-settlements.

Mr. Eustace was a father of the most objectionable type. Oblivious of his own ancient history, and fond of his daughter's society, he could never realize that possibly she would rather talk to some one else than listen to him, or that an enamoured youth would care far more for her lightest badinage than for his solid and well-considered opinions.

He now persisted in expounding to Falconer his views of the French Revolution of 1848, then the latest sensation. Falconer cared no more for Louis Philippe than he did for Genghis Khan: he sought to change the subject to some lighter theme, and endeavored to draw

Miss Eustace into the conversation. He failed signally, for his martyrdom was a favorable circumstance for her views. With papa held in check by Mr. Falconer, supported by the French king, M. de Lamartine, General Cavaignac, and other Gallic celebrities, she could without distraction carry the war into the enemy's country and lay waste the Congaree, or at least so much of its *personnel* as might offer any opposition. So Mr. Eustace held his victim with his glittering eye, and eke with his long tongue, until Falconer, like the much talked-about and talked-to wedding-guest, "beat his breast" metaphorically,—he would have beaten it literally, if that would have done any good,—and for the self-same reason: "he heard the loud bassoon" and a variety of other musical instruments; the sets were forming, and the midshipman Mr. Clare was Miss Eustace's partner.

Ah! wretched Mr. Falconer! Her hair was brown, and braided, and beautiful; her cheeks were dimpled and flushed; her eyes were blue. She wore,—if this chronicler were more skilled in millinery he could better do justice to that costume,—she wore a faintly-tinted blue crape; the puffs of this soft fabric had depths that were not dark; now and then there came to the surface the glister of the blue satin beneath; disposed about it were sprays of wild roses, and she wore a wild rose in her hair. To young ladies nowadays the style in which this dress was made would seem no doubt very old-fashioned; but the light in her eyes, the oval of her face, the color of her hair, constitute a kind of ornamentation that does not go out of vogue. Ah! wretched Mr. Falconer—and hardly less wretched midshipman!

The lieutenant of infantry, her next partner, was of a different type from the vivacious Mr. Clare. He was sentimental, sedate, and as dignified as it is possible for a man of twenty-four to be: upon suitable occasion he could bear himself like a major-general. Patronizing with men, he was with ladies propitiatory and protective, recognizing the duty incumbent upon "men of the

sword" to succor beauty in distress as the most obvious and probable that he could be required to perform. When, however, there were no giants nor dragons nor blue-bearded tyrants from whom to rescue distressed ladies, he was equally at the command of ladies who were not at all distressed,—would dance with them, ride with them, talk to them, sing with them. Young as he was, his style in society was somewhat after the old school, eminently deferential. Thirty years ago the deportment of gentlemen to ladies was much more knightly than at this degenerate day,—at least such is the opinion of those *laudatores temporis acti*, "some fifty, or, by'r Lady, inclining to threescore," who now remember things so long gone by. Lieutenant Forsyth had no little advantage in that peculiar half-worshipping, half-deprecatory manner, then passing away, and now utterly extinct, which characterized the men who flourished when the century was in its teens.

In the course of the evening Miss Eustace and both her newly-found admirers chanced to be upon the veranda near the open window within which her father was still sitting on the sofa beside the luckless Falconer. Having exhausted the French nation, he was expounding the true policy of the Gulf States with reference to the cultivation of the orange and other Southern fruits. Falconer, however, was not edified, and grew especially *distract* because of the conversation outside the window, through which, to his divided apprehension, fragments of Mr. Eustace's views were intermingled like threads of gold in a web of silver.

Miss Eustace.—Oh! what a splendid moon! And, oh, what a beautiful view of the bay! Isn't it lovely?

The Lieutenant and the Middy (in chorus).—Very!

Miss Eustace.—And, oh, I can see the light-house from here!

The Middy.—I beg your pardon, Miss Eustace, but the light-house isn't visible from here. It is around the point.

Mr. Eustace (within).—The lights of

science, Mr. Falconer, have not, in my humble opinion, been sufficiently thrown upon—

Miss Eustace.—It *must* be the light-house. Don't you think it is the light-house, Mr. Forsyth? Can't I see the light-house from here?

The Lieutenant.—I think, Miss Eustace, you can see anything in the world you wish to see.

Miss Eustace.—Oh! Is that a compliment? Isn't it a little too sweeping?

Lieutenant.—Surely it is not for any man to fix a limit to the power of a lady's eyes. That which can break a heart so easily can certainly see a light-house as well where it isn't as where it is.

Mr. Eustace (within).—Nothing can be clearer than that. Anybody who is not as blind as a bat can see with half an eye that the orange and lemon can—

The Middy.—Mr. Forsyth is very acquiescent, Miss Eustace, and thinks it his duty to agree with *young ladies* under all circumstances. Now, as to me, I'm a bluff and honest tar, and always tell the truth, even to the fairest; and the truth is, the light you see is on the store-ship, at anchor off the navy-yard.

Miss Eustace.—You *always* tell the truth? How inconvenient you must find it! Did you ever read the legend of "True Thomas"? The queen of the fairies gave him a tongue that could speak nothing but the truth. And you are True Thomas! Mr. Clare, I had no idea that you were so very *very* old.

The Middy.—Truth is always old, and always young,—old as the hills, and young as this spring's violets. I am only one of its buds.

Mr. Eustace (within).—The plant is now in its most critical stage, and the buds are apt to fall off in great numbers.

Lieutenant (satirically).—What a lovely flower he will be when he is fully blown!

Miss Eustace.—But, even if Mr. Clare is too truthful, how do you defend *yourself* against his charge that you are too acquiescent,—like old Polonius about the clouds, you know,—ready to agree to anything?

Mr. Eustace (within).—Clouds and cloudy weather are very unpropitious, Mr. Falconer; but if you have had your land thoroughly pulverized you can easily repel from your plants these enemies.

Lieutenant.—I repel the insinuation. I admit that I habitually agree with the ladies, but then (bowing) ladies are so uniformly right that I am perfectly justified in accepting their opinions and considering everything else fallacious,—even my own senses.

Mr. Eustace (within).—These appearances are very deceptive, and you cannot be too much on your guard. The second season, however—

Miss Eustace.—Who *was* the wiseacre that said the days of chivalry are over? Here is the Chevalier Bayard himself beginning the world anew in the capacity of a lieutenant of infantry. How little did I think (in pretty mockery), when I came here this evening, that I should meet two such distinguished characters as True Thomas, with the tongue that cannot—er—prevaricate, and Chevalier Bayard, with the tongue that can do nothing else,—if his allegiance to the ladies should require it.

The Middy.—Ha! ha! ha!

Mr. Eustace (within).—Even the most experienced frequently encounter surprises. Indeed, if it is not a contradiction in terms, one ought to expect to be surprised. However, it is the true policy of the South—

The Middy (twirling Miss Eustace's fan, to its imminent danger of fracture, and then rubbing its downy fringe against his moustache,—also downy).—You have now before you, Miss Eustace, like the characters in fairy-stories, the two genii of Truth and Falsehood, Virtue and Vice, and can choose which to follow and imitate—

Miss Eustace (in animated staccato).—Oh! Thank you! Imitate! That is very good, Mr. Clare! Imitate is *good*! I was not before aware that modesty is a quality which so greatly adorns a naval officer!

Lieutenant.—Ha! ha! ha!

At this moment the party on the

veranda moved away, and, as they went, Falconer still heard the vivacious tones of Mr. Clare, but could not discover whether that gentleman was defending himself against the imputation of undue truthfulness or excessive modesty, both of which Miss Eustace had contrived to fasten upon him. Free from this trivial distraction, Falconer was now able to concentrate his attention upon Mr. Eustace's discourse, and possibly acquired a vast deal of valuable information.

In the course of the evening he was released from his Mentor's garrulity, but his liberty only enabled him to comprehend more fully the devastation wrought in his prospects of enjoyment by the ruthless monologist. Miss Eustace's engagements were "ever so many," and he could not secure a single dance. He saw her transferred from one brilliantly-bedecked partner to another, and at supper witnessed the assiduous attentions of half a dozen more fortunate cavaliers. He could only in silent chagrin watch her across the table, which was a carnival of color with the omnipresent Southern flowers and fruits. The balmy breeze came in at the window, a lane of molten silver was on the waters of the bay, the great moon had effaced the stars, the murmur of talk and the ripple of laughter rose continuously on the soft air, and on the veranda outside the band discoursed mellifluously in the moonlight. But paradise was purgatory to poor Mr. Falconer.

II.

THE next day Miss Lilian received several visitors. Mr. Falconer had an uninterrupted audience, Mr. Eustace being out on business, but he failed utterly to make any progress. He sought to lead up to the subject "nearest to his heart," but found her monosyllabic and *distracte*, which unmistakably indicated that *that* subject was just then anything but near to *her* heart. She manifested but scant interest in any topic of his suggestion, but discoursed with animation and delight upon the army, the navy, the Congaree, and cognate themes.

He took his departure, much depressed and marvelling at feminine admiration for martial adornment. He *had* thought Miss Eustace had a soul above buttons; but—"they're all alike," he concluded sadly.

He was succeeded by Clare, who was upon the instant gobbled by Mr. Eustace, and Forsyth, who appeared a few minutes later, with the involuntary assistance of his naval rival, monopolized the young lady's conversation. The unlucky middy made gallant efforts to get loose, but he was in the hands of a man who never permitted himself to be thwarted. Even midshipmen, wise as they are, can sometimes learn from experience; and when Mr. Clare at last made his escape he had a new idea of some practical value,—to wit, that the next time he should call on Miss Eustace he would bring somebody along to talk to the old gentleman. He gravely cast about in his mind upon whom he could devolve so onerous a duty. His choice fell upon a young fellow of his own rank, one Frank Guydon. This gentleman, being engaged to be married, could not, Clare thought, enter the field against him, and, being quiet and taciturn, would no doubt suit the old gentleman well enough. In this last branch of his theory he was very right: how far he was correct in his first supposition is even yet wrapped in mystery. He made overtures to his comrade that very night. "Frank," he said, "you danced with Miss Eustace last evening, didn't you?"

"Yes," replied Guydon. "Pretty as a rose, isn't she?" with sudden enthusiasm.

"I want you to go with me to call on her to-morrow."

"With pleasure; but do you want me to prevent you from committing yourself? Is she as dangerous as that?"

"Dangerous enough; but that isn't it."

"Well, what is it, Edgar?" persisted Guydon. "I know you don't invite me to give me the pleasure of an interview with her. What is it? Out with it."

"Well," began Clare, rather reluctantly, "her father is a tremendous old

bore, and talks incessantly. Now, I want you, like a good fellow, to go with me and entertain the old gentleman. As you are engaged, you would not be interested in the lady, of course."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Guydon; "that is refreshing, and devilish kind of you. I am touched by your faith in me, Edgar. I am, indeed. But don't you know that even married men flirt sometimes? I am only a Benedict by brevet, and yet you trust me! Great is your faith, my dear young friend!"

"I'd rather trust you than John Eustace, Esquire; and the choice lies between you and him. What do you say, Frank? Will you go with me and play fair?"

"Certainly I will; but you must admit that your proposition is rather funny."

According to appointment, this visit was duly paid, but, unfortunately, Clare chanced to be seated nearer to Mr. Eustace than was Guydon. For some occult reason the old gentleman preferred to talk to Clare, and for a reason not at all occult Miss Eustace preferred to talk to Mr. Guydon. He was rather more of a stranger, and she had the true feminine appreciation of novelty. Thus it was that Clare suffered the same tortures on this occasion that he did the day before, with the added pang that he strongly suspected Guydon of playing him false, an impression which was increased by a sly, half-laughing glance which that gentleman cast upon him early in the sitting. Guydon made very pretty play for his share of the game. He was engaged, to be sure, and as true as steel to the absent but not the less adorable Laura, but it is not *défendu* by any section of Cupid's code for lovers to console themselves in the agonies of absence by the most agreeable society which may be attainable, and Guydon rather astonished his friend, who had foolishly underrated his powers of fascination. Everybody knows the superiority of widowers in the respect of success with the fair sex. They have been through the book, so to speak, and have turned back to review. It is all as

familiar to them as a deciphered rebus; but to the bachelor it is full of every variety of puzzling problems, heart-rending "exercises," and awful "examples." In a less degree the engaged man has the same advantage. He has not been through, but he has made considerable progress,—has gone as far as fractions, as it were; and if he should turn back to review, he is likely to be far more successful than the neophyte groping blindly among the elements. Thus, Guydon's style, the fruit of experience, greatly dismayed his fettered friend, who looked on helplessly. Miss Eustace's demeanor, too, was very unsatisfactory: she gave her whole attention to Guydon, and vouchsafed to Clare not even a single glance, which was all in her power to bestow upon him in his present unhappy condition, and "as little as she could do," thought Clare indignantly. "Insatiate archer, would not *two* suffice? She would flirt with the whole fleet if it were in port here." And that was very true.

At length the visitors found themselves in the street.

"What a devil of a time!" exclaimed Clare pettishly, looking at his watch; "nearly four o'clock!"

"As late as that!" cried Guydon innocently. "I thought our visit very short."

"The *devil* you did!" burst out Clare, in a rage. "Now, Frank, if you ever tell this story on me I swear I'll kill you."

Guydon's powers of keeping his countenance had suffered several severe strains to-day; now they gave way utterly; and he laughed loud and long.

Clare drew himself up with great dignity. Then, in the style of thirty years ago, "Mr. Guydon," he said grimly, "I shall expect the satisfaction of a gentleman—"

"Nonsense, Clare! Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Guydon.

"I'm in earnest—"

"Wait a bit," interposed Guydon: "I can't hear anything earnest just yet."

They walked on in silence, Guydon

striving to suppress his merriment, but now and then breaking out with a choking chuckle. Clare so far resisted his rage as to see that he had no decent excuse for shooting his friend, no *casus belli* whatever. After a pause, "Frank," he said, "did you do this thing on purpose?"

"Certainly not. Of course not. Ha! ha! ha!"

"How was it, then? Damn it! quit giggling, and speak out."

"Why, don't you see? The old gentleman had found you a good listener, —ha! ha!—and wanted to talk to you again. And, as I was a stranger to Miss Eustace, she naturally felt some curiosity as to what manner of man I might be. And the accidental position of the chairs threw you into the old gentleman's clutches. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Damn him! I wonder somebody doesn't cut his tongue out. It would be a public blessing."

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!" laughed Guydon.

And, as they made their way to the pier, Guydon faithfully promised and vowed to his now reconciled friend that the details of their visit to Miss Eustace should be kept a profound secret from that day forward for evermore.

"Man proposes," but sometimes woman disposes—and never fails to make mischief. After the departure of the two midshipmen, Mr. Eustace went out to take a mint-julep,—a work of considerable time, as he construed a julep. Then Mr. Forsyth made his appearance, and enjoyed the rare privilege of an uninterrupted interview with Miss Eustace. In the course of the conversation she spoke of the visit of Messrs. Clare and Guydon, giving some details of the latter's views on several points of interest, but failed utterly to mention what Mr. Clare thought or said on these subjects, or any other. Having some ability to put this and that together, Forsyth promptly arrived at the conclusion that Clare's position had again been subordinate, and that he had once more been favored with Mr. Eustace's opinions on matters and things in general.

He lost no time in communicating the "good joke" on Clare to one of his naval friends, and before sunset the untoward result of the midddy's *finesse* became an "open secret," which the junior officers were keeping as such secrets are usually kept.

That evening on board the ship were gathered together several of these merry gentlemen, *les amis intimes* of Clare and Guydon. The two latter presently joined the group, and found the tone of the conversation, to say the least, very unusual. The discourse was of false friends, of broken promises, of the duplicity of Damon, in whom Pythias has confided, and who uses the confidence to supplant his friend. Each gravely-delivered aphorism was received with demonstrations of intense merriment. Clare was at first puzzled, then suspicious, then angry, and when at last, in a burst of general laughter, the disclosure was made that the whole party was aware of his ingenious scheme and its signal failure, he jumped at the conclusion that Guydon had betrayed his confidence. He stood for a moment irresolute; the blood flamed up in his girlish cheek; in another instant he sprang quickly forward, with outstretched hand. A grisly old sea-lion, who looked, but for his uniform, as if he might have been born and bred in the stormy main, laid what might be termed his flipper on the young fellow's shoulder and held him back. There was a wild scuffle of would-be combatants and alert peacemakers, when discipline interposed, and the twain were put under arrest pending an investigation.

And all this serious imbroglia came about from the fact that Mr. Eustace had not in sixty-odd years learned that he ought *sometimes* to hold his tongue and let other people talk a little, and the further fact that Miss Eustace could not be content with three victims at a time, but must needs have four—or more.

III.

THE balminess of the air, the golden splendor of the sub-tropical sunshine, the scenic effects of the deep-blue bay and the deep-blue sky, divided in the

distance by the vague line of Santa Rosa Island, exerted but scant consolatory influence on Mr. Falconer as he stood upon the pier and observed a boat which was pulling steadily across the shining water from the Congaree. In it were Mr. Eustace, his daughter, and Lieutenant Forsyth, and the two gentlemen were laughing in the enjoyment of some joke which apparently Miss Eustace did not equally relish. She smiled faintly when appealed to, but with a trifle of effort, and the expression of her countenance was pensive and regretful.

"Ah, Mr. Falconer!" called out Mr. Eustace as the party landed. "A capital joke! Mr. Clare invited us yesterday to visit the ship to-day, and promised to explain things to me. Well, we went, but found that we could not see him. He is under arrest,—laid by the heels,—by George! not allowed to show his nose on deck. Ha! ha! ha!"

"What has he done?" asked Falconer, in the wild hope that it was treason at least.

"I couldn't find out," replied Mr. Eustace innocently. Forsyth commanded his countenance with an effort. "The officers," continued Mr. Eustace, "were very polite, but all our supplications could not effect poor Mr. Clare's release. Discipline is a great thing, isn't it?"

The party passed on, and Falconer in his heart blessed, not at all "unaware," the regulations of the navy. But the arrest of Mr. Clare, though agreeable, was not a perfect solace to the supplanted lover, for Lieutenant Forsyth was still at large. Falconer resisted the temptation to join the party, and returned to the Plaza, pacing along the shore side of which, "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," he silently inveighed against the un-republican institution of a standing army. "If I had the management of these affairs," he said to himself, unconsciously adopting one of Mr. Eustace's formulæ, "I would strip the fine feathers off these jackdaws and set them to work." His metaphor was a little faulty, certainly; but disappointed lovers should not be held to perfect accuracy as rhetoricians.

He lost very little by his self-denial, for Mr. Eustace, as usual, held the reins of the conversation. His theme, a favorite one, was the future of Pensacola. In those days nobody went there who did not, as it were, take the town under his protection, assume that it was in some sort an invalid, and prescribe for it with more or less judgment,—generally less. The two maladies under which Pensacola was conceived to suffer were, first, that, having a harbor adequate, in the hyperbolic language always employed in that connection, to accommodate the navies of the world, the said navies persistently refused to cast anchor in it, which, in candor it must be said, would have been very unreasonable to expect of them,—if they had anything else in the world to do. The second ailment of the town was that for indefinite distances on the land side there was no soil capable, in the specially strong phrase used in the South to indicate sterility, of "sprouting black-eyed peas." The Pensacola people, however, received with equal composure criticism and condolence, and enjoyed life in a tranquil fashion as it glided past.

A pleasing land of drowsyhead it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass
Forever flushing round a summer sky.

Mr. Eustace deliberately elaborated his vaticinations all the way to the hotel, and the gallant lieutenant, not having been able to address a single observation to Miss Lilian for an hour past, in despair deserted the Eustace standard and betook himself to a billiard-room. As her naval admirer was in limbo, her *preux chevalier* in full retreat, and the civilian Falconer missing, Miss Eustace accepted her father's invitation to go with him for a sail in the bay, and, accordingly, they returned to the pier in search of a certain José Perico, whose boat Mr. Eustace expected to engage.

Thirty years ago a large proportion of the population of Pensacola was of mixed French and Spanish descent, and their dialect was a very peculiar polyglot. They spoke indifferently, in every sense, French, Spanish, and English,—

not one of the three with the purity usually attributed to the native. Indeed, it could hardly be expected that anybody but a born philologist could master three mother-tongues: many people find it difficult to pass muster in one. Each of these languages was used with distinctly foreign idioms and accents, and French and Spanish words were interpolated in English sentences, and *vice versa*, with an effect at once ludicrous and puzzling. Among these gifted people were two brothers, José and Manuel Perico, who, as their names indicate, were of Spanish descent by their father's side; but, their mother being French, they were fully entitled to the use of her *patois*. They each possessed a small sloop-rigged fishing-boat, with which, being fishermen, by hook and, if need were, by crook, they eked out a livelihood. Their boats were frequently chartered for pleasure-excursions, and, without being strictly professional, upon emergency they performed with good acceptance the part of the gay gondolier.

José was on the pier, but just about to go home. He was a tight, wiry little fellow, with olive complexion and coal-black hair and eyes,—intensely foreign in appearance, especially in the fashion of wearing ear-rings.

"No, *Señor nuestras*," said he, when Mr. Eustace had made known his wishes. "*C'est impossible. I go not to-day. My fam'lee is seek. Mon petit niño* have got shill like damn."

"Well, where is Manuel?" demanded Mr. Eustace.

"He gone to navy-yard."

"And there is no other boat here!" said Mr. Eustace, chagrined. Then, with a sudden thought,—"*I'll tell you what, Hossey*,"—thus he pronounced José,—"*I'll sail your boat myself, and pay you all the same.*"

"Oh, no, señor!" replied Perico, with an air of strong objection: "*you capsized and speels yourselves, and lose ze boat, and you and la señorita vill all ze two be drowned. You can't sail my boat.*"

"*I can't sail your boat!*" cried Mr. Eustace in great scorn. "*I could sail the Congaree from here to New York.*"

Not sail your boat! Nonsense! Here's your money. Now get her ready."

The cæcle, overborne by his patron's impetuosity, took the money, and meekly arranged the craft for the little voyage. Mr. Eustace handed his daughter into the boat, stepped in himself, cast off the line, assumed the tiller, and was soon gliding over the shining waters of the bay, being himself

Skipper, mate, and bosun tight,
Cabin-boy, and midshipmite,
And crew of the captain's gig.

Contrary to his very strong convictions, Mr. Eustace did not know everything; and among the few matters about which his information was imperfect was seamanship. He had observed some of the more obvious manœuvres of the boatmen, and in his presumption supposed that he understood the whole science. His objective point was a promontory on the opposite side of the bay, and he expected to reach it without changing his course. Suddenly he discovered that he was going into shore at least a mile above the point, and it became necessary for him to "go about," which, when done by José or Manuel, had seemed easy enough, but, when it became incumbent upon him, bristled with unexpected difficulties. He made the attempt, and got things "tangled," as he expressed it; his daughter was frightened by the very eccentric behavior of the boat, and her exclamations of terror increased the confusion of her father's maritime ideas.

The wind was freshening. The boat, though in full view from the pier, as well as from the frigate, was drifting farther and farther away. The frightened girl could see the limitless sweep of the waters which beyond the mouth of the bay stretched in ever-varying hues to the far horizon. A sea-gull, its white feathers gleaming in the sunshine, poised a moment above them, dipped daintily down to the sparkling blue water, then up and away toward the blue sky. There was no other sail in the bay; no sign of life along the shore; no sound save Mr. Eustace's labored breathing while he struggled with the knots of "Hossey's

damned tackle" in a wild effort to disentangle and do with it something still more absurd than his previous performance.

At this moment Mr. Clare, who, though in durance vile, had a fair view of the bay, cast his sea-going eye upon the little craft in the distance, and observed with some surprise its erratic movements.

"All hands drunk," commented the middy charitably, unconscious of its precious freight.

And at this moment Lieutenant Forsyth closed a brilliant run of forty points and won the game.

And at this moment Falconer, who was now pensively strolling along the pier, had his attention attracted to a group of fishermen who were gazing out upon the water and gesticulating wildly as they talked.

"Damned if that old land-terrapin ain't a-goin' to lose José's boat!" exclaimed one.

"Eh! How? What that you say?" demanded Manuel Perico, who had just returned from the navy-yard. "What you say about José's boat? Hey?"

"Why, that old gentleman and his daughter went off in José's boat awhile ago, and I'm damned if they don't go to the bottom. He knows no more than a cow about a boat."

"Vere is José?" demanded Manuel in much agitation.

"He's gone home."

"*Courez, Pedro!*" called Manuel to an urchin who was fishing off the pier. "Run; tell José to come here queek,—queek. Tell him his boat capsizes in tree minweel. *Vaya, Pedro! Run like le diable.*"

Pedro, with all the ardor of the bearer of exciting news, started off in great haste, and the little group on the pier watched with intent interest the motions of the distant boat, which seemed every moment to grow more and more singular.

"By damn!" cried Manuel, "she'll capsizes! *Ai, qué desgracia!* Vere is José? Ah José! *Adonde está?* Ah! *voilà José!*"

José was breathless with running.

"*Voto á Dios! Sacr-r-re!* Damn!" he swore polyglottically with his first returning respiration, "ze boat will lose! What sort of thing it is!"

By this time Falconer had comprehended the situation. "I'll give you a hundred dollars apiece," he shouted to the two brothers, "to put me on board that boat!"

"All right, m'sieur!" exclaimed José. "Hurry, Manuel! *Le vent* will blow like damn. *Vamos!*"

Although Miss Eustace had at the first irregular movement of the boat given way to natural terror, in the presence of real, deadly, and imminent peril she summoned her fortitude, and in silent and bitter agony awaited the fate that now appeared inevitable. She gazed at the town, which, transfigured by the distance, seemed an enchanted city. She looked at the great ship lying so still off the pier. How hard,—how hard,—she thought, that of all the skilled men on board that vessel not one should come to her relief! She turned her despairing eyes to the sombre forests across the bay,—to the sandy slopes of Santa Rosa Island,—to the navy-yard: the gleam of its embowering shrubbery shone above its wall. Surely from there the perilous situation would be observed, and boats would be despatched to their rescue. But there was no stir or movement, and soon the navy-yard too was left behind. The boat was drifting helplessly toward that remorseless sea which stretched illimitably away till its clear tones were absorbed into the tender tints of the soft blue sky. Ah, how ineffably sweet was life! And to be swept away—so young, so happy—under the smiling skies,—to vanish out of the brilliant sunshine, like the foam that breaks and is seen no more! She averted her white face from the open sea and looked back at the sparkling waters of the bay. Suddenly her heart gave a great bound. A boat was moving toward them rapidly,—so rapidly that she could almost see the distance between them lessening as the seconds flew by.

Her joyous exclamation roused her father from his pondering contemplation

of the labyrinth of cordage into which he had contrived to wreath the simple tackle of the little vessel. His self-esteem had been most cruelly cut down by his ignominious failure as a seaman, and, although on Lilian's account he would gladly welcome the rescue, he would have preferred, had he been alone, to take his chance, and owe his safety, if saved at all, to his own natural gifts and improvised seamanship. He cast one earnest glance at the approaching sail, then fell to work more eagerly than ever upon the hempen problem before him. "If," he said, "I could only get these ropes untwisted and the cursed boat on her course again before they get here!"

Personal fear was not a very prominent trait of Mr. Eustace's character. Indeed, if it may be hinted that a defect lurked among the many perfections he possessed, he was at times a trifle foolhardy, and was ready to defy the Gulf of Mexico if it stood in the way of one of his crotchets. His daughter had implicit faith in her father's abilities, and believed, as he did, that he knew everything and could do anything; and no small addition to the agony of this hour of peril was the humiliation of finding that her confidence in his omnipotence had been misplaced, and that he had undertaken a thing which he actually *could not* accomplish.

As the Doña Juanita—such was the rather grandiose name of Manuel's boat—approached the drifting excursionists, Miss Eustace saw that a tall figure, easily distinguished from the wiry little creoles, was standing in the bow. "Who can it be?" she thought, "Mr. Clare? Mr. Forsyth? No. Mr. Falconer!"

A deep blush mantled her cheek. She looked at him earnestly. There was an intense anxiety in his face, an eager alertness in his attitude; he measured with fiery eyes the distance between the tossing boats. She knew that if in one of those sudden lurches she should be thrown overboard he would spring into the water after her without a moment's hesitation. "And he can't swim a stroke to save his life," she said

to herself. The inconsistent little creature laughed as this thought flashed into her mind, but her eyes were full of tears.

"*¡Ay, Señor nuestras!*" cried José in a tone of bitter reproach, after the two boats had been run alongside and he and Falconer had with some difficulty transferred themselves from one to the other. "*¡Ay!* What sort of thing it is! *Voto á Dios! Sacrr-re!*"

In less than two minutes José had solved the problem which had so puzzled Mr. Eustace, and the two boats were soon beating up the bay. The wind which had brought down the Doña Juanita with such rapidity utterly forbade so speedy a return to the town, and their progress was necessarily very slow. Not too slow for Falconer, however, for Mr. Eustace, in his humiliation, uttered not one syllable, being evidently oblivious of everything around him, and the creole busied himself only in the management of his boat. As Falconer sat beside Miss Eustace, he wished that Pensacola Bay could stretch out indefinitely, and that this enchanted sailing over the sparkling waters—reddening now with the sunset—could continue forever and forever. For in the first moment of agitated meeting he had caught an expression in his lady-love's eyes which had given him a sudden rush of hopefulness. And so cleverly did he avail himself of the turn affairs had taken that by the time they reached the pier Miss Eustace had made the concession that, "Oh, she didn't know. It would all depend on what papa would say."

"And if he consents?" persisted Falconer.

"Oh—well, I always agree with papa," she replied demurely.

And this episode was all undreamed of by the much-meditating Mr. Eustace and the grumbling José.

Now, how was it that this obdurate heart had succumbed so suddenly? Perhaps gratitude had some influence; perhaps she fully appreciated for the first time the strength and ardor of his attachment; perhaps there had been all

along, hidden deep, some half-realized affection; perhaps—But what is this chronicler, that he should attempt to penetrate the mysteries of the feminine heart? At any rate, "True Thomas" and "Chevalier Bayard, Jr." were, despite their buttons, at a doleful discount. The star of the civilian was in the ascendant, and—as every black-coat among us should rejoice to know—so continued. One swallow, however, does not make a summer; and whosoever,

being both landsman and civilian, shall, because of Mr. Falconer's success in bearing away the prize of Miss Eustace's preference from the representative men of the land- and sea-service,—wind and tide and the chapter of accidents all running in his favor,—augur a similar happy fortune for himself in like case, is as conceited as Mr. Eustace, and doubtless doomed to bitter disappointment.

WILLIAM L. MURFREE, SR.

THE FIELD-SPARROW.

(A FABLE FOR POETS.)

SMALLEST of all small minstrels he!
And yet with no half-hearted glee
He twitters in the tall broom-grass,
O'er which capricious shadows pass,
Or, sheltered by the ripening grain,
Hears the cool cadence of the rain.
With the first shaft of morning light
He trims his tiny wings for flight,
And the frail limb that forms his bed
By sunrise is untenanted. . . .
Cloud-filtered from the bending blue,
He feels the dripping of the dew,—
The only hint of sorrow shed
O'er his unruffled heart and head.
Though his blithe breast is quickly stirred
By notes of thrush and mocking-bird,
No envy fills his healthful heart
Because of their melodious art.
Along green boughs their music thrills,
To die amid the distant hills,
Or o'er the leaf-bound valleys sweep,
Where the low wind-songs fall asleep.
Ah! still untouched by envy's smart,
The lowlier lyrics of the heart
In strains unstudied he may bring
With undercurrents of the spring,
And cheerful through bright days or dim
Outpour the songs that gladden him.

WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

CHARLES LAMB'S DRAMATIC ATTEMPTS.

AMERICANS take a peculiar delight in the humor of Charles Lamb, for he is one of the foremost of American humorists. On the roll which is headed by Benjamin Franklin, and on which the latest signatures were made by "Mark Twain" and Mr. Bret Harte, no name shines more brightly than Lamb's. It may be objected by the captious that he was not an American at all; but surely this should not be remembered to his discredit: it was a mere accident of birth. Elia could have taken out his naturalization-papers at any time. It is related that once a worthy Scotchman, commenting on the well-known fact that all the greatest British authors had come from the far side of the Tweed, and citing in proof thereof the names of Burns and Byron and Scott, was met by the query whether Shakespeare was a Scotchman also. Reluctantly enough, it was acknowledged that he was not,—although he had parts not unworthy of that honor. So it is with Charles Lamb. He was an Englishman,—nay, more, a Cockney,—indeed, a Cockney of the strictest sect; but he had parts not unworthy of American adoption. He had humor, high and dry, like that which England is wont to import from America in the original package. At times this humor has the same savor of irreverence toward things held sacred by commonplace humanity. Charles Lamb never hesitated to speak disrespectfully of the equator, and he was forever girding at the ordinary degrees of latitude and longitude. His jests were as smooth as they seemed reckless. He had a gift of imperturbable exaggeration; his inventive mendacity was beyond all praise; he took a proper pride in his ingenious fabrications; and these are all characteristics of the humor to be found freely along the inlets and by the hills of New England and on the prairies and in the sierras of the boundless West. He had a true sense of his

high standing as a matter-of-fact man. Moreover, he had a distaste for the straight way and the broad road, and he had a delight in a quiet tramp along the by-path which pleased him personally,—a quality relished in a new country, where a man may blaze out a track through the woods for himself, and where academic, and even scholastic, methods have hard work to hold their own. Even his mercantile training, in so far as it might be detected, was in his favor in a land whose merchants are princes. And behind the mask were the features of a true man, shrewd, keen, and quick in his judgments, one who might make his way in the New World as in the Old. There is something in the man, as in the writer, which lets him keep step to a Yankee tune. As Wordsworth wrote,—

And you must love him ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.

The Americans loved Lamb early, as they did Carlyle and Præd,—to name two, as dissimilar as may be, of the many British writers who have found their first full appreciation across the Atlantic. Charles Lamb's only acted play met in America a far different fate from that which befell it in England. And his writings were aforesaid and are today more widely read in these United States than in Great Britain.

"Truly was our excellent friend of the genuine line of Yorick," said Leigh Hunt; and, although the phrase is not altogether happy, it serves to recall two of Lamb's chief characteristics,—his humor, and his love of the stage in general and of Shakespeare in particular. That Lamb was fond of the theatre admits of no dispute,—though he was wont to chide his mistress freely. For Shakespeare he had an affection as deep as it was broad. Whenever these two passions crossed each other, the theatre must needs to the wall,—as in the sug-

gestive and paradoxical essay "On the Tragedies of Shakespeare, considered with Reference to their Fitness for Stage-Representation." Yet that essay yields in charm to Elia's delightful papers "On Some of the Old Actors," "On the Acting of Munden," and "On the Artificial Comedy of the Last Century." This last essay it was which Macaulay thought worth while to refute solemnly and at length. I have an idea that if Lamb could have read this posthumous refutation he would have longed to get his hands on Macaulay's bumps to examine his phrenological development.

Lamb's humor has an Oriental extravagance to be expected in one who signed himself "Of the India House," but his phrase had always a clerkly and clean-shaven precision not a little deceptive. In him, as in any other humorist, unusual allowance must be made for the personal equation. A humorist sees things as no one else does. He notes a tiny truth, and he likes it, and straightway he raises it to the *nth*, and, lo ! it is a paradox.

He never meant seriously that the "Restoration Comedies" are sound and wholesome works, as refreshing in their austere morality as the Fathers. Nor does he believe that it is a sin to set Shakespeare's plays on the stage, though a simple-minded reader might think so. The light plays of Wycherly and of Farquhar did not offend Charles Lamb, and the wit delighted him. To him the comedies of Shakespeare lost something of their airy grace, and the tragedies of Shakespeare lost somewhat of their range and elevation, when seen across the foot-lights of the stage. A true lover of Shakespeare from his youth up, he could see more in his mind's eye than the most lavish and learned of stage-managers could give him. But there are relatively few students of Shakespeare, and the mass of common humanity has no mind's eye: it can see only with the eye of the body, and if its sluggish imagination is to stir at all it must be moved by physical means. In the theatre alone is found the sovereign magic

which makes the familiar yet shadowy figures of Shakespeare live and move and start from the printed page into actual existence in the flesh.

Lamb's liking for the drama and for all things pertaining to the drama was second only to his love for Shakespeare. The ever-delightful "Tales from Shakespeare," over which he toiled despairingly, — little masterpieces which amply repaid his travail, — are scarcely more labors of love than the "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who Lived about the Time of Shakespeare." To Lamb, more than to any other, is due the revival of interest in the Elizabethan dramatists. It was the fresh discovery of these old dramatic poets that gave him the impulse to write "John Woodvil." In the modern drama even the inferior contemporary farces were not despised, and some of them are remembered now only because Lamb saw Munden act in them. Once or twice he took up the pen of the regular dramatic critic to bear witness against the play of the hour. Even then he is as gentle almost as when he recalls the comedians of an earlier day: he was not one of those fierce critics who, in Douglas Jerrold's phrase, review a play "as an east wind reviews an apple-tree." The acted drama, the actual stage of the present, was always of interest to Lamb, and served not seldom to suggest happy illustrations for his notes on the poetic drama of the past.

Although only one of Lamb's dramatic pieces got itself acted at last, all of them were written for the stage. He never gave in to the heresy of the unactable drama. His plays were intended to be played, as Shakespeare's were, and Marlowe's, and Chapman's, and those of the other great men whom he loved and lived with. To him, as to them, a play which could not be played was no play at all. A "drama for the closet" is surely a patent absurdity. Unfortunately, the serious drama of Lamb's day was empty and inept; and so he went back for his model to the Elizabethans. He did not consider that the change in the physical conditions of the theatre forced a change

in the form of the drama. The turbulent throng which stood of an afternoon in the uncovered pit of the Globe Theatre to see a boy Lady Macbeth act before a curtain declaring itself to be a royal palace was very different from the decorous audience which sat in Drury Lane to gaze in wonder at the decorations and illuminations contrived by De Lutherbourg for the "Christmas Tale" of David Garrick.

The stage has its changing evolutions, like society, but Lamb, though he might confess the change, did not feel it.

"Hang the age!" he cried; "I'll write for antiquity." Now, Shakespeare, if he were alive, would not write for antiquity. As a practical man, he would make use of every modern improvement. Knowing how needful it is to catch the eye of the public, he would turn to advantage all later devices of scenery and stage-mechanism and electric-lighting. Indeed, I doubt not that were Shakespeare writing for the stage nowadays there would not be wanting dramatic critics to say that he was too "sensational" and to intimate that he catered to the taste of the gallery. Of a truth;—if the digression may be pardoned,—*"Hamlet"* is a very sensational play; it has a ghost, and a duel, and no end of fighting, and an indiscriminate slaughter at the end; and before that consummation a young lady goes mad in white muslin, and there is a clown at the burying, and a fight over her grave. It has something more and other than these physical facts: it has that within which passeth show. But it has the show-part—the mere appeal to the eye—as very few plays have. And in this quality *"Macbeth,"* and the *"Tempest,"* and *"Romeo and Juliet,"* are but little inferior to *"Hamlet."* They could, every one of them, be acted in dumb show before a company of miners just out from the mouth of the coal-pit, and the story would be followed with interest.

This is what Théophile Gautier had in mind when he said that the skeleton of every good drama is a pantomime. Action, of course, is only the bare bones

of a play, and must be covered with the living flesh of poetry. There can be no true life in a piece unless it has a solid skeleton; a play may exist even—as we see in vulgar melodramas—with a scant clothing of verbiage; but the finest poetry cannot give life to a drama unless the bones of its story are well knit and well jointed. This is what the Elizabethans intuitively understood, in spite of the rudeness of their stage. This is what Lamb seems never to have grasped as a vital truth. In externals, *"John Woodvil"* is at times strangely like a minor work of a minor fellow-dramatist of Shakespeare's. We do not wonder that Godwin, happening unawares on the lines,—

To see the sun to bed and to arise,
Like some hot amorist with glowing eyes,

came to Lamb to ask in which of the old dramatists they might be found. In internal structure, however, there is nothing Elizabethan in *"John Woodvil;"* there is no backbone of action; the story is invertebrate.

Lamb knew his own deficiencies in this respect, though he did not recognize their extent or their importance. He wrote to Mrs. Shelley in 1827, while he was engaged on *"The Pawnbroker's Daughter,"* that he could do the dialogue readily enough, "but the damned plot, —I believe I must omit it altogether. The scenes come one after another like geese, not marshalled like cranes or a Hyde Park review. . . . I want some Howard Payne to sketch a skeleton of artfully-succeeding scenes through a whole play, as the courses are arranged in a cookery-book, I to find wit, passion, sentiment, character, and the like trifles; to lay in the dead colors,—I'd Titianesque 'em up; to mark the channel in a cheek (smooth or furrowed, yours or mine), and, where tears should course, I'd draw the water down; to say where a joke should come in, or a pun be left out; to bring my *personæ* on and off like a Beau Nash, and I'd Frankenstein them there; to bring three together on the stage at once,—they are so shy with me that I can get no more than

two, and there they stand until it is the time, without being the season, to withdraw them."

This is a free confession that Lamb did not know the rudiments of the playwright's trade: bating a jot here and there for the exaggeration of the humorist, we may accept this account of his failings. Though he could not help himself, he could give excellent advice to his neighbor. William Godwin did not lose heart after the untimely taking off of his "Antonio," most humorously chronicled by Lamb: he got ready another tragedy, which Kemble declined; and he sketched out a third, which was submitted to Lamb for suggestions. In these Lamb was fertile, and though the seed he dropped fell on stony ground, much of it was worthy of a richer soil. There is a letter of his (to be found in Mr. Kegan Paul's *Life of William Godwin*), wherein he develops out of his friend's feeble plot a strong situation almost identical with the second act of the "Lucrece Borgia" of Victor Hugo. And in a preceding letter he had hit on a situation very like that on which turns the plot of the operatic "La Favorita." These two letters of Lamb's should be studied by all who seek for success on the stage. They are full not only of that criticism of life which is the only true criticism of literature, but of a knowledge of stage-devices, and of the means whereby an audience may be taken captive, very remarkable in one who could not apply his precepts in his own practice and for his own benefit.

Here, for instance, are a few of Lamb's dramatic dicta: "Some such way seems dramatic, and speaks to the eye. . . . These ocular scenes are so many great landmarks, rememberable headlands, and light-houses in the voyage. Macbeth's witch has a good advice to a magic writer, what to do with his spectator:

Show his eyes, and grieve his heart."

"You must not open any of the truth to Dawley by means of a letter. A letter is a feeble messenger on the stage. Somebody, the son of his friend,

must, as a *coup de main*, be exasperated, and obliged to tell the husband."

"I am for introducing situations, sorts of counterparts to situations, which have been tried in other plays,—like, but not the same. On this principle I recommended a friend like Horatio in 'The Fair Penitent,' and on this principle I recommend a situation like Othello with relation to Desdemona's intercession to Cassio. By-scenes may likewise receive hints. The son may see his mother at a mask or feast, as Romeo Juliet. The festivity of the company contrasts with the strong perturbations of the individual. Dawley may be told his wife's past unchastity at a mask by some witch-character, as Macbeth upon the heath, in dark sentences. This may stir his brain and be forgot, but come in aid of stronger proof hereafter. From this, what you will perhaps call whimsical way of counterparting, this honest stealing and original mode of plagiarism, much yet, I think, remains to be sucked."

"I am certain that you must mix up some strong ingredients of distress to give a savor to your pottage. Your hero must *kill a man, or do something*." Earlier in the same letter, Lamb had said, "A tragic auditory wants *blood*," and had warned Godwin not to disappoint them of the tragic ending.

After all, there is nothing so very unusual in the fact that as a critic he knew what ought to be done, although as a dramatist he could not do it. Charles Lamb was a genius, and William Godwin was not; but from a seat in the pit, "John Woodvil," which was never acted, is little or no better a play than "Antonio," which was damned.

"I am the worst hand in the world at a plot," writes Lamb to Godwin, and we can call "John Woodvil" to bear witness to his truth. Strictly speaking, Lamb's tragedy has no plot, although it has a story. It lacks the chain of closely-linked incidents and situations which we are wont to demand in a play. The merits of "John Woodvil" are poetic merely, and dramatic only by accident or in incidentals.

A word or two here as to Lamb's

poetry may be in place. It may be doubted whether, in any strict use of the word, Lamb was a poet at all; but as we write this the memory comes back of "Hester," and of "The Old Familiar Faces," and of certain passages in "John Woodvil," and it seems a harsh judgment. De Quincey, a kindly critic, who credited Lamb's prose with the "rarest felicity of finish and expression," called his verse "very pretty, very elegant, very tender, very beautiful," but thought that he was as one to whom the writing of verse "was a secondary and occasional function; not his original and natural vocation,—not an *ἔργον*, but a *πάρεργον*."

In short, Lamb had his poetic impulses and his poetic moments, but they were not long-lived. In verse, as in prose, he had always something to say, and he said it aptly with care. His is not the polished verse that reflects only the empty image of its writer. Nor is he like that French poet of whom Malibran used to speak; he was rich in words and poor in ideas, and the great singer described him as "trying to make a vapor-bath with a single drop of water." Lamb did not try to make a vapor-bath, and he was never reduced to a single drop of water.

To return to "John Woodvil." The minor characters reveal themselves in their deeds, and they are grouped skillfully to set off the hero. But the hero himself is not a man of action; he is an elegant conversationalist. How Kemble must have longed for the fine speeches which John Woodvil pours forth! They were full of a true poetry he could well appreciate, and exactly suited to his cast of thought and histrionic habit. Yet he was right to reject the play, even had he not had "Antonio" as a warning. There is not much to act in "Woodvil": the man does little or nothing; he talks, and stalks, and talks again; once he seems about to get drunk, which might enliven the story somewhat; and once he fights a duel, but, as he spares his adversary's life, even this pleasing incident lacks finish. The end of the drama is tame beyond endurance on the stage.

If, however, we put down our opera-glasses and read "John Woodvil" quietly by the fireside, there is much to reward us. The character of Margaret is beautifully presented and developed. She is akin to Shakespeare's women both in character and in adventure. Even the manly disguise she dons is a frequent Elizabethan—and, indeed, Shakespearian—device. The dialogue throughout is full of the tricks of the older dramatists,—especially a frequent dropping into rhyme.

At the time Lamb wrote "John Woodvil" he was in the fresh flush of his delight in the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher and Marlowe. In the joy of his discovery of these poets and of their fellows, and the imitative fever it gave him, consciously or unconsciously, he wrote, besides the tragedy, a dramatic sketch called "The Witch." This fills a scant three pages in the collected edition of his poems, but it is an extraordinary production. It might be a fragment recovered from a lost play by the author of "The Duchess of Malfy" or "The White Devil." It has the secret black and midnight atmosphere. "The Witch" is as Elizabethan as "John Woodvil" in external language, and even more so in the internal feeling and thought.

Two other of Lamb's dramatic attempts may be dismissed briefly before taking the one play of his which did undergo the ordeal by fire and was seen by the light of the lamps. One of these was "The Wife's Trial; or, the Intruding Widow," which the author declared to be "a dramatic poem, founded on Mr. Crabbe's tale of 'The Confident.'" It is a story in dialogue, rather than a play, although certain passages in it might not act ill. The other theatrical effort was "The Pawnbroker's Daughter," a farce in two acts. This was founded on his own essay "On the Inconvenience of being Hanged." It was written nearly a score of years after "Mr. H.," and from a letter to Southey it seems as though there was once some hope of its being acted at the Haymarket Theatre.

"'Tis an extravaganza," wrote Lamb, "and like enough to follow 'Mr. H.'"

"The Pawnbroker's Daughter" is a very whimsical piece. Like "Mr. H.," it was quite the equal of the average farce of the first quarter of this century. To us its fault is that it is not above this average. Cutlet is an amusing character, and so is Pendulous: in each of these are to be seen strokes of Lamb's genuine humor. At the fall of the curtain comes the dramatic millennium, when everybody forgives and forgets and is happy.

The one play of Lamb's known to everybody is the two-act farce called "Mr. H.," acted at Drury Lane Theatre December 10, 1806, and damned out of hand. "These are our failures," said Mr. Brummel's valet; and "Mr. H." is, in England, always accounted one of Lamb's failures, and quite the worst of them. It was acted but one night. The prologue was received with great favor, and Lamb, who was sitting with his sister in the front row of the pit, joined in the applause. The curtain fell silently at the end of the first act. During the second, some of the spectators began to hiss, and Lamb went with the crowd, "and hissed and hooted as loudly as any of his neighbors." Talfour tells us that Elliston, who played "Mr. H.," would have tried it again, but "Lamb saw at once that the case was hopeless."

The farce has not been performed since in England, to my knowledge, save only at an amateur performance given in 1822 by the late Charles James Mathews, when the young architect who was one day to be Elliston's legitimate successor as the airiest of light comedians acted in this play, which had been damned at Drury Lane, and in another, which had been damned at Covent Garden,—both of these misfortunes being duly set forth on the play-bill with characteristically impudent humor. And these are the only two appearances of "Mr. H." on the English stage.

The consensus of British criticism is that "Mr. H." was too slight for the stage and too wire-drawn in its humor, and that its failure was what might have been expected. From this view an American—for reasons to be given here-

after—feels called upon to dissent. No doubt "Mr. H." is not one of the author's richest works. Nor, on the other hand, is it as barren and bare as its critics have declared. To my mind, "Mr. H." is not at all a bad farce,—as the farces of the time go. In 1806 popular farces were not required to be as substantial and as instructive as a tragedy. It has scarcely action enough for two acts, but it is no slighter in plot and situation than the flimsy five-act comedies of Frederick Reynolds, whose "Dramatist" and "Notoriety" were very well received in their day and are carefully forgotten in ours. It is "well cut," as the French phrase it,—well planned, well laid out. In the first act is the wonder, the perplexity, the guessing, the questioning as to the name hidden behind the single aspirate. In the second we have the unexpected disclosure, the general repulse, and the happy deliverance. The dialogue is actable,—it is fairly good stage-dialogue, lending itself to the art of the actor; and, while it is not in Lamb's best manner, it is of far higher literary quality than can be found in the faded farces of that time—or of this. The fault of the piece, the fatal fault, was the keeping of the secret from the spectators. To keep a secret is a misconception of true theatrical effect, an improper method of sustaining dramatic suspense. An audience is interested not in what the end may be, but in the means whereby that end is to be reached. Before the play was done, Lamb wrote to Manning (then in China) that "the whole depends on the manner in which the name is brought out." Here was the mistake. It did not depend on the way the name was brought out. If the audience that night had been slyly let into the secret in an early scene, they would have had double enjoyment in watching the futile endeavors of the *dramatis personæ* to divine it, and they would not have been disappointed when Mr. Hogsflesh let slip his full patronymic. Kept in ignorance, the spectators joined the actors in speculation, and when the word was revealed they were not amused by the disgust of

the actors, so annoyed were they that they had been puzzled by a vulgar name. Perhaps, too, there was a certain reaction after the undue expectancy raised by the prologue. Lamb wrote to Wordsworth that the number of friends they "had in the house . . . was astonishing." Now, nothing is so dangerous on the first night of a new play as a large number of friends in the audience. One is greatly inclined to regret that Lamb did not yield to Elliston and let the play be acted again. If it had had a second chance, the injudicious friends would have been absent, and the name of the hero would have been noised abroad, and, once in the possession of this secret, the audience might well have laughed long and heartily at the hero's misadventures.

The reason that an American hazards this supposition is simply that the experiment was tried in these United States and with success. Three months after "Mr. H." was seen at Drury Lane it was brought out in New York, at the Park Theatre, where it was seen for the first time, March 16, 1807. It seems to have made no great hit and no marked failure. Mr. Ireland—whose "Records of the New-York Stage" is the model book of its kind, erudite, ample, and exact—finds no record of the repetition of "Mr. H." until 1824, when it was performed "by desire." In 1812, however, it had been produced by the very remarkable company then gathered at the Chestnut Street Theatre of Philadelphia. Mr. William B. Wood, one of the managers of the theatre, acted Mr. H., and in the highly interesting volume of histrionic autobiography which he published in 1854, under the title of "Personal Recollections of the Stage," he records the result in one brief and pregnant paragraph: "Charles Lamb's excellent farce of 'Mr. H.' met with extraordinary success, and was played an unusual number of nights." It is to be hoped that some kind friend across the water bore these glad tidings to Charles Lamb in London. Mr. Ireland has found that Wood continued to act the part for ten or a dozen years.

"And so I go creeping on," Lamb wrote to Manning, "since I was lamed by that cursed fall from off the top of Drury Lane Theatre into the pit, something more than a year ago. However, I have been free of the house ever since, and the house was pretty free with me upon that occasion."

It cannot be doubted that this freedom of the theatre was a precious privilege to one like Lamb, who had no great store of wealth. It was perhaps the right of admission purchased by "Mr. H." which gave him the chance to study certain of the old actors about whom Elia was to discourse in days to come with ample humor and exact knowledge. To the end Elliston, who had acted Mr. H., remained a prime favorite. To the end the play-house was for Lamb a haven of rest, for there, as he looked across the smoky flare of the footlights into the mystic recesses beyond, he could forget himself and find surcease of sorrow, relief from haunting dread, and recreation after "that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood."

The hour came when Lamb was released from doing his daily stent of labor; but that hour took away perhaps as much as it brought. Comrades began to drop by the wayside, and on the stage, too, the ranks of the old favorites were thinning, and even behind the curtain Lamb missed "the old familiar faces." The hour came when Mary Lamb, who had worked with him over the "Tales from Shakespeare," and who had sat by him in the pit at the hissing of "Mr. H.," was more and more shut out from him in the darkness of a clouded mind. The hour came when Coleridge, the friend to whom he had tied himself in youth, was taken from him. The hour came to Charles Lamb at last, as it must come to all of us, when

We speak of friends and their fortunes,
And of what they did and said,
Till the dead alone seem living,
And the living alone seem dead.

And at last we hardly distinguish
Between the ghosts and the guests,
And a mist and shadow of sadness
Steals over our merriest jests.

J. BRANDER MATTHEWS.

THE STORY OF LITTLE MARY WHITLOW.

THE kitchen of Mrs. Captain Abijah Penniman had a dark, fresh look about it, like sea-weed, and the smell of the salt sea was always mingled in it with that of the cooking. The few pieces of furniture—the wooden chairs and tables—had a waxy brown gloss on them, and the stove was polished after the “similitude of a precious stone.” It was one of those delicate and exclusive kitchens which it is as much of a privilege and a profanation to enter as a royal palace.

Mrs. Penniman, with the salt wind ruffling her gray hair, was standing at the table between the windows, putting the bread to rise, and Captain Penniman and the city boarder were sitting on the piazza on the sea side of the old, low house, which, somehow, seemed to have a dark, waxy gloss to it, like the kitchen furniture.

The daylight had gone, but it was not yet dark enough for stars. The water looked like rippling steel, and the wind blew freshly over it.

Captain Penniman sat tipped back in an old waxy arm-chair, his gray head leaned at a contemplative angle against the brown clapboard, and his blue-stockinged feet, in their wide carpet slippers, dangling out of the baggy gray trousers. There was a fringe of beard like silver wool extending from ear to ear around the full, old face, in which a look of gentle meditation that would have done credit to a mediæval monk struggled to reconcile itself with the hard seams and wrinkles and the weather-beaten texture that age and the buffeting salt winds had brought there. His brown, knotted old hands, calloused with the fierce strain of many a stanch cable in a heavy sea, were folded peacefully upon his breast. Indeed, a gentle peace and contentment was visible in the whole appearance of Captain Abijah Penniman, and probably lay still deeper in his heart, as he sat there in his own

home porch, with the last ship that he would ever sail long ago safe in her port, and let that salt wind that had had the power to move him so blow futilely over him.

The city boarder sat a little way from him, in a little wooden rocker. There was none of the peace of the old man's face in hers: her hands were on the ropes yet, evidently, and her ship all at sea. She had a thin, pale, alert face, and her black hair was put plainly back in a way that signified that the care of her personal appearance was rather a necessity than an anxiety. There was a deep wrinkle between her eyes that showed distinctly in the half light. She looked like a person with a history, as people say; very likely she had one: most of us have. She was all in white, and had a white fluffy shawl closely gathered around her throat; she did not rock, but sat almost rigidly still; the tension of her nerves seemed too strong for her to relax them in that little womanly way. Her thin hands, a little blue from the cool sea-wind, lay, in that stillness which is not repose, in her lap.

The city boarder, whose name was a keen, concentrated one like herself (Kent), was a curious contrast to Captain Penniman, who sat so peacefully by her side. There was in reality a distance between them vastly wider than the extent of that shimmering sheet of steel; no ship that the old captain had ever sailed could have surmounted it.

Miss Kent had been staring fixedly out to sea; now she turned her gaze indifferently up the long stretch of sandy road on the right. A few rods away, on a line with the captain's home, and also fronting the sea, was one of those conventional New-England sea-captains' mansions,—white, and square, and massive, two stories and a half high, with fluted posts at the four corners, and a balustrade extending around the roof, where the captain's wife could

stand safely with her spy-glass when her husband's ship was due in port.

"Who lives in the next house, Captain Penniman?" asked Miss Kent.

It was one of those utterly indifferent questions that every one asks at times. She did not care in the least who lived in the house; it was extremely improbable that she ever should care; but she had the uncomfortable feeling that a long silence between new acquaintances gives one, and felt it incumbent upon her to say something.

She had been here only a few days; she was all alone, and not very strong; and she had a pitiful longing to have these people like her and be friendly. So she softened down her clear, eager voice and keen face as best she might, and asked the question, with a quick, nervous smile on her thin lips, of Captain Abijah.

He looked contemplatively at her for a moment, then at the house in question: the lights had just glimmered out from two windows on the side toward them. "Cap'n Knel Whitlow lives thar," he said at length, with a thoughtful drawl, still keeping his eyes fixed on the house. "The cap'n quit followin' the sea 'bout the same time I did, and settled down." He brought his arm-chair down on all four of its legs, laid a hand on each knee, bent slightly forward, and eyed Miss Kent with a look of meditative doubt. He was a little afraid of her, to tell the truth; women of her stamp he had not fallen in with much; he would have been surer of his ground with a strange sea-monster,—though poor Miss Kent was not in the least a monster. "I don't suppose," he said at length, cautiously feeling his way with his words, "that you ever heard o' little Mary Whitlow?"

"No," replied Miss Kent, drawing her fluffy shawl a little closer, and facing more toward him. "What of her, Captain Penniman?"

"I don't b'lieve you'd care to hear about it," he said deprecatingly. "It's a queer story."

"Indeed I should; I like very much to hear queer stories," she said, laughing

with a nervous effort to be cordial and sprightly.

"Wall, I don't know as I mind tellin' it, if you'd like to hear, though it's a queer story,—a queer story,—and I don't s'pose you kin b'lieve it if you try. I don't really know, sometimes, whether I b'lieve it myself; kinder doubt the evidence of my own eyes, 'cause it don't seem rational to do anythin' else. And if I find it hard to put any stock in it, when I see what I did, I don't know what you kin do, when you never knew anythin' about it, and live inland, too. It makes a deal of difference, livin' and bein' on the sea, and near the sea, about b'lievin' such things; thar's a kind o' wideness and reachin' out about it that makes it seem likely that it may hold things that folks don't credit bein' at all, generally speakin'. Thar's plenty of room in the wideness for flyin' Dutchmen and any kind of ghosts to have been wanderin' round for thousands of years before they brought up at this port at all, and thar don't seem to be so much surprisin' about it."

Miss Kent looked at him curiously with her dark bright eyes. "Here is an unworked vein of poetry," she thought. "But it may be just as well: the working might have ruined the worker," she added to herself a little bitterly.

"Wall, Flyin' Dutchmen ain't anythin' to do with little Mary Whitlow," the old man went on, "and she didn't have anythin' to do with the sea, only my bein' near it made it easier for me to b'lieve some queer things that happened about her. Little Mary was the only child Cap'n Knel Whitlow and his wife ever had, and she was the prettiest little girl you ever saw.

"She was only six years old when the cap'n quit the sea, and small, at that, for her age. Her hair was yellow and curly, and hung down to her waist. Her eyes were big, and dark blue, and thar was a kind of an askin' look in them always, as if she was lookin' at the sea (it's very apt to give that kind of look to folks' eyes, if you notice it), and I never saw anythin' like her skin! I'd a'most have

thought she'd been livin' in one of them big pink shells I've seen layin' along the shores where I've been; thar was just that kind of a pearly look about her face, as if the color of the shell had been kind o' reflected on it, and stayed on.

"Wall, the cap'n and Mis' Whitlow set their eyes by the child, of course; she was the only one they had, and wasn't born till they'd been married a good many years, let alone her bein' so takin'. She was just as good as a kitten, —never seemed to be naughty like other children; she never used to be round with other children much; she'd always been kinder delicate, and her mother had kept her at home with her, and never sent her to school.

"I've seen her settin' down 'side of her mother sewin' patchwork like a little woman, when I've been thar. Sometimes I used to think she'd been better out, runnin'; but her mother couldn't bear her out of her sight, or her father either, when he came home. I never see anybody seem to think so much of a child as he did of her; I've seen her settin' on his knee many a time, and he a-lookin' at her as I never see a man look at anythin' on this earth 'cept gold; and she was gold and honey and pearls, if ever a child was. My children was all grown up, and married, and off, and I used to go in thar a good deal to see the cap'n, and I got to thinkin' a good deal of her myself. Fact was, all the folk round here did; thar wasn't one of them but petted her every chance they could get: Mrs. Penniman thought as much of her as I did.

"Wall, the child, on account of bein' alone with older folks so much, and not playin' any more with other children, I s'pose, had got some kind of queer notions into her head. We used to laugh at them, and think it was cunnin', but sometimes I used to feel kinder cur'us about it, for it didn't seem as if it was nateral in a child to have such ideas; and, as a general plan, things an' folks that are out of the nateral don't last long, if you ever noticed it.

"One queer notion she had (and thar was a good many just as queer that I

can't remember) was about the stars comin' out of an evenin' over the sea: she named the brightest and biggest ones after the prophets. You see, she'd had the Bible read to her a good deal, and she could rattle off every one of them like a little parrot.

"I can see her now, just as she used to look, standin' thar at the front window of that room where you see the light, lookin' out over the sea, when the sun had gone down, watchin' for the stars. Her yellow curls would be flyin', and her eyes shinin' just like stars themselves; and thar we would sit a-watchin' her, and a-smilin' to each other. Then how she would shout when she saw one! And laugh! —it sounded like a lot of silver bells! The first one was Elijah, if I remember rightly. 'Thar's 'Lijah!' she'd holler, and turn round and laugh at us.

"Then thar was Nehemiah and Zachariah and all the rest; she didn't say them more than half right, with her little sweet bit of a voice (she hadn't had any schoolin', on account of her bein' delicate, and I suppose she was a little behind most girls of her age), and how we would laugh!

"But thar was one cur'us thing about it: thar was one star she never would tell us the name of; it was the biggest and brightest of the whole lot.

"I really believe thar it is now!" cried the captain, putting his hand to his eyes, and gazing intently. "Yes, that's the very one! I s'pose you know what the right name is?"

"Venus," said Miss Kent.

"I s'pose so. Wall, I don't know what ever that child had named it, but we couldn't make her tell us, anyhow. I'd try to hire her with pepp'mints, and she'd look at them so wishful that it was enough to make anybody cry, but she wouldn't budge an inch; and her father would talk to her, and tell her she didn't love him, because she wouldn't tell, till she would cry as if her little heart would break, but she never would tell the name she'd given to that star. But sometimes I'd see her stand and look, and look, and look at it, with her

great blue solemn eyes, till I was all of a shiver, without knowin' why. It almost seemed as if she saw somethin' about it that we didn't.

"Wall, thar was a good many queer ideas that she'd got, as I said, but I believe the queerest of them all was the one about Portland. You know all the folks round here, when thar's any extra tradin' to do, always go thar. Of course her father and mother had been a good many times, and I suppose she'd heard a good deal about it, off and on; and the little thing, ever since she had been big enough to talk, or know anything, had been crazy to go to Portland. I don't know, and never did, exactly, how it happened, that they never took her, when she teased so hard to go; they generally was 'most ready to cut their fingers off to please her. I s'pose it must have been along of her bein' so delicate always, and it's bein' a pretty long, hard ride to Portland: I dare say they was so tender of her that they was afraid to risk it. Anyhow, the pretty little bird was always talkin' about goin' to Portland, and always wantin' to be told somethin' about it.

"When did you go to Portland, Uncle 'Bijah?' (she always called me Uncle 'Bijah'), she would ask. She would climb up on my knee and put her little bit of a slim arm round my neck. Oh, Lord! I remember just how she used to do it."

Miss Kent sat rigidly quiet, listening, her bright, keen eyes fixed on his face.

"Tell me what you saw in Portland, Uncle 'Bijah,' she would say," the captain went on in an unsteady voice; "and—I don't know exactly how it happened, but I did it, and they all did it—we took to tellin' her pretty steep yarns about what we'd seen thar.

"You see, she was such a sober, in-earnest little thing, and would look at you so with those great, longin' eyes and drink in every word, that, through our very lovin' her so much, we took to humbuggin' her a little.

"So, when she'd ask me what I'd seen in Portland, I'd spin a yarn about a garden where the dolls hung in rows

on the branches of the trees and sugar-plums grew on the bushes; and her father, maybe, would tell her about little pink ponies, with white silk manes and tails, harnessed in big pink shells for carriages; and somebody else would tell her some story that was bigger still.

"You see, we kinder made a fairy-land out of Portland, and told stories about it to please her; thar wasn't really any harm in it,—only the little thing believed every single word we told her. Her mother always said 'twas too bad, she'd be so disappointed when she went thar: she never would tell her stories about it herself.

"Thar was one story told her about Portland which made the greatest impression on her of all: she never forgot it. It was too bad to tell it, but the girl herself didn't think how it sounded, and the rest of us didn't, till all of a sudden it struck us.

"You see, Hannah Simmons, their next neighbor's daughter on the other side, had just been to Portland; she was a girl about seventeen or eighteen then, and a master hand to carry on. She thought the world of little Mary Whitlow, like all the rest of us.

"That night, after she'd got home, she was in to Cap'n Whitlow's, and had Mary in her lap, tellin' her what she'd seen in Portland. I was in the settin'-room (whar the light is), so was my wife, an' the cap'n and his wife.

"Hannah was tellin' her that the streets in Portland wasn't like what they was here, all sand.

"What are they?" says Mary, lookin' at her with her big wonderin' eyes.

"Oh, they're paved," says Hannah.

"What with?" says the little thing.

"With gold," says Hannah, quick as a flash; "with great blocks of gold."

"Then how the little thing stared! and Hannah winked at us.

"The houses ain't like the houses here, wood and painted," Hannah went on, keepin' her face sober, while little Mary looked straight at her. "They're white marble, and they stay clean without any sweepin' or washin', and all the folks sit in the windows and sing all

day. I had a splendid time; but I had to hurry out, for fear they'd lock the gates on me.'

"What's the gate made of?" says the little thing. She always used to ask what everything was made of.

"Pearl," says Hannah, before she thought.

"Then Mis' Whitlow just screamed out, 'Why, Hannah Simmons, you've been tellin' her about the New Jerusalem!'

"Hannah looked scared; she hadn't had any idea of it, but she seen what it had sounded like, and we all did.

"Somehow, it kinder sobered us. I don't know why, but Mis' Whitlow took Mary right off to bed, and thar wasn't anythin' more said about Portland that night to her. But she never forgot it: she'd have it over and over about the gold streets in Portland, and the marble houses, and the pearl gate, and she was crazier than ever to go. I don't know, but at the last the cap'n and his wife actually dreaded to take her and have her find out the truth about it; I don't think I should like to have seen the look in those sober eyes of hers when she seen it. Deceivin' a little, ignerant, trustin' child, even when it's done mostly because you love it and want to please it, ain't just squar', after all.

"All of a sudden the little thing was taken sick and died; she wasn't sick long, only a few days: I don't know what they called it. I think she just died of the Lord's wantin' her. She was out of her head all the time she was sick, and she didn't talk of anythin' but Portland: it seemed as if it would about kill them to hear her.

"I went in thar the day she died, in the forenoon. She died just about the time when the stars came out, and she was babblin' about the gold streets in Portland, and the folks singin' thar. Her pretty hair was all over the pillow, and her poor little cheeks were as white as snow. She didn't know me, but just kept right on about Portland.

"The folks all sing,' she would say, and her eyes looked so bright and sol-

emn. 'Just hear them! The little pink ponies are goin' down the gold street.' She mixed up all we had ever told her together.

"I don't suppose you will take much stock in this, Miss Kent, but I'm goin' to finish it all up and tell the whole, now I've begun. You see, all the cap'n's folks came from Portland; they've all died off now, and they're buried thar; and he and Mis' Whitlow wanted to take Mary thar when she died.

"We had the funeral here in the afternoon, and just about sunset they started,—the cap'n and his wife in a two-seated covered wagon, with Mr. Simmons and his wife, from the next house (they wanted me and my wife to go, but I couldn't bear the idea of goin' with that dear, blessed little thing to Portland *that way*), and the little coffin in a wagon behind, with Mr. Simmons's oldest son drivin'; they had it behind because Mis' Whitlow took on so 'bout seein' it all the way right before her eyes.

"I was settin' in the bedroom window, on that end of the house, when they came past. It was just about dark, but I seen, plain as I ever seen anythin' in this world, that blessed child settin' in her little coffin in the wagon, goin' to Portland. Thar she was, just as she always looked,—her yellow curls flyin' back, and her sweet little face lookin' up, in her little white shroud.

"I leaned my head 'way out of the window, and I could see her as long as they were in sight,—that little bit of a white form, sittin' thar, so straight and still, goin' to Portland. Thar's one thing about it, I believe the blessed little thing found Portland just as she'd thought it was; and it wouldn't make any difference to her if she had to call it by a different name."

Captain Abijah ended with a sob.

Miss Kent was rocking gently to and fro, with tears in her bright, eager eyes, and the light from the windows of the Whitlow sitting-room shone dimly on both their faces.

MARY E. WILKINS.

ASHORE WITH A FLORIDA SPONGER.

IT had been a part of the bargain by which I had engaged Captain B—— as sailing-master of the sharpie in which I was cruising southward from Cedar Keys, that he should be permitted to make a brief stoppage at his house. Accordingly, finding ourselves at last quietly anchored (and glad of it!) behind Horse Island, one Sunday morning about Christmas, Cap'n informed me that he was close at home, and claimed his privilege of going ashore. Moreover, he invited me to go with him, intending to return that evening.

To this plan I readily listened, and, leaving proper directions with the Bahama negro who combined in his sable person all of the crew and the hands (if not always the head) of the cook, Cap'n and myself entered that contumacious little craft called a dinky, and began our excursion to the home of a genuine son of the reefs and the pine-barrens,—on shore a thorough Florida cracker, one of the ablest of spongers when afloat.

An angry forenoon it was,—a chilly wind blowing off shore, the tide racing out, and dense rain-clouds menacing the earth all around the sky. Every element conspired to oppose us except fire, and even that flashed ominously now and then to the eastward.

Horse Island is a wooded reef at the entrance of an extensive bay and series of grass-grown bayous interspersed with oyster-rocks, indenting the Gulf coast of Florida, nearly midway between Cedar Keys and Punta Rassa. Through its winds a channel of sufficient depth for sloops to go quite to the mainland, where a scattered settlement exists, composed mainly of persons related to one another by blood or marriage, or both.

The captain said this bay had no name, and he had never heard the word *Pithlochascotée*, which the War Department's map of 1856 applies to what evidently is this indentation. A man

whom I talked with later about it, and who has lived all his life on this coast, said the name was *Chislophicotee* (reversing the syllables),—a river-entrance he had always supposed to lie a few miles northward of here. A citizen of Cedar Keys, who has made intelligent study of these matters, mentioned *Pithlochascotée* to me in his list of local Indian words, however, and told me it meant "a place where boats were built." Circumstances would favor canoe-building here, so that I think the map must be right; but the doubt shows how much of an *exploration* sort of interest remains hereaway for the traveller, though these shores are almost the oldest upon which white men have set foot in the New World.

Having landed, stiff with cold and constraint, we walked up along a faint causeway-road frequently overflowed as an effect of the late excessive rains. Ducks and snipes were in great plenty, and I could have shot dozens had I brought my gun with me; though in that case they might have been conspicuous by their absence. Two homesteads stood on the border of the woods, the guava- and banana-trees in their door-yards wilted under unusual frosts, and the temporary absence of their tenants indicated by the splint-bottomed chairs blocking the door-ways in lieu of bolts and bars. Presently we overtook the people among the pine-trees that covered the flat face of the land in all directions, with a knee-high undergrowth of young palmettoes between. Two young men sat in a two-wheeled cart drawn by small oxen (having an errand to do), but all the rest, men, women, and children, in holiday clothes, were walking up to visit the cap'n's father. Their little ones kept them at too slow a pace for us, and after a few words of greeting we strode on more rapidly.

The road led us through a swamp where flourished in matted entanglement

all the trees, hard and soft, evergreen and deciduous, that this part of the world counts in its *sylva*, from the Spanish bayonet and cabbage-palm, to the splendidly glossy magnolia, the brittle pitch-pine, the tough and scraggy cypress, and oaks dripping ancient moss. Knit together by grape-vines, creepers of various sizes, and climbing vines bearing thorns and prickles, choked with undershrubs and fallen logs, humanity could make a thoroughfare only by vigorous help from the axe, and the panther and serpent find these recesses their favorite lair.

Such a swamp-jungle in the dry, sandy pine-woods is called a hammock, and affords the only really fertile land in the region. *Hammock* is a word of very uncertain origin, and its correctness, as applied above, has been criticised; but Bartram, in his "Travels," written a century and more ago, found the term in use, and himself adopts it in his scientific narrative. Perhaps it was suggested by the hammock-like sag of the surface of the ground in these depressions, the Indian (Brazilian) spelling of the word being *hamacas*, meaning a swinging bed. The similar Floridan word *hummock* must not be confounded with this, for it signifies an elevated dry spot in the Everglades or any other overflowed region, coming near its ordinary definition of "a hillock."

There had been some pretence heretofore of dry feet; but after passing this hammock we felt no obligation to avoid a puddle if to step aside cost more trouble than to go through it.

After we had walked about two miles, the ground made a slight ascent, and we heard a dog bark viciously, but with no breeding in his voice: so that I knew he was a yellow cur before I saw him. A moment afterward a small house came into view through the slender tree-trunks, and Cap'n pointed it out as his, with the pride of modest ownership. It was a ten-by-twelve log cabin, unchinked, and perched up on posts two feet high, though the ground was sandy and dry as bone-dust. Beside it spread a grassless space, with here and there a droop-

ing bush, and some relics of flower-beds defined by bleached conch-shells. On the farther border of this door-yard stood the larger house of Cap'n's father-in-law.

His name proved to be William Fyarson; but when Cap'n first mentioned it to me I could make nothing out of his thick pronunciation, and asked him to spell it for me. He thought a few moments, then gave me the following:

"W-a-i-m, *William*; F-a-i-m, *Fyarson*."

There was phonetic spelling for you!

Indeed, when Cap'n came to introduce me to his relatives, I found him equally at a loss to utter my name, and I had to help him out—something I made no bones of doing—repeatedly, for it is embarrassing to simple-minded folks to be in doubt as to the patronymic of a stranger to whom they wish to be civil.

Their welcome to me, indeed, was very hearty and whole-souled, and without any suspicion that I might not consider their house and furniture good enough for anybody,—even if he came from New York and was their employer. It was native, independent politeness.

In a little while the walkers came up, and we had a houseful. Chairs were few; so the children—seven barefooted, tow-headed girls, from six to sixteen—dropped upon the floor, and one of the young men took his rather pretty and gypsy-looking wife upon his lap, where she contentedly smoked a black clay pipe, and caressed his thin yellow whiskers from time to time, while the family gossip went on pretty fast for Floridan people, who have plenty of time and no call to speak hurriedly.

The room in which we sat took up the whole of the house proper, and was perhaps twenty by twenty-four feet in area. It had no window at all, if I remember aright; but this was small loss, for the doors were always open. These doors were of thin boards nailed together, hung on wooden hinges, and locked by the old-fashioned latch-string,—if ever they were locked! Against the rear of the house stood a lean-to, containing two

bedrooms, and in front was a porch of poles and slabs.

The walls of this house had been carefully chinked when first built, but the mud and battens had rattled out in many places, so that there was no lack of ventilation. The floor was of hewn planks, made smooth by the shuffling of many feet, and elevated some distance above the ground, forming an admirable play-house beneath for dogs, chickens, pigs, and children, whose presence and quarrels there made a constant undertone in the conversation. There was a loft, reached by a shaky ladder, but it was used only for storage.

The end of the room was occupied for nearly its whole width by a fireplace, which supported upon its stone walls a huge chimney, altogether too big to be taken into the house, and so left outside for the main part. Before the fireplace a wide earthen hearth had been heaped to a level with the floor, and the planking stopped more than a yard away from the ordinary fire, leaving a kind of little garden in the room, where small weeds sprouted in protected corners.

A few minutes after our arrival dinner was announced, and all the men went out on the front porch to make their toilet. This done, as attested by our shining, slick-combed hair, we were led out of the house to a separate log building a few feet distant, where we sat down to a big dinner, while the women waited upon us, bringing hot dishes from the fireplace where the cooking was done, and putting a troop of curious children to flight every time they approached the door. Old Mr. Fyerson sat at the head of the table, and honored me by a seat on his left hand. The dinner was plentiful; but since eating it I wonder less at the pinched appearance of the people generally than before. It consisted of fried salt pork, boiled pork and beans, boiled potatoes (Irish and sweet) and turnips, corn-bread, soda-biscuits (very yellow), molasses, and dried-apple sauce. Of these and some other things there were heaps on the table; but of it all nothing whatever,

except the sweet potatoes, well cooked. Coffee was given us, too, but it was weak and tasteless. I tell these unpleasant facts not ungraciously, but to show that, with an abundance of good enough material, no joy in eating or fair nutrition was to be had, because of complete ignorance how to prepare the food. I was hungry, and took my share of the dinner, as I have done of far worse ones; but if I ate such meals daily I should expect to drop into a regular cracker in spite of everything else. The spirit of hospitality with which it was given could not be excelled; neither could the picturesque earnestness of the old man when he spread his gnarled hands above the coarse food and asked a blessing long and full of terms obsolete in the modern phraseology of prayer.

After dinner I asked some questions about Indian mounds, when one of the young men at once offered to show me one that had never been opened. We had brought with us from the yacht a long shovel for this purpose, and at once all the men and boys of the party, except the grandfather, started off.

In the wet edge of the swamp we came to a rounded hillock of earth piled up to the height of perhaps fifteen feet above the general level. Tradition said a fierce battle had been fought in this neighborhood during some incursion of Georgia Indians against the dwellers in the peninsula, and I was regaled by the queer way in which one of the spectators dug this story bit by bit out of himself, just as I slowly delved a trench into the mound. But his mental burrowing was far more productive than my material excavation, for nothing could be brought to light better than hard sand and sticks, except a rusty old wrought nail. If I had had time, and could have imposed on the patience of the rest to go to the bottom, I presume we should have found skeletons. However, it was reported by Cap'n and a youngster that in another part of the woods, outside of the little swamp, stood a mound which had been so levelled by the washing of the rain and the heaving

action of forest-roots that the pigs and dogs had dug out bones, and that it appeared to contain a great number of skeletons helter-skelter.

So we shouldered our tools and walked across, talking about the habits of the Everglades Indians, who have adopted some bits of civilization and left others, until their life is a very strange mosaic of English, Spanish, and Indian. The woods were open, and the trees small,—uniform soft pine. Grass grew scantily through the snow-white sand that formed a thin layer upon the surface of the earth, having been washed clean of black *humus* by the rains; and the fan-shaped palmetto fronds were scattered in clumps instead of generally distributed. The sun smote warmly through the thin foliage, inducing several sorts of small birds to keep up a subdued chattering, through which the clear whistling of the cardinal, the sharp scream of a jay, or the rattling, raucous cry of a woodpecker occasionally thrust its keener notes. We thought we were to have a pleasant day.

By and by one of the men paused and kicked a brown object with his foot. It was a human shoulder-blade embrowned with long burial. Just ahead stood a low mound, which had already been disturbed, and about it were scattered various osseous fragments. It was a large grave-mound, where, the tradition said, had been buried a heap of the slain in a battle; but possibly the battle grew out of the mound into local history, instead of the mound out of the battle.

The cap'n began digging with the shovel, I watching him jealously, for it generally happens that the crashing of the iron through an object is the first intimation of its discovery. When he exposed anything suspicious, I took a large shell of *Sycotypus*, the "horse-conch," and scooped away the yielding soil until the object was carefully exhumed. In this I was adopting the tool of the Indian grave-makers, for their shovels in earth-heaping were made from these shells.

We had thus drawn out several arm- and leg-bones, when the top of a skull became visible,—it was only a few inches

under the grass-roots,—and shells, sticks, and finger-ends were plied to rake away the earth from around it. It was broken, and lay upon a mingled mass of other bones, and we turned our attention to working underneath them, when the sky became suddenly overcast and a heavy shower set in. None of the men were prepared (in their Sunday rig) to face it, and I was reluctantly obliged to follow them hastily to the house, leaving our shovel, for we intended to return after the shower.

Instead of a shower, however, a steady rain settled down for the whole day, and I could only explore Mr. Fyerson's weedy banana-patch for flints. My search resulted in getting some rude arrow-heads, a skin-scraper, and one good knife, with several flint-chips and a hammer-stone. All these objects, except the last, were made of a chert looking somewhat like buhr-stone; this kind of stone occurs nowhere near, that I could discover, and, unless it was got from chance "erratics," it must have been procured by trade with tribes much farther northward. These are the merest hints of the vast field on the west coast of Florida for study into the traces of aboriginal life before Europeans came. Mounds and shell-heaps and village-sites are scattered by hundreds all along the water-side, and they continued to grow long after white men were seen.

When my entertainers found me so much interested in these matters, they brought out a pipe that had been picked up on a shell-heap, and which I tried hard to buy; but they would not part with it, because it belonged to an absent member of the household. Afterward I dug up one of these pipes for myself from a shell-heap on Tampa Bay, where broken Spanish earthenware was mixed with the sun-dried, cord-marked pottery of the Indians, and stone arrow-heads were mingled with wrought nails. The pipes were both bowls of clay, ending in a point below. They were made in Holland, and doubtless belonged to some of the Spanish invaders who, from De Soto onward, set foot on the Gulf coast of the United States.

Toward evening, a lull in the chill rain was taken advantage of by the visitors to go home; not, however, until they had lent their help toward the killing of a young porker. His flesh was so well given out (our ship-stores received an accession of tender outlets) that a small percentage remained for the ones for whose benefit, ostensibly, he had been sacrificed. Cap'n and I decided to accept the old man's advice and stay where we were until morning.

We found him, when we went in after seeing the others off, quietly sermonizing to the children, who had gathered about the fireplace, and then we all sat down to read a little; or, at least, the old gentleman and I did, while the cap'n went off to his own house, and Mrs. Fyerson sat down by the fire with her elbows on her knees and gazed at the ashes, smoking a black clay pipe, while her daughter, a shy, German-looking girl of eighteen or twenty, sat in the opposite corner and sucked a snuff-stick. There were a dozen or more books in the house, with a lot of religious papers of the weakest stamp. Among the books I only remember an antiquated "Lives of the Presidents," and Milburn's "Rifle, Axe, and Saddle-Bags," on which I fastened at once.

When it had grown dark, supper was out of the way, and a big fire had been set ablaze to expel the chill dampness creeping in through the long cracks, we sat and had what the old man called a "right good talk."

From his tall form and squarely angular face I felt sure he was not a Floridian (or Floridian, as he pronounced it), and was not surprised to learn he had been born in No'th Ca'liny, and never had seen a place that suited him so well. He had left it when a boy, and did not go back until he was drafted into the Rebellion and sent to the Army of Virginia. In the trenches before Petersburg he was shot in the thigh, and sent to the hospital. While he lay there, news came of the storming and capture of the town. It seems to have been expected, for everybody who was able to travel had been warned and had left;

yet there were many too feeble, or, like our friend, wounded in the legs, who could not move. The surgeon of the hospital came in, saying, "Boys, the Yankees are in the city, and will be here in a few minutes. If any of you can go, you'd better try it now. I'm going to stay with you who can't leave, and take care of you."

A faint cheer answered him, and a little later a Federal officer and a squad of blue-coats entered. The doctor saluted them and stated his position. He was left in charge of the hospital, and two weeks later given a pass through the lines, with the thanks of the Union commander.

"That man saved my life," said Fyerson, and evidently thought him the greatest hero he had ever known.

Then the talk drifted to Florida and the wilderness. Deer were very common in winter, the boys often seeing them from the house and chasing them down with dogs close by. Venison was cheaper than beef, though it was also a cattle-country. Panthers and black bears were numerous, too; and I forget how many wild-cats the family had killed, but it was a large number,—some of them inside the garden fence, allured too close by the hope of poultry.

It was a pleasant, homely evening, and taught me much of the ways of simple folk, who listened to me when I described city life and New York as little children listen to wonderful tales. Finally, bedtime came, and, bidding me a kind good-night, the old couple went somewhere—I wonder where?—to their rest, leaving the whole big room and wide fireplace and dreadfully ridgy bed in the corner to me; and I improved the opportunity by a good sleep, disturbed only by an owl upon the ridge-pole.

In the morning, we were all up by five o'clock, and the little girls, who slept in the room next to me, were awake long earlier, as I knew by their subdued chattering. The sun shone now and then through broken clouds, the wind was southerly, and it looked as though the day was to be fair; but, alas! by the time breakfast was

ready a shower came with it. Nevertheless, the cap'n and I started back to the yacht. It was for this that the villainous rain had been waiting: when it had enticed us well away from home, the downpour began. If the hammock had been wet before, now it was flooded. To avoid the pools was no more possible than to dodge the drops. I was alone here, for the cap'n had gone aside to get our shovel from the mound, where it had been left, and, to give him speed, I was carrying his rifle and a pillow-case filled with his Sunday togs. Encumbered with these things, I soon abandoned the dangerous experiment of leaping from one to another of the prostrate and slippery stems of the palmettoes, and boldly waded, regardless of saturated feet. The dank recesses of this tangled swamp escaped, the storm beat so heavily that out of respect to the cap'n's luggage I took refuge in the camp of a young settler who had just begun his homestead-farm here in the woods and was clearing some of the lowlands for his crops. He proposed to plant vegetables, chiefly cabbages, but complained that the rabbits were so numerous he would have to be very vigilant in order to preserve his crop.

He intended to start an orange-grove also, and had bought two hundred young trees as a beginning. Most of these he would set out on the sandy pine-knoll where he proposed to build his house.

He had forty acres of ground, purchased from the State at a cost of thirty-seven dollars. In the interior he could have bought one hundred and sixty acres of United States lands for fourteen dollars, but thought it best to be near an outlet for his produce. He had here a root-cutter he had bought for fifty cents, and said he would not take two dollars for it. It was only a knife as big as a sabre, rudely hammered out by some blacksmith and mounted in a rough frame like a plough. There is no sort of woodland where such an instrument would be so serviceable as these hammocks.

His hut was a six-by-eight crib of logs, with a cypress-slab roof and a heap of corn-husks for carpet and bedding. There was no chinking, and the rain blew through and through it. He cursed the weather roundly, for this endless storm was interfering most seriously with his work, and vowed he'd leave the place and go away on a visit if it wasn't for his hog,—a skinny black thing that had already eaten more corn than his weight in pork would pay for.

By this the cap'n had come; and, as there seemed no let-up to the storm and we could get little wetter, we waded and splashed to the landing, and thence, rowing and baling and shivering, struggled out to the warmth and comfort of our little vessel.

ERNEST INGERSOLL.

AN AFTERNOON AT ASHBOURNE.

HAWTHORNE, in his "English Note-Books,"—at once the despair and delight of us other note-makers,—writes, with his inimitable graphic grace, "I had a bewildering yet very delightful emotion fluttering about me, like a faint summer wind, and filling my imagination with a thousand half remembrances, which looked as vivid as sunshine at a side-glance, but faded quite away

whenever I attempted to grasp and define them." Every one who has travelled through England must feel the truth of each word of this statement. The charm of association which consecrates and beautifies every field and meadow, every hill and grove, is often perfectly vague and indefinite. I have seen people who, I knew, had never read one word of Wordsworth's poems, and who knew

nothing of his life, look with eager curiosity at his haunts and home, sensible of an unformulated but pleasing impression from the very sound of his name. Even those who may flatter themselves with being better informed gaze with deeper interest at the locality of some poem or event, not one line of which they remember, not one scene of which they can clearly recall. But the charm is there, lurking undefined, but powerful all the time. And all England is full of it. One cannot drive or walk or ride, but a poet's home, or an historic castle, or some scene of well-known fiction vivifies the landscape.

One afternoon of a summer spent in England I recall as peculiarly illustrative of this experience, and I often find myself going over each spot of the way again, and wondering if ever in our new country those who come after us will find the same nameless fascination.

We were at Rowsley, staying at the Peacock, that charming little inn which seems to have been preserved unchanged to satisfy the cravings after antiquity of American travellers and to embody for them the village inn of their imagination. It is of gray stone, low, diamond-paned-casemented, and over the door stands the stone effigy of the peacock, with the date 1652, and the letters IONSTE—VENSON (so divided) cut above and below the date. On one side is a garden sloping gently toward the Wye,—one of the many Wyes—i.e., waters—of England,—and full of all sorts of old-fashioned fragrant flowers; and on the other, adjoining it, a small stone house, kept as a licensed bar-room by the very dignified proprietor, Miss Cooper. Being the point from which Chatsworth and Haddon Hall are most easily visited, the Peacock is almost always full of tourists; and we enjoyed extremely the glimpses of English family-life brought before us by the constant succession of lunching- and dining-parties in the little parlor.

Of course we visited the great Devonshire mansion, Chatsworth, with its tokens of imperial friendship and princely wealth, wondering at the interminable

stream of English sight-seers who filled the rooms. We wondered, too, by the way, as I think all Americans must do at these show-houses, what became of the innumerable tips which in the course of the day flowed into the exchequer of the estates. Do the dukes of Devonshire and Westminster confiscate the shillings given by each visitor to their magnificent castles, or do the servants who act as cicerones on the occasion pocket them? If the latter conjecture is the correct one, I should think the domestics might soon retire and set up show-establishments of their own.

We drove also, of course, to Haddon Hall, admiring inexpressibly its picturesque antiquity, its great dining-hall, and its lovely Dorothy Vernon door, through which the wilful heiress fled along the green terrace to her lover of the famous Rutland race. On our return to the village of Rowsley, we strolled to its quiet church, almost as characteristic as the inn, silenced and touched by the calm beauty of the scene. While we were in the church we heard a little story which seemed to fit into the fanciful prettiness of the surroundings. We were looking at a quaint memorial window, newly painted, in which a white-robed female figure sat and smiled, surrounded by blue flowers and little brown birds. A gentleman and his wife had also been sauntering round the church, and, overhearing some of our remarks about the window, the lady came forward, and, addressing us in the universal silver-soft voice of the Englishwoman, told us that the window at which we were looking had been lately put up by a gentleman who lived near Rowsley, to the memory of his wife, who had been well known for her gentle kindness to every living creature. The flowers represented in the window had been her favorites, and the little birds of the kind there pictured she had petted and fed all her life. When she died, she was borne to the church on an open bier, and as it was taken into the aisle one of the little birds she had loved lit upon the coffin, and remained there motionless during the service, flying away only as

the bearers lifted the bier to take her to the grave.

When we returned to the Peacock, we found awaiting us a most gracefully cordial invitation from an English gentleman and lady, friends of our friends, to visit them at their home near Ashbourne. As we had a day and night to spare before our embarkation at Liverpool, we gladly accepted, and so secured a real *bonne bouche* at the end of our banquet.

Our start from Rowsley and our short railroad journey to Mayfield gave us an opportunity of remarking more especially upon two characteristics of English life: I mean the late hours for rising, apparently of every class, and the manifold inconveniences attending railway travel off the main routes. We wished to reach Mayfield early, that we might have as long a day with our hosts as possible, and, finding that the first train started at nine o'clock, we asked to have our breakfast by eight, which would give us ample time for our meal and the short, pleasant walk to the village station. We were called in due season, and went down-stairs expecting to find the little inn as busy and bustling as usual, but, to our surprise, it was like the palace of the Sleeping Beauty. Our one little maid, white-capped, trim and neat, brought us our breakfast, no other step or voice breaking the silence of the latticed parlor. In the fields and village street, and along the road, all was still and lonely, the solitary figure of our porter with his barrow being the only point of human movement in the lovely morning landscape; and as we moved away with a longing backward glance, one of the ladies of the house came hurrying down to say farewell, fresh and brisk, but buttoning her cuff, and evidently feeling that in rising so early—about a quarter of nine—she had strained a point to do us special honor. When we reached the little station, the same desertion and quiet reigned. One woman with a babe was our only fellow-traveller, and when I remarked to the amiable ticket-seller that there did not seem to be much travel by this line, his

ready answer was, "Not at this hearily 'our, mum; but later we 'ave crowds."

We found these late hours the rule all through England. In London, when we saw that no early rising could give us more time to see sights, because the sights were not to be seen till late, we thought the fact due to the exigencies of life in the great city; but when we found in little Ripon and quiet Hereford and lovely Newport and Rowsley that no one seemed to stir until about nine o'clock, it filled us with wonder. I suppose that some unhappy individuals must be up to do the early work of the world, but we never saw any one, and were half inclined to believe in the Old-World stories of "drudging goblins" and "lubber fiends" who did the house- and field-work and then vanished ere break of day.

The journey from Rowsley to Mayfield station is a very short one, but we travelled by several distinct branches, and almost always off the main line of railroad, and, consequently, the other English peculiarity to which I have alluded was deeply impressed upon us. Nothing can surpass the comfort, the rapidity, and the smoothness of the travel on the main routes of English railroads: one goes to sleep in a car starting at night from London,—if one chooses to forego the delights of gazing at the sights by the way,—and breakfasts, after an undisturbed sleep, in Edinburgh. But let one of the admirers of English railroads try a jaunt which implies passing from one line to another, and his ideas of their superiority will vanish into thin air. There seem to be no arranged connections; every few miles over which you pass slowly, and, I hope, safely and surely, you are requested to get down and wait for another train, which other train does not come until you are weary of your life with looking for it; when it does come, hardly are you seated in your new carriage, your parcels comfortably disposed around you, when you stop again, again to be transferred with all your impediments and your impatience. We arrived at Mayfield before one o'clock, having been on the road about four hours, during which

we had made three changes and waited at stations, I am very sure, at least three-fourths of the time.

At Mayfield, however, we met compensation for many more ills than we had endured, for there we found our host and his daughter waiting for us, to take us into the charmed circle of their lovely home. And now, if I dared,—if I had not had profoundly burnt into me the sweet sacredness of household life,—I could paint a picture of an English home, with its cordial welcome to the stranger, its soft-voiced cultivated inmates, its deferential service, its modest, docile, obedient childhood, its exquisite order, which might give a grace to my recollections; but I may not venture to depict it except in outline. "Welcome and well come," said the quaint legend over the hall fireplace; and we felt then that we were welcome, and have known ever since that we had well come.

The house, which, with a tender memory of Washington Irving, and as well describing its bright aspect, was named Sunnyside, stood in what might be called a grove of trees and shrubs, and our host told us that such was the rapid growth of vegetation in England that all which we saw of "wee-bird-haunted lawn" and shading trees and blossoming garden was the result of ten years' cultivation. It is, I think, because of the ease with which all flowers and shrubs are tended into luxuriant bloom in England that the love of them is so much more general there than with us, especially among the poorer classes. The comparative amount of coaxing and care necessary with us to cultivate them with success would demand too much time, and consequently our humbler houses stand in barren plats with empty windows, while there the meanest cottage has its bright gay garden and its smallest windows peer out of pinks and roses and geraniums.

After we had been refreshed mentally and bodily from the annoyances rather than fatigues of our short travel, our host proposed that we should take a drive, and, the wagonette having been brought to the door, we took our seats,

anticipating enjoyment, but not the pleasure which was in store for us.

"All our country is beautiful," said our friend, who was himself our driver, and by whom I was fortunate enough to have the seat of honor; "but I mean to show you this afternoon the very cream of it, especially the points of literary interest in which it abounds."

We drove through a lovely lane, green-swarded, embowered, and hedged in, to a pretty little village, with its inn and rural-looking houses. Before one of these houses our host drew up, replying to our looks of inquiry, "This is the cottage in which George Eliot wrote 'Adam Bede,' and here she lived for many years. That inn opposite is the 'Donnithorne Arms' of her story, and much of the scenery of her book is the graphic picture of this village and of its surroundings. The real Adam Bede and his father, two carpenters, lived near here, and her portraits of them were easily recognizable by those who knew the originals." He told us also that one of his friends, who was on very intimate terms with Mrs. Lewes,—for by that name she was universally known in England,—had informed him that immediately after Lewes's death she had not only put away, but sold, almost everything associated with him,—a most curious fact in connection with her speedy marriage to Mr. Cross and the friendly relations which existed between her and the Lewes family to the last. *Le mot d'énigme* of her behavior after Lewes's death is still to be discovered.

Talking delightfully of her, as he did of every subject upon which we touched, our host drove on near a silvery stream,—river it is considered in England. "This," said he, "is a river of which you have heard. It is Izaak Walton's *Dove*." (By the bye, I observed that many persons called it the *Dove*, giving the *o* the sound of *o* in lone, and its valley, *Dovedale*.) Straightway the little stream bubbled with a voice not its own, in which George Herbert's Spring Day, and Raleigh's Fair Shepherdess, and Walton's own sweet prattle, seemed to mingle in vague music.

Then, as we remarked a white house gleaming in the distance, he told us that Jean Jacques Rousseau had lived there when he had taken refuge in England, quarrelling in his insane sensitiveness with his benefactor Hume; and there too had the great Händel written his "Messiah," thus hallowing the walls clouded by their associations with Rousseau and his detestable Thérèse.

"Do you hear those bells?" asked our friend and cicerone, as we listened to a far-off silvery peal. "They are 'Those Evening Bells' of Tom Moore; and in that clump of trees is hidden the cottage in which he lived and wrote that song and many other poems, and in which he left his patient little Bessie to hard

work and poverty, while he went to London to disport himself among the rich and great and the lords whom he loved."

Now, was not this a charming drive, and was not this afternoon full of the poetic and powerful magic of association of which I have spoken?

Never shall I forget it,—to have seen in a few short hours George Eliot's home, Walton's river, Rousseau's and Händel's English shelter, and heard Tom Moore's "Chimes"! I seemed to have been sitting before some magic mirror while one group of lovely shadows glided over its surface to melt into others lovelier and fairer still.

J. A. DICKSON.

AMONG CITRUS-BLOOMS.

UNDER soft, sunny skies, breezes of a Northern June fanning you, clouds of pink and white blossoms—lemon, orange, and citron—bending above and around you, golden fruit within reach, odors of Araby the Blest greeting you,—this it is to be in a Florida orange-grove in February. To us novices it seemed the entrance to an earthly paradise.

The grove to which our host invited us for this first experience lies on the river St. John's, on a low bluff that stands where the river makes a little bend, thus bringing the water on both sides of it. It is not large, being only ten acres in extent, but is famous for its age and for the quality of its fruit, London epicures even sending across the water for its products. A fringe of tall bananas encircles it next the water. The entrance from the river is under an arch of orange-trees, between borders of roses, violets, and oleander, all abloom in February. Orange-, lemon-, citron-, Japanese plum-, and Leconte pear-trees compose its ranks, set in rows north and south like files of soldiery. The

ground is nearly level, of the mixed sand and loam that forms so much of the soil of Florida, and is kept clear of weeds by constant cultivation. The gardener's cottage stands in the centre. Leading away from his door on the east is the "Lovers' Walk," formed by bending over two rows of trees and grafting their upper branches into each other. There are a hundred other avenues, leading into bowers of bewildering beauty and fragrance. Not a soul is visible in the walks; scarcely a sound breaks the stillness. The green, glossy leaves cast a grateful shade; the blossoms hang in clusters so thickly that the trees would seem one mass of pink and white, were it not that the ripe yellow of the fruit and the rich green of the leaves *will* make themselves seen and felt. The fragrance, at first pleasant, soon becomes overpowering,—so much so that the gardener and his family are compelled to sleep with closed doors and windows during the season when the trees are in bloom.

As I sit on a rustic seat, admiring the scene, the colonel joins me. "I

am beginning to feel the first symptoms of the orange-fever, so infectious and so generally fatal in the South," I remark. "Pray tell me how you evolved from the wilderness this miracle of beauty and fruitfulness." "The older part of the grove was planted by a Northern physician nearly forty years ago," he replied. "The rest is the result of my own labor. The miracle lies in care, experience, and capital. Orange-growing is expensive, and the reason so many become disgusted with it is because they had looked only at the large revenue it yields, without counting the cost. Experience, too, is necessary. From the time the ground is ready for his trees, until the fruit is marketed, the neophyte is at a disadvantage. In the mere matter of setting out, for instance, my trees are planted in rows north and south for a purpose: they are thus arranged to protect them from the effects of freezing. Cold down to eighteen degrees the orange-tree will stand with comparative impunity. Below that the sap freezes and gathers into little balls of ice beneath the bark. Let these melt suddenly, as when the sun strikes full upon it, and the bark splits, killing the tree: if they melt gradually, however, little harm is done. By arranging the rows north and south, only the first of the series receives the full force of the sun's rays, and the others are protected. My trees comprise many varieties, some foreign, many seedlings from the famous Summit Shore on Indian River. They require constant care: the ground must be kept stirred, free from weeds and grass, and twice a year fertilizers must be applied. The fruit ripens in December, and will remain on the tree in good condition until March. We pick the fruit as orders are received from our customers in Northern cities. Careful men pick it in the morning; it is wrapped in tissue-paper, boxed, and despatched by the afternoon steamer. And now, if you are sufficiently rested, we will go for a walk through the grove: I wish to point out some of its beauties. Could anything be finer than this delicate tracery of leaf, flower, and fruit outlined

against the sun? On this tree, you observe, are blossoms and fruit in all stages of development. I accomplished this, as an experiment, by a steady course of irrigation last summer. From this large tree, thirty feet in height, I have picked for several years six thousand oranges, worth on the ground ten dollars a thousand. I estimate there is that number on it now: they hang in ropes and clusters, as you see, twelve and fifteen in a cluster.

"Two or three years ago this tree was affected with what we call the 'die-back.' The ends of its branches died, and the leaves assumed a pale, sickly color. I tried pruning, fertilizing, and other expedients, without avail, and finally set the gardener to digging around the roots, and found that the tap-root had struck a vein of running water far beneath the surface. This evil I remedied by sinking lateral drains on either side the tree, and it is now thrifty and in fruit again. These large round globes, pale yellow in color, are grape-fruit, quite unappreciated at the North, chiefly from the presence there of the West-India shaddock, a vastly inferior fruit. Peel its thick skin as you would an apple, cut it open, and you have lemonade, sugared and iced, ready prepared. This tangerine, or kid-glove orange, is just now the special pet of the ladies. It is a small, rough-coated fruit, as you see, produced by a small, shrub-like tree, and the skin comes off so readily that a lady can peel it in her gloves and not soil them with a drop of juice."

At this point we reached the limit of the grove, and wandered down to the banana-beds, to pluck the yellow fruit that hung in immense clusters above our heads.

Then we inspected the lemon-trees, their branches burdened to the ground with fruit, the strawberry-beds, red with ripened berries, the young trees only that winter set, and afterward lingered for an hour in the wilderness of bloom and beauty, enjoying the luscious fruits pressed upon us by the generous host, and trying to realize that over the hills, barely two days away, lay our native

North, locked in ice and snow, with sleighs whirling merrily through the thoroughfares, and our home-groups clustered for comfort about gleaming fires.

Returning from our tour, the colonel gave me in charge of the ladies, as he had an errand at a neighbor's. They were enjoying the cool of the day on the piazza, and, after a few moments' pleasant chat, invited me into the house. It was built in the Southern fashion, with wide halls, above and below, extending through the building and opening on external balconies. The drawing-room disappointed me somewhat, being furnished in modern style: one might have fancied one's self in New York or Philadelphia, but for the wreaths of Southern moss about the pictures, and the vases of long, feathery Florida grasses on the mantel.

There were some creditable landscapes and flowers in oil on the walls, done by my young hostess, a piano and a well-filled music-stand, and other accessories of a refined and cultivated household. One noticed the absence of those priceless old heirlooms which are supposed to obtain in Southern families. With music and conversation, an hour passed very quickly, and then tea was announced. The dining-room was in the rear of the house,—a large, airy apartment, with windows opening to the floor. A fire of oak wood was burning brightly in the open fireplace: every room in these Southern houses has its fireplace, even to the sleeping-apartments. At the tea-table the master said grace; tea was passed in dainty porcelain cups, with teaspoons of curious workmanship, which, I learned, were made in Japan, and imported generations ago by a seafaring relative of the hostess. The solid viands consisted of oysters, light tea-biscuits, waffles, hominy, cakes, and oranges. The evening was spent in the family sitting-room, before a cheery fire of pine knots; an elaborately-carved mahogany sideboard, which bore the family silver, was the chief article of furniture in the room, and my hostess told me that this, with its furniture, was all that had been

saved from the wreck of the family fortunes in the war.

During the evening my host entertained me with reminiscences of his varied and adventurous career. The old house, which had stood near the site of the present one, had sheltered six generations of his ancestors. He had first met his wife here, and here his fifteen children had been born. He had fought against Osceola in the Seminole campaign, spending eight months in the dreary recesses of the Everglades. In the civil war he for a time commanded a regiment, but later filled a responsible position near the person of a prominent Confederate commander, and in this semi-official position became intimate with many well-known Southern leaders. Of Jefferson Davis in particular he had been a life-long admirer, and still retained his partiality for the fallen chieftain. Among many others, he told me the story in detail of the latter's wooing of Susan Taylor, assuring me that it was authentic and had never been given to the public. As a version of this romantic episode differing largely from the one I heard has since been published, calling out, as will be remembered, an indignant denial from Mr. Davis, the story, as I heard it, may be of interest. I give it in the narrator's own words:

"Zachary Taylor was at Lake Okeechobee in 1836, during the Seminole War. In November he got a furlough to visit his sugar-plantations at Baton Rouge. One day, as he was riding Old Whitey through his fields, he was seen from across the Mississippi by a young cadet, who rowed over and introduced himself as Cadet Jefferson Davis. Taylor received him kindly, and invited him to his house to dine. Davis replied, 'Sir, before I accept your invitation, I wish to say that I met your two amiable daughters at West Point last summer, and promised the elder, Miss Susan, to visit her this fall with her father's consent.' Taylor looked at him a moment, and replied, 'I see, sir, that you wear the uniform of a cadet. Promise me, on the word of a soldier, that you will never

enter my house.' The young cadet stepped back, drew himself up proudly, saluted his superior officer, replied, 'I will never enter your house, sir,' and turned on his heel. He continued his visits to Miss Susan at the house of a relative, however, and married her there without the consent of her father. Perhaps you would like to know how and where the two men met again. On the eve of the battle of Buena Vista, General Taylor ordered Colonel Bliss to keep the raw Northern regiments in reserve. As the battle opened, it was found that the Mexicans had crowned a hill with twenty brass field-pieces which it was important to capture. Colonel Houdon, of an Ohio regiment, was ordered to take it, and made an assault, but was killed in the act, and his command was repulsed. Colonel Lincoln,—a cousin, by the way, of Abraham Lincoln,—with his Illinois regiment, was next detailed, and met the same fate. Colonel Harry Clay, son of the statesman, next charged with his Kentucky regiment, and also fell with his face to the foe, his column falling back in confusion.

"At this critical moment Colonel Davis, without waiting for orders, formed his regiment of Mississippians in the shape of a V, and charged. In this charge, meeting the retreating Western regiments, he did that which contributed greatly to his later unpopularity at the North. 'You d—d cowards,' he cried, 'get behind the Mississippi wall,' then pushed his column up the hill, and took the battery. Taylor, seated on Old Whitey, viewing the charge, saw Davis plant the flag on the hill, and said to Bliss, 'What regiment is that, and who commands it?'—'I know not, sir,' Bliss replied. —'Find the officer, and bring him to me as soon as the battle is over,' was the rejoinder. Late in the evening of that day Bliss brought to the general's tent a wounded officer, saying, 'General Taylor, permit me to introduce to you your son-in-law, Jefferson Davis.' The general regarded him a moment, then, evincing great emotion, exclaimed, 'Great

God! my dear Susan was a better judge of a man than I was.'

"I omitted to say that on returning from that charge Colonel Davis saw Harry Clay stretched on the ground mortally wounded, and took his watch and sword, promising to deliver them at Ashland. He faithfully fulfilled his promise, and the sentiment uttered by the sage on receiving them, I am sure, will never fade from his memory. 'Ah!' said he, 'I live for my country, but my son has died for it.'

"Once only after this *rencontre* did General Taylor meet his son-in-law. His daughter had died unreconciled, and he was then President of the United States. On the day of his inauguration, he said to Colonel Bliss, 'I see by the morning papers that Jefferson Davis is in the capital: bring him to the White House.'

"Colonel Bliss reported, 'Mr. Davis will not visit you, sir.'

"'Then I will go to his room,' replied the President, and did so, finding Davis sick in bed. The conversation there I can give you in every detail. The two men shook hands warmly, Davis saying 'Mr. President,' the latter calling him 'Davis.'

"Said Taylor, 'Davis, I have appointed you Secretary of War for my administration.'

"Davis replied, 'I cannot accept. A Democrat in your Cabinet would make you unpopular.'

"To which the President replied, 'Davis, I beg you to accept. Before my nomination I said I had friends to reward. I owe you and your children an apology, and desire to atone for my action. I beg you to accept.'

"Davis leaped out of bed, saying, 'Mr. President, a few years ago you exacted a promise from me not to enter your house. I renew my pledge not to enter it.'

"Taylor replied, with considerable emotion, 'Davis, Davis, I forgive you!'

"'Would that your daughter could have heard those words!' replied Davis. 'Out of respect to her memory, I refuse to accept it now.'

The colonel paused in his discourse.

"I see that you still retain your respect and admiration for Mr. Davis."

"Yes, indeed," he replied: "I once went to prison on account of it. It was after Savannah fell," he continued, "that one day, in the Pulaski House, I drank to the health of President Davis and his wife. Several Federal officers at dinner overheard the toast, and as a result I was soon marched off to the guard-house. I remember very well General Scammon's remark on releasing me a few weeks later. 'I hope, colonel,' said he, 'never again to hear of your drinking to the health of that man Jefferson Davis.' To which I replied that I would not drink it out loud."

Although he had suffered so bitterly by it, the colonel's acceptance of the results of the war was hearty and unqualified. Slavery he declared to be an unmitigated curse, of which the South was well rid, and said that he could derive a better income from one thousand orange-trees than from the labor of a hundred slaves. His reminiscences continued far into the night, when we separated by the dying embers of the fire. At daybreak the clear notes of a bugle sounded, calling the workpeople to their daily labor, and when, after a generous breakfast, I bade my kind entertainers good-by and passed through the estate on my way to town, I saw an army of them at work, some ploughing, some transplanting trees, and others removing the weeds and rubbish from beneath the orange-trees.

One of the pleasantest excursions within an hour of Jacksonville is that to Mandarin, the winter home of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Mandarin is a village with characteristics different from the thousand-and-one hamlets that line the banks of the St. John's. It is built on a high bluff that forms an elbow of the river and commands a view of its shining reaches nearly to Jacksonville, fifteen miles distant. The village lies in sections, scattered for a mile or more along a wide sandy road that lies white and cool in the shade of sundry moss-

hung live-oaks of giant stature. On the edge of the bluff, overlooking the river, is a little colony of modern-built villas, inhabited by Northern people; their yards join, and a raised plank walk along the water's edge gives access to them from the steamboat-dock. A little Gothic cottage in this cluster, with open piazzas and many outbuildings, is pointed out as the home of the authoress. It is distinguished by two immense live-oaks which shelter it. We found Mrs. Stowe on her piazza, reading, although it was in the last days of January,—a pleasant, unaffected lady, with a strong family resemblance to her brother the famous Brooklyn orator. Professor Stowe soon joined us, and, despite his burden of years, joined quite animatedly in the conversation. This turned on the hill-country of Connecticut, which we also claimed for our birthplace, on Florida, its scenery and climate, and the weariness of brain-labor there. The professor gave the best description of the effects of the climate we had heard. "It makes you feel," said he, "like a dish-rag steeped in tepid water." Then he gave a spirited account of the capture of a fifteen-foot alligator by his son in the river before the cottage a few years previous. By and by the daily mail came in, and we took our leave, first gaining permission to inspect the orange-grove about whose fruitfulness so much has been written. It comprises some five hundred trees, surrounding the house, some of them, the professor informed us, more than fifty years of age. The authoress also possesses a grove of young trees, some distance away. The schedule of the steamboat-line gave us two hours at Mandarin. As we stood on the dock awaiting the return steamer, one of the sudden showers so common in Florida passed over: as it swept down the river, the sun broke out, and we saw in its departing mists, not a rainbow, but all the colors of the rainbow beautifully blended, rolling and darting hither and thither like the colors of the kaleidoscope.

CHARLES BURR TODD.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

PUBLIC TOPICS.

Social Changes and their Prospective Results.

HUMAN progress (assuming that there is such a thing) does not proceed in a straight line, with a steady continual advance, but by wide zigzags and long détours, often receding from the true direction and apparently losing as much ground in one quarter as it has gained in another. There has never been an era of rapid intellectual and material improvement without many signs of a moral retrogression; and, on the other hand, those periods at which conscience has been in the ascendant, and the manners and usages of a people have been regulated by a severe code of ethics, have shown a conspicuous lack of the artistic sense and the inventive spirit, with a positive contempt for elegance and comfort. Greek history, in which the general development of a later civilization is so singularly prefigured, presents, in the contrast between Athens and Sparta, a strong and familiar illustration of these conflicting tendencies. It was no illusion in regard to an obscure past that led the Roman poets of the Augustan age to extol the chastity, temperance, and simplicity of their progenitors in the early days of the republic. It is equally certain that the yoke borne by the New-England Puritans would be insufferable not only to the frivolous and the vicious among their descendants, but to those who require only freedom and scope for the exercise of their intellectual energies. That the causes which operate to produce a refinement of manners tend also to produce a laxity of morals is one of the commonplaces of philosophy; and few people would deny that in the present age, and in our country not less than in others, these causes are actively at work. It is not alone the increase of wealth and luxury, of factitious wants and the means of gratification, which leads to

social deterioration: the greater activity of the intellect, especially in that fresh and constant analysis of social laws and instincts which is one of the chief characteristics of modern thought, and which has become familiar, in its processes or its results, to all classes that make any pretension to "culture," must bear a large portion of the responsibility.

Dr. Dix, therefore, is perfectly consistent in seeking to debar the women whom he wishes to inspire with a sense of the duties of wives and mothers as practised in more primitive times from access to the fruit that hangs on the topmost bough of the tree of knowledge; and the "Pall Mall Gazette," in asserting that "almost all the abuses which he assails are due to the lack of the higher and wider education which he resolutely denies," shows itself ignorant of the real nature and origin of the change which is going on in the status and habits of woman, and of the admissions of writers who, unlike Dr. Dix, regard this change with no unfavorable eye. For mere frivolity and idleness the study of Greek and mathematics, of biology and evolution, might no doubt prove a sufficient corrective, though not perhaps so efficient or so generally applicable as the vigorous use of the scrubbing-brush or the restoration of the spinning-wheel of our grandmothers to its original purpose. But the more serious blots to which Dr. Dix has pointed—the deliberate avoidance by married women of the pains and cares of maternity, dissatisfaction with the confined sphere and narrow interests of domestic life, the increase of divorces and the growing indifference in regard to them—would not be likely to be cured by enlarging the scope of female pursuits, assimilating the discipline and the aims of the two sexes, and thus giving greater independence to the one while diminishing the responsibilities of the other. The increased disinclination to be burdened with parental cares is quite as common

with men as with women, and is attributable in part to the teachings of political economists. "The belief," as Mr. Lecky writes, "that a rapid increase of population is always eminently beneficial, which was long accepted as an axiom by both statesmen and moralists, and was made the basis of a large part of the legislation of the first and of the decisions of the second, has now been replaced by the directly opposite doctrine, that the very highest interest of society is not to stimulate but to restrain multiplication, diminishing the number of marriages and of children." As regards divorce, nothing is more certain than that its facility and frequency have increased *pari passu* with the decline of mediæval beliefs and of the papal authority, with the diffused knowledge and influence of the ideas and practices of classical antiquity, and with the prevalence of views as to the rightful position of woman which are distinctively modern and accordant with the general drift of sentiment and opinion on political as well as social questions. So long as divorce was limited to a single cause, it was either legally or practically the resort of the husband only, and had for its alleged object not the disunion but the preservation of the family. Its extension was originally designed for the protection of the wife, and was to that extent a virtual abandonment of the old theory of marital supremacy. It was one of those steps in the "emancipation of woman" of which philosophers like Mill have been the champions, which in various other ways is making its record in the statute-books of all civilized nations, and which has assuredly not yet reached its ultimate stage.

A movement of this kind, associated with the general tendencies of the age, and partaking necessarily of the mixed character that belongs to them, cannot be arrested by warnings or denunciations. But it is well to understand its nature and course, and to be prepared for its inevitable results. The woman of the future, educated like and with man, competing with him in all the occupations of which she is or may become

physically capable, aspiring to the same independence of resolve and freedom of action which is his aim and ideal, and admitted through a logical necessity to participation in his political rights and duties, cannot fail to present a different type from any which the world has hitherto seen. Nor is it possible to believe that the social and ethical relations between the sexes will be unaffected by this change. These have varied materially among different races and in different states of society. It is not necessary to anticipate a retrogression to barbarism or to indulge in any fantastic conceptions in order to imagine a period when the type of the family will be as different from that of the present as this is from that of Sparta on the one hand and of the Hebrew patriarchs (and the modern Turks) on the other.

PLACE AUX DAMES.

Hypatia.

WHEN journalists blunder, the public is indulgent. Too much writing is done in newspaper-offices after the memory of man has gone to sleep without taking the man with him; accuracy in historical matters becomes impossible; there is no leisure to consult authorities; and the wonder is, not that so many blunders occur, but that there are so few. In books, prepared presumably with deliberation and habitual exactitude, and in the graver periodicals, in whose pages the public looks for carefully-digested thought, for scholarship, if not profound, at least trustworthy so far as it goes, errors in the statement of notorious fact are not so lightly to be passed over. An error need not always be an explicit assertion of the untrue. *Errare* is to wander: any putting of a fact which is calculated to lead the reader away from the truth is, in effect, an error, and is, accordingly, to be deprecated.

Hypatia was in her day a very conspicuous figure in the city of Alexandria. In the January number of the "North American Review," a well-known gentleman, discussing "University Education

for Women," says, "We compare our modern Mary Somerville, whose honored life and happy memory inspire the young women of Girton College, with Hypatia, who was beset on the highway by a rabble of monks, and murdered at the doors of the church with all the ferocity of ignorance, because she violated the social statutes of her time in daring to comprehend the doctrines of Plato, Aristotle, and Apollonius, though herself 'only a woman,' and for fascinating the best intellect of Alexandria, disseminating doctrines that were too refined for superstition." Felix Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, France, has been an eloquent and chivalrous defender of the right of woman to the highest education; and in his admirable volume, "Learned Women and Studious Women," he says, "If, going back to earlier ages, we closely examine the records of history, we find that, after the establishment of Christianity, feminine names are constantly met with on the literary monuments most revered by posterity, as, for instance, the celebrated Hypatia, who had Clement of Alexandria for a disciple." Here the intelligent person classified by critics as "the average reader" will find himself sorely perplexed. In the one case, this great woman is represented as murdered by monks—Christians—for her learning; in the other, she is commended by a great Christian ecclesiastic, and described as the teacher of one of the early Christian doctors, and it would not be discreditable to the "average reader" if he inferred that Hypatia's was one of the great early Christian names. But in both instances the language is erroneous.

Clement of Alexandria lived in the latter part of the second century; the time is not precisely ascertained, but it is certain that Origen was one of his pupils. Hypatia lived in the second half of the fourth century: so the assertion that Clement learned philosophy from her may be dismissed. Perhaps it was the learned Synesius whom the bishop really had in mind; and the influence of Hypatia may have had something to do with his refusal to accept the bishopric of Ptolemais, because that

step would have involved the abandonment of his wife. No; Hypatia was not a Christian; and she was murdered by monks; and her cowardly assassination was not followed by the punishment of any of the brutal miscreants who dyed their hands with her noble and blameless blood.

But it is quite as misleading to assert that she was murdered because she had dared to understand the doctrines of Plato and Aristotle. The ruffians who wreaked upon her a bloody vengeance were not moved by any impulse so rational as resentment of feminine audacity in the acquisition of learning; they knew nothing of either of those philosophers; they cared nothing for Greek or Christian erudition; and it would have made no difference to them had Hypatia been utterly illiterate. They hated her, not because she was a learned woman, or a beautiful woman, nor because she was a woman at all. Had a man occupied the same social and political position, he would undoubtedly have met the same fate. While she taught the doctrines of neoplatonism in Alexandria, the city was distracted by bitter animosities between the factions of Cyril, the Christian archbishop, an able, persuasive, winning, and ambitious man, and Orestes, the pagan governor of the city. At the root of the quarrel, which was a savage and protracted one, lay what we should call a greed for office: each of the leaders sought to aggrandize himself at the expense of the other. Their respective factions singled out for manifestations of hatred the friends of the two leaders; and Orestes was an admirer of the learning, the beauty, and the high womanly virtue of Hypatia. After Orestes had put to death an ardent friend of Cyril, the brutal followers of the patriarch, inflamed by the cry that it was Hypatia who prevented a reconciliation of the governor and the archbishop, tore her from her chariot, dragged her to the church, and put her to death with appalling barbarity. The impulse was certainly not given by her learning, but by her supposed political influence,

which, however, detracts nothing from the cruelty and horror of the deed.

That the tragic story of Hypatia is the foundation of the legendary myths of St. Catherine is fully shown by Mrs. Jameson in the second volume of "Sacred and Legendary Art."

H. G.

ANECDOTICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Slipped Out of History.

THE Carron Iron-Works have a world-wide reputation; but it was not to see their blazing furnaces that I went to Larbert. In fact, I am so little of a "tourist" that I must have some human interest for an excursion; and this kind of interest, in the very nature of things, generally takes me far enough off the line of regular travel. My motive for visiting Larbert was, indeed, purely personal; but while wandering among the tall green grasses and the wealth of blue-bells and other wild flowers which made the grave-yard so beautiful, I found myself suddenly standing before the last resting-place of a very remarkable man, James Bruce, the earliest penetrator of the Dark Continent.

The fair and flowery plot was so full of the monumental signs of the Carron Company—memorials of past proprietors and managers—that a stranger might seek Bruce's tomb and fail to find it. It is low-lying in an enclosure by itself, in the least frequented corner of the yard, and has been so long undisturbed that the ornamentation on the little obelisk is delicately outlined by a tinge of emerald mosses. Yet in many respects Bruce was one of the greatest and most romantic of travellers. The plain, unvarnished tale of his adventures made so incredible a story that his contemporaries ridiculed it by issuing a new edition of Raspe's "Munchausen Adventures," and "respectfully dedicated them to Mr. Bruce, the Abyssinian Traveller," a copy of which work I saw in an old book-store in Glasgow the past summer.

Bruce was singularly fitted for the work he undertook. He was six feet four inches in height, exceedingly hand-

some, and possessed of gigantic strength and endurance. To these physical advantages was added a keen and cultivated intellect. He was familiar with the Continental languages, and was perhaps the finest Arabic scholar of his day.

To discover what the ancients deemed it impossible to reach—the source of the Nile—was the object of his African journey. His commanding presence, and his knowledge of medicine, gave him at once a great influence in Abyssinia. He advanced as far as Saccala up the Nile, and, believing himself to have solved the geographical problem of three thousand years, returned to Gondar in triumph. Later explorers have shown that the true source of the Nile is not at Saccala; but this in no way detracts from the value of Bruce's discoveries.

On his return to Gondar he found great difficulties awaiting him. He had become too popular in Abyssinia, and was informed that it was a rule among the natives never to allow a stranger to return to his own country. A civil war had broken out, and made his chances of leaving Abyssinia almost hopeless. He resumed his command of the king's cavalry, did valiant service, and received fresh honors and rewards. But he longed for his Scottish home among the Stirlingshire hills, and soon after managed to escape, reaching Cairo after a long and perilous journey, during which he twice lay down in expectation of death.

When he arrived in Scotland he had been absent twelve years: he was believed to be dead, and his relatives had taken possession of his estate. He had been fourteen years at home when he published the story of his travels. It was in six quarto volumes, one volume being composed entirely of illustrations. Copies of this edition are now very rare and of great value, although a year after its publication they were sold as waste paper, so incredible and untruthful was the book considered.

He bore the imputations on his veracity, as a general thing, with a grand patience, though on one occasion a very just indignation made him offer a characteristic reproof. A gentleman at

Bruce's dinner-table said it was "quite impossible for any man to eat a raw beefsteak." Bruce left the room, but soon returned with a piece of raw meat salted and peppered, and gave the doubter the choice of eating it or of fighting him. To fight Bruce was no child's play, and the beefsteak was every morsel eaten. The scene must have reminded the spectators of that amusing episode in "Henry V." where Fluellen makes the swaggering Pistol eat the leek.

This exhibition of temper was, however, exceptional. He contented himself with assuring his daughter that she would live to see the truth of all that he had written amply confirmed. Indeed, he might have done so himself, had not a fall down-stairs terminated his remarkable life, in his sixty-fourth year. And there, under the shadow of the Presbyterian kirk at Larbert, lies the restless, intrepid traveller, his very name almost forgotten in the newer glories of African explorers, his only memorials the book which he wrote, the edition of Munchausen intended to ridicule it, and the mossy obelisk over his obscure grave. I had almost forgotten a little island in the Red Sea to which his name was given.

A. E. B.

Words and their Abuses.

THE meaning which language bears to the uneducated mind is always an interesting subject of speculation. Doubtless half the vocabulary of intelligent persons is heathen Greek to the illiterate. The perversions of meaning with which such people invest words which they have somehow picked up, and which have struck them as being peculiarly forcible, or, as Mr. Weller would have said, "more tenderer" words, are often very amusing, and sometimes not unsuggestive. At the time when the noun "syndicate" was in frequent use in newspapers and conversation, I happened to attend a colored prayer-meeting in the South, where one of the brethren began his supplication with the words, "Once more, O Lord, we gets down on our *syndicate bendings* to offer our prayers unto thee." This man was

somewhat noted for the elegance and eloquence of his prayers. "*Bendings*" was evidently a euphemism for knees, which members he was too highly polished to mention in public; and "*syndicate*," no doubt, struck him as being a peculiarly neat and happy allusion to the general corruption of human nature, "commonly called original sin."

Another colored person of my acquaintance,—no less important a member of society, indeed, than my cook, the wife of a Methodist preacher,—on being asked of her husband's whereabouts, replied that he had "left the cirkiss [circuit], and preferred to locate." This woman shares, to a somewhat unreasonable degree, the preferences of her race with respect to grease. The whole period of our mutual acquaintance has been characterized by a guerilla warfare anent lard, some member of the family being obliged to skirmish in and out of the kitchen whenever such dainties as biscuit or pastry are in question. Being observed on one such occasion to be plunged in melancholy, she was questioned as to the cause of her low spirits, and answered, "Ah, honey, it's mighty hard *roughin' it where they don't like lard!*" Another of her compatriots, a poor white, requested his landlord to put a fence around his cabin "to keep the boys from *penetratin' back and fo'th.*"

A Southern judge told me of an amusing misuse of vocables. Some matter of boundary was in question, and a certain witness, animated with a laudable desire to make things smooth, turned to the judge with the confidential remark, "You see, your honor, that there house always was cattawampus."

"What did the witness say?" asked the learned judge, not quite certain that he had heard aright. Whereupon a smart young lawyer jumped up, and explained, with patronizing contempt, half for the Northern judge who couldn't understand plain English, half for the ignorant witness who could not choose more elegant language, "Your honor, the witness *said* cattawampus, but what he meant to signify was that the house was built *snatchwise!*"

L. S. H.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"Life of Lord Lawrence." By R. Bosworth Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE world seems in a fair way to rid itself of the reproach that it knows nothing of its greatest men. When the imaginative faculty is torpid; when heroic characters and achievements have ceased to be the theme of poetry and romance; when the novelist, dealing only with mediocrities and trivialities, and solicitous chiefly about the correctness of his "studies," dares not appeal to the emotions or claim admiration for his personages; when, finally, history professes to concern itself only with the progress of the race and the condition of the masses and assumes the form of a philosophical inquiry,—biography is naturally stimulated to seize the vacant place and make good the right so often asserted for it to be considered the most attractive department of literature. As a rule, its attractiveness has been in inverse proportion to the importance of the subject, the lives of private and even insignificant or disreputable persons being often the most amusing, while those of statesmen and others who have taken part in great affairs have been the heaviest and most wearisome. No doubt this latter class labors under a disadvantage in being compelled to deal largely with matters of history and merge to some extent individual character and action in the relation of public movements and events. But there are examples enough, though rare, to prove that the difficulties arising from this source may be overcome by art and skill, and in reading Mr. Bosworth Smith's *Life of Lord Lawrence* one might be tempted to believe that they had no existence, and that the surpassing interest of the narrative is a simple and inevitable result of the career to which it relates. It would, however, be impossible by any *résumé* of its contents to give an adequate notion of the book or of the impression which it is calculated to leave on minds not committed to the *nil admirari* point of view. To say that Lawrence was a man of almost matchless energy, of admirable intelligence, of that simple heroic strain from which great actions and a constant self-devotion are as it were unconscious emanations, noiseless and unattended by any signs of

struggle or effort; to mention that to him more than to all others, though his position at the time was that of a subordinate, the Indian Empire owed its preservation during the Mutiny; to tell that his administration of the Punjab, alike in the principles on which it was founded and the sagacity and completeness with which they were carried out, presents almost the solitary instance of a deputed rule over a conquered people exercised with an equal regard for the interests and elevation of the subject race and for the maintenance and exaltation of the supreme authority; to point to his instinctive perception and constant advocacy of that line of policy which seeks to secure England in its Eastern possessions, not by ceaseless and disastrous attempts to extend its territory or gain control over independent states, but by making her rule more equitable, strengthening its foundations, and preparing it to resist attacks which the opposite policy can only serve to invite; to speak, finally, of his unsullied private life, his genuineness in every relation, his unconventional habits, and the strong individuality which kept his character untinged by the commonplaces and insincerities of official life,—all this is but a bare enumeration of qualities and achievements, and as little calculated to stir the feelings as the synopsis of a great drama. A badly-executed biography, defective in method or lacking in spirit, would have done little to perpetuate a memory which, illustrious as it deserves to become, is precisely one of those which the world most readily allows to sink into obscurity. If one were called upon to describe John Lawrence in a single phrase, he might, we think, be justly called the most magnificent public servant that any modern country has produced. His career presents no dazzling exploits and no such course of action as could spring only from the conceptions of genius. He was not a conqueror nor the founder of a state; he did not devise any new system of government or bring into play any principles or expedients not previously acted on; "he had not," as is acknowledged, "an originating mind." The great value of his work, the force and singleness of his character, the splendid

example which he offers of that combination of qualities which may distinguish a man in a low position and which fit him for the highest, could have been made conspicuous and impressive only by a clear, faithful, and eloquent record, made vivid by the power of grouping and depicting details and by the warmth of a just admiration; and such a record, marred by faults too few and slight to call for particular notice, is to be found in these two volumes.

"A History of Latin Literature, from Ennius to Boethius." By George Augustus Simcox. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Of a book which fills a want—and there is, we believe, no other English work of the same scope as Mr. Simcox's history—we are apt to demand, perhaps unjustly, that it should leave no part of the want unfilled. In this respect Mr. Simcox is disappointing. The reader nowhere gets from his volumes a sense of Latin literature existing as a whole: the writer is not blind to its continuity, but he has no firm mental grasp of the fact, and it constantly evades his expression. On the other hand, his perception of individual beauty and effort is for the most part keen,—so that, under the name of a history, he furnishes really a series of detached studies, every one of which is marked by sincerity of purpose, while some are admirable for a subtle penetration, born of sympathy, which in delicate, careful touches lays bare the very heart of the subject. Trenchant criticism is not in Mr. Simcox's manner; he is loving, diligent, and uncompromising on occasions only from sheer honesty of conviction. Such deficiencies as we seem to perceive do not come from a warping of the judgment, but from its failure; the critic gives no false ideas, but—which is much the same thing—he sometimes omits to give the right one. A person, for example, forming his opinion of Tacitus from the sketch here given would be at a loss to know on what that author's reputation is founded; for Mr. Simcox, who seems to find as little in the great annalist as in Juvenal and generally in any impassioned pessimist, does not even succeed in naming the qualities which make the greatness of Tacitus, and speaks of his style, in the tone dear to mediocrity, as if it were an accidentally brilliant mannerism. Mr. Simcox is not a mediocre critic, but he prefers calmness to fervor, and loves that philosophy which

looks on the bright side of things. His chapter on Horace has caught not a little of the Horatian spirit, and is purely delightful; that on Vergil is even better, as showing rare insight combined with rare moderation.

If Mr. Simcox's style has some obvious faults, it possesses also a charm of its own. The grammar and still more the logic of his sentences are often faulty; there are too many abrupt transitions and vague allusions. But he is never polemical or dogmatic, and his tone, though decided, is rather that of conversation than of instruction; above all, the writer's individuality pierces through his words and gives them a vividness and force that never belong to conventional writing.

"Ice-Pack and Tundra: An Account of the Search for the Jeannette, and a Sledge-Journey through Siberia." By William H. Gilder. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

It may be hoped that the fate of the Jeannette and her intrepid crew will long remain the most cruel and pathetic event in the annals of Arctic discoveries. What in former unfortunate expeditions was not only unknown but unimaginable has in this case been so touchingly and poignantly described that it can be realized by the dullest fancy. Science and invention have opened so many hitherto closed portals, and smoothed the way to such dangerous enterprises, that man's belief in his powers to oppose and conquer the forces of nature is hardly to be wondered at. With tons of food of the most highly concentrated and nourishing description, plentiful warm clothing, and a vessel intended to resist the ice-blocks of the frozen ocean, it might seem as if there was good hope of going through a voyage with some degree of comfort, even if no great results in the way of discovery were to be attained. The Jeannette left San Francisco the 8th of July, 1879, and on the 6th of September entered a lead through the Siberian ice-packs, forcing its way by ramming against the young ice. The ship was considerably shaken, but stood the concussion handsomely. That night it was frozen in, and in that first word of the doomed Jeannette we read already the last. By the time she went down,—the 16th of June, 1881,—the United States steamship Rodgers was already in the Pacific Ocean sailing in search of her.

Mr. Gilder had already gone through

the excitements, adventures, and disappointments of Schwatka's search after the records of the Franklin expedition, and was quite ready to encounter the perils and vicissitudes of this voyage with plenty of spirit and humor. The Rodgers put in at the various settlements in Kamtchatka and Alaska, and the correspondent describes with much vivacity the hospitalities of the region, the purchase of the dogs, and the like. On the 8th of October a small party was landed from the ship at the island of Eteetlan to establish winter quarters and afford a possible haven for any survivors of the Jeannette or of missing whalers. On the last day of November the Rodgers was burned, thus adding a fresh calamity to the Jeannette's story of catastrophe and death. Mr. Gilder was at once despatched to make his way across Siberia and send news of the disaster to the United States, and it was while making this sledge-journey that he encountered the remnants of the crew of the Jeannette and learned the tragical news of De Long's fate the previous autumn.

To De Long's diary it is scarcely necessary to allude, read over and over again as it has been in the daily papers within the past year. Nothing in the whole story of the survivors touches us more deeply than the account of the forlorn hope sent out by the captain to reach the nearest settlement. "If you should shoot reindeer not farther off than one or two days' journey from us, come back and let us know," the leader of the starving band had said to Nindermann and Noros when starting out. The first day of their forced march they saw deer, and Nindermann seized his gun. Noros gave him the cartridges, and said, "Nindermann, make sure of your game: that may be the saving of the whole of us."

Nindermann answered, "I will do my best."

But De Long and his party were doomed to perish. Nindermann took off his heavy clothes, and crawled stealthily along the snow; but the deer scented him and took flight. He fired again and again, but missed, and all escaped. Nindermann came back to his comrade with a heavy heart. "I could not help it," he said. "I could not do any better."

Mr. Gilder was thrown into intimate relations with the natives all along his route, living with them, eating with them, and sleeping with them. Among these people a traveller is treated to his share in any house at which he stops, and no pay-

ment is required for food or lodging. Of food Mr. Gilder found plenty; although at one stage of his journey, owing to delays by flood, his party were compelled to kill and eat one of their horses. But the ordinary fare of the inhabitants was of a quite different description: "The family and guests gather round the board on either side, lying flat on their stomachs. . . . The first course (at breakfast) is some frozen weeds, mixed with seal oil, and eaten with small portions of fresh blubber. . . . After this joint has been thoroughly discussed, there comes a large piece of walrus-hide, which has a small portion of blubber attached to it, and the hair still on the outside. When the meat is rotten the hair can easily be scraped off, but otherwise it can be eaten with the rest of the hide. The hide is about an inch thick, and very tough: so that it is absolutely impossible to chew it, or rather to affect it by chewing. . . . The dinner is almost identical in form with the breakfast, except that there is almost always some hot cooked meat which follows the course of walrus-hide."

Recent Fiction.

"Shandon Bells." By William Black. New York: Harper & Brothers.

"An Honorable Surrender." By Mary Adams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"L'Evangéliste." By Alphonse Daudet. Translated by Mary Neal Sherwood. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.

"Dialect Tales." By Sherwood Bonner. New York: Harper & Brothers.

We have sometimes been inclined to accuse Mr. Black of seeking over and over again the same springs whence bubbled his first inspiration, and offering us, instead of the old delicious elixir, an over-familiar cordial, powerless to rouse our sluggish emotions or stir our deadened imaginations. But in "Shandon Bells" we welcome a book which charms at the outset, and, if it does not maintain its fascination till the end, puts a sting of regret into our memory of it almost better than complete satisfaction. Mr. Black has indeed a supreme gift of endowing his women with charm,—a charm so ethereal and elusive that it is, happily, to be felt and not described. And Miss Kitty Romayne, besides making both the hero and the reader fall in love with her, writes love-letters that are the treasure of the book, written with an overflow of fancy and feeling which the author has

rarely surpassed. That the pretty, faithless, mercenary Kitty wins our heart, while to Miss Chetwynd's excellences and perfections we remain obstinately indifferent, may be true to every-day experience of real life, but is, we consider, one of the faults of the book.

Master Willie Fitzgerald, the hero, is a very pretty hero indeed,—modest, lovable, clever, endowed with a warm heart and a capacity for intense sentiment which puts him wholly out of the category of modern heroes. The story of his entrance into London literary life is capitally given; and, ideal and fanciful as Mr. Black's imaginative flights may be, his realism is always the simplest. We can fancy, indeed, that the three men whom he met at the dinner given in Hilton Clarke's rooms at the Albany may all have had their prototypes in his experience.—Mr. Hilton Clarke, with his airs of elegant ease, his literary reputation,—maintained at a high standard because he never did anything,—and his genius for imposing his proper duties upon others; Mr. Gifford, the editor of the "Liberal Review," viewy, argumentative, and impressive, but given to misquotations; and Mr. Scobell, the capitalist, whose money is to float the projected "Household Magazine," and who wants it to be a "gentlemanly paper." "I don't want to go into my club and have a man come up to me and say, 'Scobell, what d—d Radical trash that is in your paper! I wonder that you own a d—d Radical paper.' I want it to be a gentlemanly paper, and I am willing to pay for it. I want it to be well printed, on good paper; I don't want, when I go into sassiety, to have people speaking of me as the owner of a d—d Radical print."

When a hero is presented as a literary man who writes novels "with a fine, crisp, delicate style, a subtle underlying vein of satire, an entire absence of plot, and a cool, direct, minute analysis of character," we naturally look to the unfoldings of the story with interest, feeling sure that we have read that gentleman's works, and anxious to see him play the part of one of the *dramatis personæ* instead of his usual rôle of "looker-on in Vienna." But Mr. Kenneth Lawrence, the hero whose character is so glowingly set forth, disappoints us, and the whole of "An Honorable Surrender" is a little tinged by this failure in our ideal. There is a thinness, a want of support in our belief of the reality of the men and

women: they go through their parts like card-board figures. But this is, it may be, a part of the author's purpose. She seems to have said to herself that she would in no wise exaggerate, but take feeble, faulty human nature as it is, and show the workings of contradictory instincts and impulses in a girl's mind, "busy with her small inferences of the way in which she could make her life pleasant," as she quotes from George Eliot's picture of Gwendolen. The heroine, Alice Dinsmore, is living in the village of Unity, beating the wings of her desires and expectations against the bars of a narrow and monotonous fate. Until the age of sixteen she has taken the ups and downs of life with her father, a rather discreditable and wholly shifty Irishman, till, finding a grown daughter an encumbrance, he has let her take up her residence with her mother's New-England relatives, and here Mr. Kenneth Lawrence finds her. The story offers excellent opportunities, and the situations are well chosen. The chief fault of the book lies in the character of Alice, who proves incapable of duty, love, or passion, and has little interest or sympathy with life except for its value and consequences to herself. "Faults that are rich are fair," but Alice's faults are as feeble and negative as her virtues. But, as we said before, we fancy that this was the plan of the author, whose first work this seems to be, and who with longer study and deeper insight will give truer meanings and larger impressions of life and no longer push her realism to meagreness and triviality.

To say that a book like "L'Evangéliste" is too harsh and painful a production to present any truthful and life-like picture of modern society would be to contradict the overwhelming evidence that Daudet's last novel has reached and shaken to the very soul the spirit of its countless readers, who have greedily bought up edition after edition; that it is declared to have stirred municipal action in a Swiss city, rousing the rulers to a sense of danger in allowing certain evangelizers to proceed with their meetings; and that it is likely to counteract in some measure the influence of the Salvation Army, at least on the continent of Europe. We are ourselves so far removed from any tendency to mystical and painful observances, and take such a materialistic and out-of-door view of life and its aims, that religious fanaticism seems to belong to a different age. Thus the religion

which Daudet depicts, striking its fangs deep into the hearts and consciences of its votaries, chilling the very impulses of the blood, adding no grace to life, but making it hideous, bare, meagre of love, tenderness, and sympathy, is not only beyond our experience, but beyond our imagination. However exaggerated and painful "L'Évangéliste" may be as a novel, it excels all Daudet's other books in dramatic effects, and is eminently fitted for the stage. The story may easily be told: it is that of a widowed mother and daughter just bereft of the girl's grandmother, who have made one of those little paradises of a home which the French like to portray in the heart of Paris. They are poor, yet rich in each other; sorrowful because of their loss, yet always rejoicing in each other. Into the girl's mind is insinuated a doubt of the grandmother's eternal safety; and this work, begun by the *Évangéliste* Madame Autheman, finally results in Jeanne's separation from her mother, her betrothed husband, and his children, whom she has dearly loved. The aggregation of so many powerful causes for Madame Autheman's ascendancy and impunity from punishment is dwelt upon with a clearness which seems to have been drawn from life. Aussandon's bold invective of "L'Évangéliste" and his faithful "Bonne's" devotion relieve the painful history, giving a human, life-like, and hopeful touch.

The flavor of wild strawberries is by far the best, and fruits from virgin soil have a racy taste unequalled by the best plums and pears from a gardener's wall. The most exquisite culture softens and modifies rather than adds to the expression and force of language; hence it is not strange that writers who delight in delineations of character should return again and again to the simple speech which best preserves individual wit, humor, and pathos. Our American dialects, being a mere corruption and deterioration of the English tongue, cannot, of course, compare with those in which the primitive language has developed according to the habits, traditions, and needs of a provincial people. The pathos, the subtle piercing of poignant meaning, the poetry, and the picturesqueness of the Scotch or Yorkshire dialects is impossible here. But for pungent sarcasm, unctious, and clear, gritty good sense, the condensed expressions of Yankees and Westerners are not easily surpassed, while the Southern negro, with his adoption of our

speech, has put into it something all his own.

This collection of stories, "Dialect Tales," with its attractive cover, capital illustrations, and clear text, is likely to be widely read. The writer has done her work with a freshness of feeling and a spirited force which make her characters live before us.

"On the Nine-Mile" and "Hieronymus Pop and the Baby" are still well remembered by the readers of "Harper's Monthly," while "Sister Weedon's Prayer" and "Aunt Mely's Cabin" have already had a place in the pages of this magazine. There might be much said of the clear and vivid pictures given of Southern and Western life, but it is better to send the reader to the pleasant page where Mr. Pop with paternal solicitude rushes off to the judge's house to beg some whiskey "to resuscitate" his drowned infant by a whiskey-bath, and then, returning with a quart-bottle of the "best Bourbon" on the judge's table, moistens a rag with it, and gives it to his wife to rub the baby with, while he himself, at three gulps, swallows the remainder of the "whiskey-bath." "My po' little lammie!" he sobbed. "Work away, Cynthy: dat chile must be saved, even if I should have ter go over ter de judge's fur anudder quart o' whiskey."

Books Received.

Old Ocean. By Ernest Ingersoll. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

Leading Men of Japan; with an Historical Summary of the Empire. By Charles Laman. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

Gatherings from an Artist's Portfolio in Rome. By James E. Freeman. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

George Eliot. By Matilde Blind. (Famous Women.) Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Our Choir: A Symphonie. By C. G. Bush. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Fanchette. By One of her Admirers. (Round Robin Series.) Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

The Blockade and the Cruisers. By James Russell Soley. (Navy in the Civil War.) New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Science in Short Chapters. By W. Mattieu Williams, F.R.A.S. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

American Humorists. By the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

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